9

THE PLAYS OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOL. III.

THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME the THIRD.

CONTAINING

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.
MERCHANT OF VENICE.
AS YOU LIKE IT.
TAMING THE SHREW.

LONDON,

Printed for C. BATHURST, J. RIVINGTON and SONS, T. PAYNE and SON, L. DAVIS, W. OWEN, B. WHITE and SON, T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, T. BOWLES, J. JOHNSON, C. DILLY, J. ROBSON, G. G. J. and J. ROBINSON, T. CADELL, H. L. GARDNER, J. NICHOLS, J. BEW, W. STUART, R. BALDWIN, J. MURRAY, A. STRAHAN, T. VERNOR, J. BARKER, W. LOWNDES, S. HAYES, G. and T. WILKIE, SCATCHERD and WHITAKER, T. and J. EGERTON, W. FOX, and E NEWBERY.

MDCCLXXXV.

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT's DREAM.

Perſons Repreſented [1].

Theſeus, *Duke of* Athens.
Egeus, *Father to* Hermia.
Lyſander, *in love with* Hermia.
Demetrius, *in love with* Hermia.
Philoſtrate, *Maſter of the Sports to Theſeus.*
Quince, *the Carpenter.*
Snug, *the Joiner.*
Bottom, *the Weaver.*
Flute, *the Bellows-mender.*
Snowt, *the Tinker.*
Starveling, *the Taylor.*
Hippolita, *Queen of the* Amazons, *betrothed to* Theſeus.
Hermia, *Daughter to* Egeus, *in love with* Lyſander.
Helena, *in love with* Demetrius.

Attendants.

Oberon, *King of the Fairies.*
Titania, *Queen of the Fairies.*
Puck, *or* Robin-goodfellow, *a Fairy.*
Peaſeblooſom, Cobweb, Moth, Muſtard-ſeed, } *Fairies.*
Pyramus, *Thiſbe*, *Wall*, *Moonſhine*, *Lyon*, } *Characters in the* Interlude *performed by the* Clowns.

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen: Attendants on Theſeus and Hippolita.

SCENE, Athens, *and a Wood not far from it.*

[1] The enumeration of perſons was firſt made by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The [2] *Palace of Theſeus in Athens.*

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, Philoſtrate, with attendants.

The. Now, fair Hippolita, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in

[2] This play was entered at Stationers' Hall, Oct. 8, 1600, by Thomas Fiſher. It is probable that the hint for it was received from Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*. Thence it is, that our author ſpeaks of Theſeus as *duke* of Athens. The tale begins thus:

" Whilom as old ſtories tellen us,
" There was a *Duk* that highte Theſeus,
" Of Athenes he was lord and governour, &c."

Late edit. v. 861.

Lidgate too, the monk of Bury, in his tranſlation of the *Tragedies of John Bochas*, calls him by the ſame title, chap. xii. l. 21.

" *Duke* Theſeus had the victorye."

Creon, in the tragedy of *Jocaſta*, tranſlated from *Euripides* in 1566, is called *Duke Creon*:

So likewiſe Skelton:

" Not lyke *Duke* Hamilcar,
" Nor lyke *Duke* Aſdruball."

Stanyhurſt, in his tranſlation or Virgil, calls Æneas, *Duke* Æneas; and in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 2d Part, 1632, Ajax is ſtyled *Duke* Ajax, Palamedes, *Duke* Palamedes, and Neſtor, *Duke* Neſtor, &c.

There is an old *black-letter'd* pamphlet by W. Bettie, called *Titana and Theſeus*, entered at Stationers' Hall, in 1608; but Shakſpeare has taken no hints from it. *Titania* is alſo the name of the Queen of Fairies in Decker's *Whore of Babylon*, 1607.

STEEVENS.

Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how ſlow
This old moon wanes! ſhe lingers my deſires,
Like to a ſtep-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue[3].

Hip. Four days will quickly ſteep themſelves in nights;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a ſilver bow
[4]New bent in heaven, ſhall behold the night
Of our ſolemnities.

The. Go, Philoſtrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble ſpirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp. [*Exit Phi.*
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my ſword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lyſander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be Theſeus, our renowned duke!

The. Thanks, good Egeus: What's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint
Againſt my child, my daughter Hermia.—
Stand forth, Demetrius;—My noble lord,
This man hath my conſent to marry her:—
Stand forth, Lyſander;—and my gracious duke,

[3] *Long* WITHERING OUT *a young man's revenue.*] So, in Chapman's Tranſlation of the 4th B. of *Homer*:

" —there the goodly plant lies *withering out* his grace."
STEEVENS.

——Ut piger annus
Pupillis, quos dura premit cuſtodia matrum,
Sic mihi tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora. HOR.
MALONE.

[4] New *bent in heaven*—] The old copies read—*Now* bent.—Mr. Rowe made the change. MALONE.

This

This man hath [5] witch'd the boſom of my child:
Thou, thou, Lyſander, thou haſt given her rhimes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou haſt by moon-light at her window ſung,
With feigning voice, verſes of feigned love;
And ſtol'n the impreſſion of her fantaſy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds [6], conceits,
Knacks, trifles, noſegays, ſweet-meats; meſſengers
Of ſtrong prevailment in unharden'd youth:
With cunning haſt thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To ſtubborn harſhneſs:—And, my gracious duke,
Be it ſo ſhe will not here before your grace
Conſent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens;
As ſhe is mine, I may diſpoſe of her:
Which ſhall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death; according to our law [7],
Immediately provided in that caſe.

The. What ſay you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid:
To you your father ſhould be as a god [8];

One

[5] —*witch'd*—] The old copies read *bewitch'd*. JOHNSON.

[6] —*gawds*—] i. e. baubles, toys, trifles. Our author has the word frequently. See *K. John*, act III. ſc. v.
Again, in *Apius and Virginia*, 1575:
" When gain is no grandſier,
" And *gaudes* not ſet by, &c."
And, in Drayton's *Mooncalf*:
" —— and in her lap
" A ſort of paper puppets, *gauds* and toys."
The rev. Mr. Lambe in his notes on the ancient metrical hiſtory of the *Battle of Floddon*, obſerves that a *gawd* is *a child's toy*, and that the children in the North call their play-things *gowdys*, and their baby-houſe a *gowdy-houſe*. STEEVENS.

[7] *Or to her death; according to our law,*] By a law of Solon's, parents had an abſolute power of life and death over their children. So it ſuited the poet's purpoſe well enough, to ſuppoſe the Athenians had it before.—Or perhaps he neither thought nor knew any thing of the matter. WARBURTON.

[8] *To you your father ſhould be as a god,*
One who compos'd your beauties; yea, and one,

One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lyſander.

The. In himſelf he is:
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other muſt be held the worthier.

Her. I would, my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes muſt with his judgment look.

Her. I do intreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold;
Nor how it may concern my modeſty,
In ſuch a preſence here, to plead my thoughts:
But I beſeech your grace, that I may know
The worſt that may befal me in this caſe,
If I refuſe to wed Demetrius.

To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To LEAVE *the figure, or* disfigure *it.*]

We ſhould read:

To 'LEVE *the figure*, &c.

i. e. *releve*, to heighten or to add to the beauty of the figure, which is ſaid to be *imprinted by him*. 'Tis from the French *relever*. Thus they ſay, *Tapiſſeries relevées d'or*. In the ſame ſenſe they uſe *enlever*, which Maundeville makes Engliſh of in this manner.—"*And all the walles withinne ben covered with gold and ſylver, in fyn plates: and in the plates ben ſtories and batayles of Knyghtes* ENLEVED." p. 228. Rabelais, with a ſtrain of buffoon humour, that equals the ſober elegance of this paſſage in our poet, calls the ſmall gentry of France, "*Gentilhommes de bas relief.*"

WARBURTON.

I know not why ſo harſh a word ſhould be admitted with ſo little need; a word that, ſpoken, could not be underſtood, and of which no example can be ſhown. The ſenſe is plain, *you owe to your father a being which he may at pleaſure continue or deſtroy.*

JOHNSON.

The. Either to die the death [9], or to abjure
For ever the ſociety of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, queſtion your deſires,
[1] Know of your youth, examine well your blood
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye [2] to be in ſhady cloiſter mew'd,
To live a barren ſiſter all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitleſs moon.
Thrice bleſſed they, that maſter ſo their blood,
To undergo ſuch maiden pilgrimage:
But earthlier happy is the roſe diſtill'd [3],
Than that, which withering on the virgin-thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in ſingle bleſſedneſs.

Her. So will I grow, ſo live, ſo die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordſhip, [4] to whoſe unwiſh'd yoke
My ſoul conſents not to give ſovereignty.

The. Take time to pauſe: and, by the next new moon,
(The ſealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlaſting bond of fellowſhip)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For diſobedience to your father's will;

[9] —*to die the death*—] See notes on *Meaſure for Meaſure*, act II. ſc. 4. STEEVENS.

[1] *Know of your youth,*] Bring your youth to the queſtion. Conſider your youth. JOHNSON.

[2] For *aye,*] i. e. for ever. STEEVENS.

[3] *But* earthlier *happy is the roſe diſtill'd,*] Thus all the copies: yet *earthlier* is ſo harſh a word, and *earthlier happy*, for *happier earthly*, a mode of ſpeech ſo unuſual, that I wonder none of the editors have propoſed *earlier happy*. JOHNSON.

It has ſince been obſerved, that Mr. Pope did propoſe *earlier*. We might read, *earthly happier*. STEEVENS.

This is a thought in which Shakſpeare ſeems to have much delighted. We meet with it more than once in his Sonnets. See 5th, 6th, and 54th *Sonnets*. MALONE.

[4] ——*to whoſe unwiſh'd yoke*] Thus the modern editors; the particle *to* is wanting in the old copies. STEEVENS.

Or elſe to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to proteſt,
For aye, auſterity and ſingle life.
Dem. Relent, ſweet Hermia;——And, Lyſander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.
Lyſ. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him[5].
Ege. Scornful Lyſander! true, he hath my love;
And what is mine, my love ſhall render him:
And ſhe is mine; and all my right of her
I do eſtate unto Demetrius.
Lyſ. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well poſſeſs'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all theſe boaſts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia:
Why ſhould not I then proſecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her ſoul; and ſhe, ſweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this ſpotted and inconſtant man[6].
The. I muſt confeſs that I have heard ſo much,
And with Demetrius thought to have ſpoke thereof;
But, being over-full of ſelf-affairs,
My mind did loſe it.—But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you ſhall go with me,
I have ſome private ſchooling for you both.—
For you fair Hermia, look you arm yourſelf

[5] *You have her father's love, Demetrius;*
Let me have Hermia's; do you marry him.]
I ſuſpect that Shakſpeare wrote:
"Let me have Hermia; do you marry him."
TYRWHITT.

[6] *Spotted*] As *ſpotleſs* is innocent, ſo *ſpotted* is wicked.
JOHNSON.

To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or elſe the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of ſingle life.—
Come, my Hippolita; What cheer, my love?—
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
I muſt employ you in ſome buſineſs
Againſt our nuptial; and confer with you
Of ſomething, nearly that concerns yourſelves.

Ege. With duty, and deſire, we follow you.

[*Exeunt Theſ. Hip. Egeus, Dem. and train.*

Lyſ. How now, my love? Why is your cheek ſo pale?
How chance the roſes there to fade ſo faſt?

Her. Belike, for want of rain; which I could well
[7] Beteem them from the tempeſt of mine eyes.

Lyſ. Ah me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or hiſtory,
[8] The courſe of true love never did run ſmooth.
But, either it was different in blood;

Her. O croſs! too high to be enthrall'd to low[9]!

Lyſ.

[7] *Beteem them*—] Give them, beſtow upon them. The word is uſed by Spenſer. JOHNSON.

"So would I, ſaid th' enchanter, glad and fain
"*Beteem* to you his ſword, you to defend." *Faery Queen.*

Again, in *The Caſe is Altered. How? Aſk Dalio and Milo*, 1605:

"I could *beteeme* her a better match."

But I rather think that to *beteem* in this place ſignifies (as in the northern counties) to *pour out*; from *tommer*, Daniſh. STEEVENS.

[8] *The courſe of true love* &c.] This paſſage ſeems to have been imitated by Milton. *Paradiſe Loſt*, B. 10.—896. MALONE.

[9] *Too high to be enthrall'd to love.*] This reading poſſeſſes all the editions, but carries no juſt meaning in it. Nor was Hermia diſpleas'd at being in love; but regrets the inconveniencies that generally attend the paſſion: either, the parties are diſproportioned, in degree of blood and quality; or unequal, in reſpect of years; or brought together by the appointment of friends, and not by their own choice. Theſe are the complaints repreſented by Lyſander; and Hermia, to anſwer to the firſt, as ſhe has done to the other two, muſt neceſſarily ſay:

O croſs!

Lyſ. Or elſe miſgraffed, in reſpect of years;
Her. O ſpight! too old to be engag'd to young!
Lyſ. Or elſe it ſtood upon the choice of friends:
Her. O hell! to chuſe love by another's eye!
Lyſ. Or, if there were a ſympathy in choice,
War, death, or ſickneſs did lay ſiege to it;
Making it [8] momentary as a ſound,
Swift as a ſhadow, ſhort as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the colly'd night [9],
That, in a ſpleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to ſay,—Behold!
The jaws of darkneſs do devour it up;

O croſs!—too high to be enthrall'd to low!
So the antitheſis is kept up in the terms; and ſo ſhe is made to condole the diſproportion of blood and quality in lovers.
THEOBALD.

Sir T. H. adheres to the old reading. STEEVENS.

[8] The old editions read *momentany*, which is the old and proper word. The modern editors, *momentary*. JOHNSON.

The firſt folio has not *momentany* but *momentary*. MALONE.

[9] *Brief as the lightning in the colly'd night,*
That, in a ſpleen, *unfolds both heaven and earth,*
And ere a man hath power to ſay,—Behold!
The jaws of darkneſs do devour it up:]
Though the word *ſpleen* be here employed oddly enough, yet I believe it right. Shakſpeare, always hurried on by the grandeur and multitude of his ideas, aſſumes every now and then, an uncommon licence in the uſe of his words. Particularly in complex moral modes it is uſual with him to employ one, only to expreſs a very few *ideas* of that number of which it is compoſed. Thus wanting here to expreſs the ideas—of a ſudden, or—*in a trice*, he uſes the word *ſpleen*; which, partially conſidered, ſignifying a haſty ſudden fit, is enough for him, and he never troubles himſelf about the further or fuller ſignification of the word. Here, he uſes the word *ſpleen* for a *ſudden haſty fit*; ſo juſt the contrary, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, he uſes *ſudden* for *ſplenetic*——*ſudden quips*. And it muſt be owned this ſort of converſation adds a force to the diction. WARBURTON.

Brief as the lightning in the colly'd night,] *colly'd*, i. e. black, ſmutted with coal, a word ſtill uſed in the midland counties.
So, in Ben Johnſon's *Poetaſter*:
"—Thou haſt not *collied* thy face enough." STEEVENS.

So

So quick bright things come to confuſion.

Her. If then true lovers have been ever croſs'd,
It ſtands as an edict in deſtiny:
Then let us teach our tryal patience,
Becauſe it is a cuſtomary croſs;
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and ſighs,
Wiſhes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Lyſ. A good perſuaſion; therefore, hear me, Hermia.
[1]I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and ſhe hath no child:
From Athens is her houſe remote [2] ſeven leagues;
And ſhe reſpects me as her only ſon.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the ſharp Athenian law
Cannot purſue us: If thou lov'ſt me then,
Steal forth thy father's houſe to-morrow night;
And, in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do obſervance to a morn of May,
There will I ſtay for thee.

Her. My good Lyſander!
I ſwear to thee, by Cupid's ſtrongſt bow [3];

And

[1] *I have a widow aunt*, &c.] Theſe lines perhaps might more properly be regulated thus:

I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and ſhe hath no child,
And ſhe reſpects me as her only ſon;
Her houſe from Athens is remov'd ſeven leagues,
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee,
And to that place—— JOHNSON.

[2] —remote,—] *Remote* is the reading of both the quartos; the folio has,——*remov'd*. STEEVENS.

From Athens is her houſe remote *ſeven leagues.*] *Remov'd*, which is the reading of the folio, was, I believe, the author's word.—He uſes it again in *Hamlet*, for *remote*:

"He wafts you to a more *removed* ground." MALONE.

[3] Lyſ.——*If thou lov'ſt me then,*
Steal forth thy father's houſe, &c.
Her. *My good Lyſander!*
I ſwear to thee by Cupid's ſtrongeſt bow,
By, &c. &c.

and

By his beſt arrow with the golden head;
By the ſimplicity of Venus' doves;
By that which knitteth ſouls, and proſpers loves;
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen[4],
When the falſe Trojan under ſail was ſeen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women ſpoke;—
In that ſame place thou haſt appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lyſ. Keep promiſe, love: Look, here comes Helena.

In that ſame place thou haſt appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.]

Lyſander does but juſt propoſe her running away from her father at midnight, and ſtraight ſhe is at her oaths that ſhe will meet him at the place of rendezvous. Not one doubt or heſitation, not one condition of aſſurance for Lyſander's conſtancy. Either ſhe was nauſeouſly coming, or ſhe had before jilted him, and he could not believe her without a thouſand oaths. But Shakſpeare obſerved nature at another rate. The ſpeeches are divided wrong, and muſt be thus rectified; when Lyſander had propoſed her running away with him, ſhe replies;

Her. *My good Lyſander*———

and is going on, to aſk ſecurity for his fidelity. This he perceives, and interupts her with the grant of what ſhe demands.

Lyſ. *I ſwear to thee by Cupid's ſtrongeſt bow*, &c.
By all the vows that ever men have broke
In number more than ever woman ſpoke——

Here ſhe interrupts him in her turn; declares herſelf ſatisfied, and conſents to meet him in the following words:

Her. —*In that ſame place thou haſt appointed me,*
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

This diviſion of the lines, beſides preſerving the character, gives the dialogue infinitely more force and ſpirit. WARBURTON.

This emendation is judicious, but not neceſſary. I have therefore given the note without altering the text. The cenſure of men, as oftener perjured than women, ſeems to make that line more proper for the lady. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*by that fire that burn'd the Carthage queen,*] Shakſpeare had forgot that Theſeus performed his exploits before the Trojan war, and conſequently long before the death of Dido. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Helena.

Her. God ſpeed, fair Helena! Whither away?
Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unſay.
Demetrius loves[5] your fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are[6] lode-ſtars; and your tongue's ſweet air.
More tuneable than lark to ſhepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when haw-thorn buds appear.
Sickneſs is catching; O, were favour ſo[7]!
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go[8];
My ear ſhould catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue ſhould catch your tongue's ſweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,

[5] The quarto reads——*your* fair. JOHNSON.
The ready of the quarto is the true one, and I have reſtored it. *Fair* is uſed again as a ſubſtantive in the *Comedy of Errors.* Act. iii. ſ. 4. See vol. ii. p. 188:

" My decayed *fair*,
" A ſunny look of his would ſoon repair." STEEVENS.

[6] *Your eyes are lode-ſtars*;] This was a compliment not unfrequent among the old poets. The lode ſtar is the *leading* or guiding ſtar, that is, the pole-ſtar. The magnet is, for the ſame reaſon, called the *lode-ſtone*, either becauſe it leads iron, or becauſe it guides the ſailor. Milton has the ſame thought in *L'Allegro:*

" *Tow'rs and battlements he ſees*
" *Boſom'd high in tufted trees,*
" *Where perhaps ſome beauty lies,*
" *The* cynoſure *of neighb'ring eyes.*"

Davies calls Elizabeth, " *lode-ſtone* to hearts, and *lode-ſtone* to all eyes." JOHNSON.
So, in the *Spaniſh Tragedy*:

" Led by the *loadſtar* of her heav'nly looks."

Again, in the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594:

" The *loadſtar* and the honour of our line." STEEVENS.

[7] — *O, were* favour *ſo!*] *Favour* is *feature, countenance* So, in *Twelfth-Night*, act ii. ſc. 4:

" ——— thine eye
" Hath ſtay'd upon ſome *favour* that it loves."
STEEVENS.

[8] This emendation is taken from the Oxford edition. The old reading is, *Your words I catch.* JOHNSON.

The

The reſt I'll give to be to you tranſlated [9].
O, teach me how you look; and with what art
You ſway the motion of Demetrius' heart.
Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me ſtill.
Hel. Oh, that your frowns would teach my ſmiles ſuch ſkill!
Her. I give him curſes, yet he gives me love.
Hel. Oh, that my prayers could ſuch affection move!
Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.
Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me,
Her. [1] His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.
Hel. [2] None, but your beauty; 'Would that fault were mine!
Her. Take comfort; he no more ſhall ſee my face;
Lyſander and myſelf will fly this place.—
Before the time I did Lyſander ſee [3],
Seem'd Athens as a paradiſe to me:
O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!
Lyſ. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
Her ſilver viſage in the watry glaſs,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed graſs,

[9] —*to be to you* tranſlated.] To *tranſlate*, in our author, ſometimes ſignifies to *change*, to *transform*. So, in *Timon*:

" ——to preſent ſlaves and ſervants
" *Tranſlates* his rivals."—— STEEVENS.

[1] His folly, Helena, is *no fault* of mine.] The folio and one of the quartos read, *His folly, Helena, is* none *of mine*. JOHNSON.

[2] *None, but your beauty; would that fault were mine!*] I would point this line thus:

None.——*But your beauty;*——*Would that fault were mine!*
HENDERSON.

[3] Perhaps every reader may not diſcover the propriety of theſe lines. Hermia is willing to comfort Helena, and to avoid all appearance of triumph over her. She therefore bids her not to conſider the power of pleaſing, as an advantage to be much envied or or much deſired, ſince Hermia, whom ſhe conſiders as poſſeſſing it in the ſupreme degree, has found no other effect it than the loſs of happineſs. JOHNSON.

(A time

(A time that lovers, flights doth ſtill conceal)
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to ſteal.
Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primroſe-beds were wont to lye,
Emptying our boſoms of their counſels ſwell'd [3];

[3] *Emptying our boſoms of their counſels* ſwell'd;
There my Lyſander and myſelf ſhall meet:
And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
To ſeek new friends, and ſtrange companions.]

This whole ſcene is ſtrictly in rhyme; and that it deviates in theſe two couplets, I am perſuaded, is owing to the ignorance of the firſt, and the inaccuracy of the later editors: I have therefore ventured to reſtore the rhimes, as I make no doubt but the poet firſt gave them. *Sweet* was eaſily corrupted into *ſwell'd*, becauſe that made an *antitheſis* to *emptying:* and *ſtrange companions* our editors thought was plain Engliſh; but *ſtranger companies*, a little quaint and unintelligible. Our author very often uſes the *ſubſtantive*, Stranger *adjectively*; and *companies* to ſignify *companions*: as *Rich.* II. act i:

" *To tread the* ſtranger *paths of baniſhment.*"

And *Hen.* V:

" *His* companies *unlettered, rude and ſhallow.*" THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton retains the old reading, and perhaps juſtifiably; for a *boſom ſwell'd with ſecrets* does not appear as an expreſſion unlikely to have been uſed by our author, who ſpeaks of a *ſtuff'd boſom* in *Macbeth.*

In Lylly's *Midas*, 1592, is a ſomewhat ſimilar expreſſion: " I am one of thoſe whoſe tongues are *ſwell'd with ſilence.*" Again, in our author's *K. Richard* II.

" ——— the unſeen grief
" That *ſwells* in ſilence in the tortur'd ſoul."

In the ſcenes of *K. Richard* II. there is likewiſe a mixture of rhime and blank verſe. I have therefore reſtored the old reading, —*ſtrange companions.* Mr. Tyrwhitt concurs with Theobald. STEEVENS.

I think, *ſweet*, the reading propoſed by Theobald is right.

Counſels relates in conſtruction to *emptying*—and not to the laſt word in the line, as it is now made to do by reading *ſwell'd.* A ſimilar phraſeology is uſed by a writer contemporary with Shakſpeare:

" So ran the poor girls filling the air with ſhrieks,
" *Emptying of* all the *colour* their pale cheeks."
Heywood's *Apology for Actors*, Sig. B. 4. 1610.

The adjective *all* here added to *colour*, exactly anſwers, in conſtruction, to *ſweet* in the text, as regulated by Theobald. MALONE.

There

There my Lyſander and myſelf ſhall meet:
And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
To ſeek new friends and ſtrange companions.
Farewel, ſweet playfellow: pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!—
Keep word, Lyſander: we muſt ſtarve our ſight
From lovers' food, 'till morrow deep midnight [4].
[*Exit Herm.*

Lyſ. I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [*Exit Lyſ.*

Hel. How happy ſome, o'er other ſome, can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as ſhe.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not ſo;
He will not know what all but he do know.
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I admiring of his qualities.
Things baſe and vile, holding no [5] quantity,
Love can tranſpoſe to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind;
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taſte;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haſte:
And therefore is love ſaid to be a child,
Becauſe in choice he is ſo oft beguil'd.
As waggiſh boys themſelves in [6] game forſwear,
So the boy love is perjur'd every where:

[4] ——*when Phœbe doth behold*, &c.
——— *deep midnight.*

Shakſpeare has a little forgotten himſelf. It appears from page 4. that to-morrow night would be within three nights of the new moon, when there is no moonſhine at all, much leſs at deep midnight. The ſame overſight occurs in page 59. BLACKSTONE.

[5] *no quantity,*] *Quality* ſeems a word more ſuitable to the ſenſe than quantity, but either may ſerve. JOHNSON.

[6] *in game*] *Game* here ſignifies not contentious play, but *ſport, jeſt.* So Spenſer:
"*'twixt earneſt and 'twixt* game." JOHNSON.

For

For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne [7],
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;
And when this hail [8] ſome heat from Hermia felt,
So he diſſolv'd, and ſhowers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Purſue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expence:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his ſight thither, and back again. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Cottage.

Enter Quince the carpenter, Snug the joiner, Bottom the weaver, Flute the bellows-mender [9], *Snout the tinker, and Starveling the taylor* [1].

Quin. Is all our company here?

7 ——*Hermia's* eyne,] This plural is common both in Chaucer and Spenſer. So, in Chaucer's Character of the *Prioreſſe*, late edit. v. 152:

" ——hir *eyen* grey as glas."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. i. c. 4. ſt. 9:

" While flaſhing beams do dare his feeble *eyen*." STEEVENS.

8 —*this* hail] Thus all the editions, except the quarto, 1600, printed by Roberts, which reads inſtead of *this hail*, his *hail*. STEEVENS.

9 ——*the* bellows-mender,] In Ben Jonſon's maſque of *Pan's Anniverſary*, &c. a man of the ſame profeſſion is introduced. I have been told that a *bellows-mender* was one who had the care of *organs*, *regals*, &c. STEEVENS.

1 In this ſcene Shakſpeare takes advantage of his knowledge of the theatre, to ridicule the prejudices and competitions of the players. Bottom, who is generally acknowledged the principal actor, declares his intention to be for a tyrant, for a part of fury, tumult, and noiſe, ſuch as every young man pants to perform when he firſt ſteps upon the ſtage. The ſame Bottom, who ſeems bred in a tiring-room, has another hiſtrionical paſſion. He is for engroſſing every part, and would exclude his inferiors from all poſſibility of diſtinction. He is therefore deſirous to play Pyramus, Thiſbe, and the Lyon at the ſame time. JOHNSON.

Bot. You were beſt to call them generally, man by man, according to the ſcrip [2].

Quin. Here is the ſcrowl of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and dutcheſs, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. Firſt, good Peter Quince, ſay what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and ſo [3] grow to a point.

Quin. Marry our play is—The moſt lamentable [4]

[2] *the* ſcrip.] A *ſcrip*, Fr. *eſcript*, now written *ecrit*. So, Chaucer, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, l. 2. 1130.

"*Scripe* nor bil."

Again, in Heywood's, *If you know not me, you know Nobody*, 1633, Part II:

"I'll take thy own word without *ſcrip* or ſcroll."

Holinſhed likewiſes uſes the word. STEEVENS.

[3] ——grow *to a point.*] Dr. Warburton reads *go on*; but *grow* is uſed, in alluſion to his name, Quince. JOHNSON.

To *grow* to a point, I believe, has no reference to the name of *Quince*. I meet with the ſame kind of expreſſion in *Wily Beguiled*:

"As yet we are *grown* to no concluſion."

Again, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

"Our reaſons will be infinite, I trow,
"Unleſs *unto ſome other point we grow.*"

——*and ſo grow to a point.*] The firſt folio reads:

—— and ſo grow *on* to a point. MALONE.

And ſo grow on to a point.] The ſenſe, in my opinion, hath been hitherto miſtaken; and inſtead of a *point*, a ſubſtantive, I would read *appoint* a verb, that is, *appoint* what parts each actor is to perform, which is the real caſe. Quince firſt tells them the name of the play, then calls the actors by their names, and after that, tells each of them what part is ſet down for him to act.

Perhaps, however, only the particle *a* may be inſerted by the printer, and Shakſpeare wrote to *point*, i. e. to appoint. The word occurs in that ſenſe in a poem by B. N. 1614, called *I Would and would Not*, ſtanza iii:

"To *point* the captains every one their fight." WARNER.

The moſt lamentable comedy, &c.] This is very probably a burleſque on the *title page* of *Cambyſes*: "A lamentable Tragedie, mixed full of pleaſant Mirth, containing, *The Life of Cambiſes King of Percia*, &c." By Tho. Preſton, bl. l. no date.

On the regiſters of the Stationers' company however appears, "the boke of *Perymus and Theſbye*," 1562. Perhaps Shakſpeare copied ſome part of his interlude from it. STEEVENS.

comedy, and moſt cruel death of Pyramus and Thiſby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I aſſure you, and a merry [4]. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the ſcrowl: Maſters, ſpread yourſelves.

Quin. Anſwer, as I call you. Nick Bottom the weaver.

Bot. Ready: Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are ſet down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himſelf moſt gallantly for love.

Bot. That will aſk ſome tears in the true performing of it: If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move ſtorms, I will condole in ſome meaſure [5]. To the reſt:—Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in [6], to make all ſplit [7].

[4] *A very good piece of work, and a merry.*] This is deſigned as a ridicule on the titles of our ancient moralities and interludes. Thus Skelton's *Magnificence* is called "a goodly interlude and a mery." STEEVENS.

[5] *I will* condole *in ſome meaſure.*] When we uſe this verb at preſent we put *with* before the perſon for whoſe misfortune we profeſs concern. Anciently it ſeems to have been employed without it. So, in *A Pennyworth of good Counſell*, an ancient ballad:

"Thus to the wall
"I may *condole.*"

Again, in the *Three Merry Coblers* another old ſong:

"Poore weather beaten ſoles,
"Whoſe caſe the body *condoles.*" STEEVENS.

[6] *I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a* CAT *in:*] In the old comedy of the *Roaring Girl*, 1611, there is a character called *Tear-cat*, who ſays: "I am called, by thoſe who have ſeen my valour, *Tear-cat.*" In an anonymous piece called *Hiſtriomaſtix*, or *The Player Whipt*, 1610, in ſix acts, a parcel of ſoldiers drag a company of players on the ſtage, and the captain ſays: "Sirrah, this is you that would rend and *tear a cat* upon a ſtage, &c." Again, in *The Iſle of Gulls*, a comedy by J. Day, 1606: "I had rather hear two ſuch jeſts, than a whole play of ſuch *Tear-cat* thunderclaps." STEEVENS.

" The raging rocks.
" With ſhivering ſhocks [8],
" Shall break the locks
" Of priſon-gates ;
" And Phibbus' car
" Shall ſhine from far,
" And make and mar
" The fooliſh fates."

This was lofty!—Now name the reſt of the players.—This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein ; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the belows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You muſt take Thiſbe on you.

Flu. What is Thiſby ? a wandering knight ?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus muſt love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman ; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one ; you ſhall play it in a maſk, and you may ſpeak as ſmall as you will [9].

Bot.

7 *To make all ſplit.*] This is to be connected with the previous part of the ſpeech ; not with the ſubſequent rhymes. It was the deſcription of a bully. In the ſecond act of the *Scornful Lady*, we meet with " two *roaring boys* of Rome, that *made all ſplit.*"
FARMER.

I meet with the ſame expreſſion in the *Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612 : " Her wit I muſt employ upon this buſineſs to prepare my next encounter, but in ſuch a faſhion as ſhall *make all ſplit.*" MALONE.

8 *and* ſhivering ſhocks,] Dr. Farmer rightly wiſhed to read *with.* STEEVENS.

9 *As ſmall*, &c.] This paſſage ſhews how the want of women on the old ſtage was ſupplied. If they had not a young man who could perform the part with a face that might paſs for feminine, the character was acted in a maſk, which was at that time a part of a lady's dreſs ſo much in uſe that it did not give any unuſual appearance to the ſcene : and he that could modulate his voice in a female tone might play the woman very ſucceſsfully. It is obſerved in Downes's *Roſcius Anglicanus*, that Kynaſton, one of theſe counterfeit heroines moved the paſſions more ſtrongly than the women

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thiſby too: I'll ſpeak in a monſtrous little voice;—*Thiſne, Thiſne,—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thiſby dear! and lady dear!*

Quin. No, no; you muſt play Pyramus, and, Flute, you Thiſby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the taylor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you muſt play Thiſby's mother [7].—Tom Snowt, the tinker.

Snow. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father; myſelf, Thiſby's father;—Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part:—and, I hope, there is a play fitted [8].

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am ſlow of ſtudy [9].

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

women that have ſince been brought upon the ſtage. Some of the cataſtrophes of the old comedies, which make lovers marry the wrong women, are by recollection of the common uſe of maſks, brought nearer to probability. JOHNSON.

Prynne, in his *Hiſtriomaſtix*, exclaims with great vehemence through ſeveral pages, becauſe a woman acted a part in a play at Blackfryars in the year 1628. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*you muſt play Thiſby's mother.*] There ſeems a double forgetfulneſs of our poet, in relation to the characters of this interlude. The father and mother of Thiſby, and the father of Pyramus, are here mentioned, who do not appear at all in the interlude; but Wall and Moonſhine are both employed in it, of whom there is not the leaſt notice taken here. THEOBALD.

Theobald is wrong as to this laſt particular. The introduction of *Wall* and *Moonſhine* was an after-thought. See act iii. ſc. 1. It may be obſerved, however, that no part of what is rehearſed is afterwards repeated, when the piece is acted before Theſeus. STEEVENS.

[8] there *is a play fitted.*] Both the quartos read *here*. STEEVENS.

[9] —*ſlow of* ſtudy.] *Study* is ſtill the cant term uſed in a theatre for getting any nonſenſe by rote. Hamlet aſks the player if he can "*ſtudy*" a ſpeech. STEEVENS.

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke ſay, *Let him roar again, let him roar again.*

Quin. An you ſhould do it too terribly, you would fright the dutcheſs and the ladies, that they would ſhriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's ſon.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you ſhould fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more diſcretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice ſo, that I will roar[4] you as gently as any ſucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus: for Pyramus is a ſweet-fac'd man; a proper man, as one ſhall ſee in a ſummer's-day; a moſt lovely gentleman-like man; therefore you muſt needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I beſt to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will diſcharge it in either your ſtraw-coloured beard, your orange-tawney beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow[5].

Quin.[6] Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd.—But, maſ-

[4] —*you*] Omitted in firſt folio. MALONE.

[5] ——*your perfect yellow.*] Here Bottom again diſcovers a true genius for the ſtage by his ſolicitude for propriety of dreſs, and his deliberation which beard to chuſe among many beards, all unnatural. JOHNSON.

This cuſtom of wearing coloured beards, the reader will find more amply explained in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, act iv. ſc. 2. vol. ii. p. 127. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*French crowns*, &c.] See vol. ii. p. 13. STEEVENS.

ters,

ters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, requeſt you, and deſire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moon light; there will we rehearſe: for if we meet in the city, we ſhall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time, I will draw a bill of properties [4], ſuch as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearſe more obſcenely, and courageouſly. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; Hold, or cut bow-ſtrings [4].

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

[4] *properties,*] *Properties* are whatever little articles are wanted in a play for the actors, according to their reſpective parts, dreſſes and ſcenes excepted. The perſon who delivers them out is to this day called the *property-man.*

So, in *Albumazar*, 1610:

"Furbo, our beards,

"Black patches for our eyes, and other *properties.*"

Again, in *Weſtward-Hoe*, 1606:

"I'll go make ready my ruſtical *properties.*" STEEVENS.

[5] *At the dukes oak we meet*—hold, or cut bow-ſtrings."] This proverbial phraſe came originally from the camp. When a rendezvous was appointed, the militia ſoldiers would frequently make excuſe for not keeping word, that their *bowſtrings* were *broke*, i. e. their arms unſerviceable. Hence when one would give another abſolute aſſurance of meeting him, he would ſay proverbially—*hold or* cut *bow-ſtrings*—i. e. whether the bow-ſtrings held or broke. For *cut* is uſed as a neuter, like the verb *frets*. As when we ſay, the *ſtring frets*, the *ſilk frets*, for the paſſive, *it is cut* or *fretted*. WARBURTON.

This interpretation is very ingenious, but ſomewhat diſputable. The excuſe made by the militia ſoldiers is a mere ſuppoſition, without proof; and it is well known that while *bows* were in uſe, no archer ever entered the field without a ſupply of *ſtrings* in his pocket; whence originated the proverb, *to have two ſtrings to one's bow.* In *The Country Girl*, a comedy by T. B. 1647, is the following threat to a fiddler:

"——— fiddler, ſtrike,

"I'll ſtrike you, elſe, and *cut your begging bowſtrings.*"

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Wood.

Enter a Fairy at one door, and Puck (or Robin-good-fellow) at another.

Puck. How now, ſpirit! whither wander you?
Fai. Over hill, over dale [5],
Thorough buſh, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moones ſphere [6];
And I ſerve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs [7] upon the green:

The

So, in *The Ball*, by Chapman and Shirley, 1639:

"——have you devices to jeer the reſt?

"*Luc.* All the regiment on 'em, or I'll *break my bow-ſtrings*."

The *bowſtrings* in both theſe inſtances may only mean the *ſtrings* which make part of the *bow* with which muſical inſtruments of ſeveral kinds are ſtruck. The propriety of the alluſion I cannot ſatisfactorily explain. STEEVENS.

Hold. or cut cod piece point, is a proverb to be found in Ray's Collection, p. 57. edit 1737. COLLINS.

[5] *Over hill, over dale*, &c.] So Drayton in his *Court of Fairy*:

Thorough brake, thorough brier,
Thorough muck, thorough mire,
Thorough water, thorough fire. JOHNSON.

[6] —— *the* moones *ſphere*] Unleſs we ſuppoſe this to be the Saxon genitive caſe, (as it is here printed) the metre will be defective. So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. iii. c. i. ſt. 15:

"And eke through feare as white as *whales* bone."

So, in a letter from Gabriel Harvey to Spenſer, 1580: "Have we not *God hys wrath*, for Gode*des* wrath, and a thouſand of the ſame ſtampe, wherein the corrupte orthography in the moſte, hath been the ſole or principal cauſe of corrupte proſodye in over-many?" STEEVENS.

[7] *To dew her orbs upon the green*] For *orbs* Dr. Gray is inclined to ſubſtitute *herbs*. The orbs here mentioned are the circles ſup-

poſed

The cowſlips tall her penſioners be [8];
[9] In their gold coats ſpots you ſee;
Thoſe be rubies, fairy favours,
In thoſe freckles live their ſavours:
I muſt go ſeek ſome dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowſlip's ear [1].
Farewel, thou [2] lob of ſpirits, I'll be gone;
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck.

poſed to be made by the fairies on the ground, whoſe verdure proceeds from the fairy's care to water them. Thus Drayton:

They in their courſes make that round,
In meadows and in marſhes found,
Of them ſo called the fairy ground. JOHNSON.

Thus in *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus* "—ſimiles illis ſpectris, quæ in multis locis, præſertim nocturno tempore, ſuum, *ſaltatorium orbem* cum omnium muſarum concentu verſare ſolent." It appears from the ſame author, that theſe dancers always parched up the graſs, and therefore it is properly made the office of Puck to refreſh it. STEEVENS.

[8] The cowſlip was a favourite among the fairies. There is a hint in *Drayton* of their attention to May morning:

——*For the queen a fitting tow'r,*
Quoth he, is that fair cowſlip flow'r.—
In all your train there's not a fay
That ever went to gather May,
But ſhe hath made it in her way,
The talleſt *there that groweth.* JOHNSON.

[9] *In their gold coats ſpots you ſee;*] Shakſpeare, in *Cymbeline*, refers to the ſame red ſpots:

"*A mole cinque-ſpotted, like the crimſon drops*
"*I' th' bottom of a cowſlip.*" PERCY.

Perhaps there is likewiſe ſome alluſion to the habit of a *penſioner*. See a note on the ſecond act of the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, ſc. ii. STEEVENS.

[1] *And hang a pearl in every cowſlip's ear.*] The ſame thought occurs in an old comedy call'd the *Wiſdom of Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600; i. e. the ſame year in which the firſt printed copies of this play made their appearance. An enchanter ſays:

"'Twas I that led you through the painted meads
"Where the light fairies danc'd upon the flowers,
"*Hanging on every leaf an orient pearl.*" STEEVENS.

[2] ——*lob of ſpirits,*] *Lob, lubber, looby, lobcock*, all denote both inactivity of body and dulneſs of mind. JOHNSON.

Both

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to night;
Take heed, the queen come not within his ſight.
For Oberon is paſſing fell and wrath,
Becauſe that ſhe, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, ſtol'n from an Indian king;
She never had ſo ſweet a changeling[3]:
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the foreſts wild:
But ſhe, per-force, withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or ſpangled ſtar-light ſheen[4],
But they do ſquare[5]; that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai.

Both *lob* and *lobcock* are uſed as terms of contempt in *The Rival Friends*, 1632.

Again, in the interlude of *Jacob and Eſau*, 1568:

" Should find Eſau ſuch a lout or a *lob*."

Again, in the *Knight of the Burning Peſtle*, by Beaumont and Fletcher: " There is a pretty tale of a witch that had the devil's mark about her, that had a giant to her ſon, that was called *Lob-lye-by-the-fire*." This being ſeems to be of kin to the *lubbar-fiend* of Milton, as Mr. Warton has remarked in his *Obſervations on the Faery Queen*. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*changeling:*] *Changeling* is commonly uſed for the child ſuppoſed to be left by the fairies, but here for the child taken away. JOHNSON.

It is *here* properly uſed, and in its *common acceptation*; that is for a *child got in exchange*. A Fairy is now ſpeaking. REMARKS.

So Spenſer, b. i. c. 10.

And her baſe elfin brood there for thee left,
Such men do *changelings* call, ſo call'd by fairy theft.

STEEVENS.

[4] —*Sheen,*] Shining, bright, gay. JOHNSON.

So, in *Tancred and Guiſmund*, 1592:

" ——————but why
" Doth Phœbus' ſiſter *ſheen* deſpiſe thy power?"

Again, in the ancient romance of *Syr Tryamoure*, bl. l. no date:

" He kyſſed and toke his leve of the quene,
" And of other ladies bright and *ſhene*." STEEVENS.

[5] *But they do ſquare;*] To *ſquare* here is to quarrel. The French word *contrecarrer* has the ſame import. JOHNSON.

So,

Fai. Either I miſtake your ſhape and making quite,
Or elſe you are that ſhrewd and knaviſh ſprite,
Call'd Robin Good-fellow[6]: Are you not he,
That frights the maidens of the villag'ry;
Skim milk; and ſometimes labour in the quern[7],
And bootleſs make the breathleſs huſwife churn;
And

So, in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601:
"——let me not ſeem rude
"That thus I ſeem to *ſquare* with modeſty."
"—— pray let me go, for he'll begin to *ſquare*, &c."
Again, in *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:
"Marry ſhe knew you and I were at *ſquare*,
"And leſt we fell to blowes, ſhe did prepare."
STEEVENS.

It is ſomewhat whimſical, that the glaziers uſe the words *ſquare* and *quarrel* as ſynonymous terms, for a pane of glaſs. See vol. ii. p. 269. BLACKSTONE.

[6] *Robin Good-fellow*;] This account of Robin Good-fellow correſponds, in every article, with that given of him in *Harſenet's Declaration*, ch. xx. p. 135: "And if that the bowle of curds and creame were not duly ſet out for Robin Good-fellow, the frier, and Siſſe the dairy-maid, why then either the pottage was burnt *to* next day in the pot, or the cheeſes would not curdle, or the butter would not come, *or* the ale in the fat never would have got head. But if a pater-noſter, or an houſle egge were beturned, or a patch of tythe unpaid—then beware of bull-beggars, ſpirits, &c." He is mentioned by Cartwright as a ſpirit particularly fond of diſconcerting and diſturbing domeſtic peace and oeconomy.

Saint Francis and Saint Benedight
Bleſſe this houſe from wicked wight;
From the night-mare and the goblin,
That is hight good-fellow Robin.
Keep it, &c.

Cartwright's *Ordinary*, act III. ſc. i. v. 8. WARTON.

Reginald Scot gives the ſame account of this frolickſome ſpirit, in his *Diſcovery of Witchcraft*, Lond. 1588. 4to. p. 66. "Your grandames, maids, were wont to ſet a bowl of milk for him, for his pains in grinding of malt and muſtard, and ſweeping the houſe at midnight—this white bread and bread and milk, was his ſtanding fee." STEEVENS.

[7] *Skim milk*; *and ſometimes labour in the quern*,
And bootleſs make the breathleſs huſwife churn;]
The ſenſe of theſe lines is confuſed. *Are not you he*, ſays the fairy, *that fright the country girls, that ſkim milk, work in the hand-mill, and make the tired dairy-woman churn without effect?* The mention

And ſometime make the drink to bear no barm [8];
Miſlead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Thoſe that Hobgoblin call you, and ſweet Puck [9],
You

tion of the mill ſeems out of place, for ſhe is not now telling the good, but the evil that he does. I would regulate the lines thus:

And ſometimes make the breathleſs houſewife churn
Skim milk, and bootleſs labour in the quern.

Or, by a ſimple tranſpoſition of the lines:

And bootleſs, make the breathleſs houſewife churn
Skim milk, and ſometimes labour in the quern.

Yet there is no neceſſity of alteration. JOHNSON.

A *Quern* is a hand-mill, kuerna, *mola*. Iſlandic. So in *Stanyhurſt's* tranſlation of the firſt book of *Virgil*, 1582, *quern*-ſtones are mill-ſtones:

"Theyre corne in *quern-ſtoans* they do grind, &c."

Again, in *The More the Merrier*, a collection of epigrams, 1608;

"Which like a *querne* can grind more in an hour."

Again, in the old Song of *Robin Goodfellow*, printed in the 3d volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry*:

"I grind at *mill*,
"Their malt up ſtill, &c. STEEVENS.

[8] —*no* barm;] *Barme* is a name for *yeaſt*, yet uſed in our midland counties, and univerſally in Ireland. So, in *Mother Bombie*, a comedy, 1594: It behoveth my wits to work like *barme*, alias yeaſt." Again, in the *Humourous Lieutenant* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"I think my brains will work yet without *barm*."

See Verſtegan, p. 61. STEEVENS.

[9] *Thoſe that Hobgoblin call you, and ſweet Puck,*
You do their work,]

To thoſe traditionary opinions Milton has reference in *L'Allegro*:

Then to the ſpicy nut-brown ale,——
With ſtories told of many a feat,
How Fairy Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinch'd and pull'd ſhe ſaid,
And he by frier's lanthorn led;
Tell how the drudging goblin ſweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly ſet,
When in one night, ere glimpſe of morn,
His ſhadowy flail had threſh'd the corn
Which ten day-labourers cou'd not end;
Then lies him down the lubber *fiend.*

A like account of Puck is given by Drayton, in his *Nymphidia*:

He meeteth Puck, which moſt men call
Hobgoblin, and on him doth fall.——

This

You do their work, and they ſhall have good luck:
Are not you he?

Puck.

This Puck ſeems but a dreaming dolt,
Still walking like a ragged colt,
And oft out of a bed doth bolt,
Of purpoſe to deceive us;
And leading us makes us to ſtray,
Long winters' nights out of the way,
And when we ſtick in mire and clay,
He doth with laughter leave us.

It will be apparent to him that ſhall compare Drayton's poem with this play, that either one of the poets copied the other, or, as I rather believe, that there was then ſome ſyſtem of the fairy empire generally received, which they both repreſented as accurately as they could. Whether Drayton or Shakſpeare wrote firſt, I cannot diſcover. JOHNSON.

The editor of the *Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, in 4 vols. 8vo. 1775, has incontrovertibly proved Drayton to have been the follower of Shakſpeare; for, ſays he, "*Don Quixot* (which was not publiſhed till 1605.) is cited in the *Nymphidia*, whereas we have an edition of the *Midſummer Night's Dream* in 1600."

In this century ſome of our poets have been as little ſcrupulous in adopting the ideas of their predeceſſors. In Gay's ballad, inſerted in the *What d'ye call It*, is the following ſtanza:

"*How can they ſay that nature*
"*Has nothing made in vain;*
"*Why then beneath the water*
"*Should hideous rocks remain?* &c. &c.

Compare this with a paſſage in Chaucer's *Frankeleines* Tale, late edit. v. i. 11179, &c.

"In idel, as men ſain, ye nothing make,
"But, lord, thiſe griſly fendly rockes blake, &c. &c."

And Mr. Pope is more indebted to the ſame author for beauties in his Eloiſa to Abelard, than he has been willing to acknowledge. STEEVENS.

If Drayton wrote the *Nymphidia* after the *Midſummer Night's Dream* had been acted, he could with very little propriety ſay,

Then ſince no muſe hath bin ſo bold,
Or of the *later* or the ould,
Thoſe elviſh ſecrets to unfold
Which lye from others reading;
My active muſe to light ſhall bring
The court of that proud fayry king
And tell there of the revelling,
Jove proſper my proceeding. T. H. W.

— ſweet *Puck*,] The epithet is by no means ſuperfluous; as *Puck* alone was far from being an endearing appellation. It ſig-

Puck. Thou ſpeak'ſt aright[2];
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jeſt to Oberon, and make him ſmile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horſe beguile,
Neighing in likeneſs of a ſilly foal:
And ſometime lurk I in a goſſip's bowl,
In very likeneſs of a roaſted crab[3];
And, when ſhe drinks, againſt her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.
The wiſeſt aunt[4], telling the ſaddeſt tale,
Sometime

nified nothing better than *fiend*, or *devil*. So, the author of *Pierce Ploughman* puts *the pouk* for *the devil*, fol. lxxxx. b. v. penult. See alſo fol. lxvii. v. 15. "*none helle* powke."

It ſeems to have been an old Gothic word. *Puke*, *puken*; Sathanas. *Gudm. And. Lexicon Iſland.* TYRWHITT.

In the *Bugbears*, an ancient MS. comedy in the poſſeſſion of the Earl of Shelburne, I likewiſe met with this appellation of a fiend:

"*Puckes*, *puckerels*, hob howlard, bygorn and Robin Goodfelow.

Again, in *The Scourge of Venus, or the Wanton Lady, with the rare Birth of Adonis*, 1614:

"Their bed doth ſhake and quaver as they lie,
"As if it groan'd to beare the weight of ſinne;
"The fatal night-crowes at their windowes flee,
"And crie out at the ſhame they do live in:
"And that they may perceive the heavens frown,
"The *poukes* and goblins pul the coverings down."

Again, in Spenſer's *Epithal*, 1595:

"Ne let houſe-fyres, nor lightning's helpeleſſe harms,
"Ne let the *pouke*, nor other evil ſpright,
"Ne let miſchievous witches with their charmes
"Ne let hobgoblins, &c." STEEVENS.

[2] Puck. *Thou ſpeak'ſt aright*;] I would fill up the verſe which I ſuppoſe the author left complete:

I am, thou ſpeak'ſt aright;

It ſeems that in the Fairy mythology, Puck, or Hobgoblin, was the truſty ſervant of Oberon, and always employed to watch or detect the intrigues of Queen Mab, called by Shakſpeare Titania. For in Drayton's *Nymphidia*, the ſame fairies are engaged in the ſame buſineſs. Mab has an amour with Pigwiggen; Oberon being jealous, ſends Hobgoblin to catch them, and one of Mab's nymphs oppoſes him by a ſpell. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*a roaſted crab*;] See vol. ii. p. 550. STEEVENS.

[4] *The wiſeſt* aunt,—] *Aunt* is *procureſs*. In Gaſcoigne's *Glaſs of Government*, 1575, the *bawd* Pandarina is always called *aunt*.

"Theſe

Sometime for three-foot ſtool miſtaketh me;
Then ſlip I from her bum, down topples ſhe,
And *taylor* cries, and falls into a cough[5]:
And then the whole quire hold their hips[6], and loffe,
[7] And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and ſwear
A merrier hour was never waſted there.—
But [8] room, Faery, here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my miſtreſs:—'Would that he were gone!

SCENE II.

Enter Oberon[9]*, king of Fairies, at one door with his train, and the queen at another with hers.*

Ob. Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.

Queen.

"These are *aunts* of Antwerp, which can make twenty marriages in one week for their kinſwomen." See *Winter's Tale*, act IV. ſc. i. Among Ray's proverbial phraſes is the following. "She is one of mine *aunts* that made mine uncle to go a begging." The *wiſeſt aunt* may mean the moſt *ſentimental bawd*. STEEVENS.

The author of THE REMARKS ſays, "This conjecture is much too wanton and injurious to the word *aunt*, which in this place at leaſt certainly means no other than an *innocent old woman*. EDITOR.

[5] *And taylor cries,*] The cuſtom of crying *taylor* at a ſudden fall backwards, I think I remember to have obſerved. He that ſlips beſide his chair, falls as a taylor ſquats upon his board. The Oxford editor, and Dr. Warburton after him, read *and rails or cries*, plauſibly, but I believe not rightly. Beſides, the trick of the fairy is repreſented as producing rather merriment than anger. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*hold their hips, and loffe,*]
"And laughter holding both his ſides." *Milton.* STEEVENS.

[7] *And waxen,*] And *encreaſe*, as the *moon waxes*. JOHNSON.

[8] But *make* room, faery,] Thus the moderns. All the old copies read—*But room Fairy*. The word Fairy or Faery, was ſometimes of three ſyllables, as often in Spenſer. JOHNSON.

[9] Enter *Oberon*,] *Oberon* had been introduced on the ſtage in 1594, by ſome other author. In the Stationers' books is entered "The Scottiſhe ſtory of James the fourthe, ſlain at Floddon; intermixed with a pleaſant comedie preſented by *Oberon, King of Fairies*."

Queen. [1] What, jealous Oberon? Fairy, ſkip hence;
I have forſworn his bed and company.
Ob. Tarry, raſh wanton; Am not I thy lord?
Queen. Then I muſt be thy lady: But I know
When thou haſt ſtol'n away from fairy land,
And in the ſhape of Corin ſate all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and verſing love
To amorous Philida. Why art thou here,
Come from the fartheſt ſteep of India?
But that, forſooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buſkin'd miſtreſs, and your warrior love,
To Theſeus muſt be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and proſperity.
Ob. How can'ſt thou thus, for ſhame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolita,
Knowing I know thy love to Theſeus?
Didſt thou not lead him through the glimmering night[2]

Fairies." The judicious editor of the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, in his *Introductory Diſcourſe*, (See vol. iv. p. 161.) obſerves, that *Pluto* and *Proſerpina* in the *Marchant's Tale*, appear to have been "the true progenitors of Shakſpeare's *Oberon* and *Titania*." STEEVENS.

[1] *Queen.*] As to the *Fairy Queen*, (ſays Mr. Warton in his *Obſervations on Spenſer*) conſidered apart from the race of fairies, the notion of ſuch an imaginary perſonage was very common. Chaucer, in his *Rime of Sir Thopas*, mentions her, together with a Fairy land:

"In the old dayis of the king Arthure,
"Of which the Bretons ſpeken great honour;
"All was this lond fulfillid of fayry:
"The *Elf-quene*, with her jolly company
"Daunſid full oft in many a grene mede:
"This was the old opinion as I rede."

Wife of Bath's Tale. STEEVENS.

[2] *Didſt thou not lead him* through the glimmering night] The *glimmering night* is the night *faintly illuminated* by ſtars. In *Macbeth* our author ſays:

"The weſt yet *glimmers* with ſome ſtreaks of day."

STEEVENS.

From

From Periguné, whom he raviſhed[3]?
And make him with fair Ægle break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

Queen. Theſe are the forgeries of jealouſy:
And never, ſince the middle ſummer's ſpring[4],
Met

3 *From* Perigenia, *whom he raviſhed?*] Thus all the editors; but our author, who diligently perus'd Plutarch, and glean'd from him, where his ſubject would admit, knew, from the life of *Theſeus*, that her name was Perigyne, (or Perigune) by whom Theſeus had his ſon Melanippus. She was the daughter of Sinnis, a cruel robber, and tormentor of paſſengers in the Iſthmus. Plutarch and Athenæus are both expreſs in the circumſtance of Theſeus raviſhing her. THEOBALD.

Ægle, Ariadne, and Antiopa were all at different times miſtreſſes to Theſeus. See Plutarch.

Theobald cannot be blamed for his emendation; and yet it is well known that our ancient authors, as well as the French and the Italians, were not ſcrupulouſly nice about proper names, but almoſt always corrupted them. STEEVENS.

4 *And never, ſince the middle ſummer's ſpring*, &c.] There are not many paſſages in Shakſpeare which one can be certain he has borrowed from the ancients; but this is one of the few that, I think, will admit of no diſpute. Our author's admirable deſcription of the miſeries of the country being plainly an imitation of that which Ovid draws, as conſequent on the grief of Ceres for the loſs of her daughter:

Neſcit adhuc ubi ſit; terras tamen increpat omnes,
Ingrataſque vocat, nec frugum munere dignas.
——*Ergo illic ſæva vertentia glebas*
Fregit aratra manu, *parilique irata colonos*
Ruricolaſque boves letho dedit: arvaque juſſit
Fallere depoſitum, vitiataque ſemina fecit.
Fertilitas terræ latum vulgata per orbem
Sparſa jacet. Primis ſegetes moriuntur in herbis.
Et modo ſol nimius, nimius modo corripit imber:
Sideraque ventique nocent.

THE *middle ſummer's ſpring*,] We ſhould read THAT. For it appears to have been ſome years ſince the quarrel firſt began. WARBURTON.

By the *middle ſummer's ſpring*, our author ſeems to mean the *beginning* of *middle* or *mid* ſummer. *Spring* for *beginning* he uſes again: 2d. P. Hen. IV.

"*As flaws congealed in the* ſpring *of day.*"

which expreſſion has authority from the ſcripture, St. Luke, ch. i. v. 78: "whereby the day-*ſpring* from on high hath viſited us."

Met we on hill, in dale, foreſt, or mead,
[5] By paved fountain, or by ruſhy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the ſea,
To dance our ringlets to the whiſtling wind,
But with thy brawls thou haſt diſturb'd our ſport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain[6],
As in revenge, have ſuck'd up from the ſea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
Have every [7] pelting river made ſo proud,
That

Again, in the romance of *Kyng Appolyn of Thyre*, 1510:
" —aroſe in a mornynge at the *ſprynge of the day*, &c."
Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. iii. c. 10:
" He wooed her till day-*ſpring* he eſpyde."

Ovid had been tranſlated by Golding:—the firſt four books in 1565, and all the reſt, in a few years afterwards. STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton's reaſon for reading *That* inſtead of *The* appears to be ſatisfactory and authorized by the context. *The middle ſummer's ſpring*, is, I apprehend, the ſeaſon when trees put forth their *ſecond*, or as they are frequently called their *midſummer ſhoots*. Thus, Evelyn in his Silva: " Cut off all the ſide boughs, and eſpecially at midſummer if you ſpy them *breaking* out." And, again, " Where the rows and bruſh lie longer than *midſummer*, unbound, or made up, you endanger the loſs of the *ſecond ſpring*. HENLEY.

[5] *Paved fountain*;] A fountain laid round the edge with ſtone. JOHNSON.

Perhaps *paved* at the bottom. So, Lord Bacon in his *Eſſay on Gardens*: " As for the other kind of *fountaine*, which we may call a bathing-poole, it may admit much curioſity and beauty. . . . . As that the bottom be finely *paved* . . . . the *ſides* likewiſe, &c. STEEVENS.

The epithet ſeems here intended to mean no more than that the beds of theſe fountains were covered with peebles in oppoſition to thoſe of the ruſhy brooks which are oozy. HENLEY.

[6] —*the winds, piping.*] So, Milton:
" *While rocking winds, are piping loud.*" JOHNSON.

[7] —*pelting river*] Thus the quartos: the folio reads *petty*. Shakſpeare has in *Lear* the ſame word, *low pelting farms*. The meaning is plainly, *deſpicable, mean, ſorry, wretched*; but as it is a word without any reaſonable etymology, I ſhould be glad to diſmiſs it for *petty*: yet it is undoubtedly right. We have " *petty pelting officer* in *Meaſure for Meaſure*." See vol. ii. p. 51. JOHNSON.

So,

That they have over-borne their continents [8].
The ox hath therefore ſtretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman loſt his ſweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold ſtands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock [9]:
The nine-mens' morris is fill'd up with mud [1];

And

So, in Gaſcoigne's *Glaſs of Government*, 1575:

"Doway is a *pelting* town pack'd full of poor ſcholars."

This word is always uſed as a term of contempt. So, again, in Lylly's *Midas*, 1592: "—attire never uſed but of old women and *pelting* prieſts." STEEVENS.

[8] Overborn their *continents.*] Born down the banks that contain them. So, in *Lear*:

"————*cloſe pent up guilts*
"*Rive your concealing* continents!" JOHNSON.

[9] ————murrain *flock*:] The *murrain* is the plague in cattle. It is here uſed by Shakſpeare as an adjective; as a ſubſtantive by others:

"——ſends him as a *murrain*
"To ſtrike our herds; or as a worſer plague,
"Your people to deſtroy."

Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613. STEEVENS.

[1] *The nine mens' morris is fill'd up with mud*;] In that part of Warwickſhire where Shakſpeare was educated, and the neighbouring parts of Northamptonſhire, the ſhepherds and other boys dig up the turf with their knives to repreſent a ſort of imperfect cheſs-board. It conſiſts of a ſquare, ſometimes only a foot diameter, ſometimes three or four yards. Within this is another ſquare, every ſide of which is parallel to the external ſquare; and theſe ſquares are joined by lines drawn from each corner of both ſquares, and the middle of each line. One party, or player, has wooden pegs, the other ſtones, which, they move in ſuch a manner as to take up each other's men as they are called, and the area of the inner ſquare is called the Pound, in which the men taken up are impounded. Theſe figures are by the country people called *Nine Men's Morris*, or *Merrils*, and are ſo called, becauſe each party has nine men. Theſe figures are always cut upon the green turf or leys, as they are called, or upon the graſs at the end of ploughed lands, and in rainy ſeaſons never fail to be *choaked up with mud*. JAMES

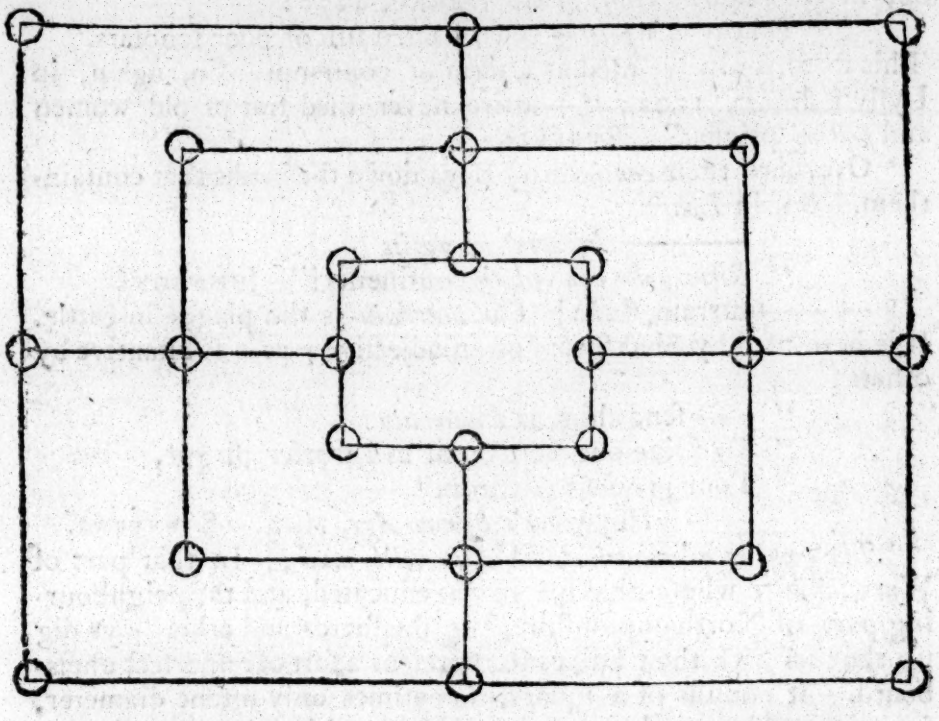
See Peek on Milton's *Maſque*, 115, vol. i. p. 135. STEEVENS.

Nine mens' morris is a game ſtill play'd by the ſhepherds, cow-keepers, &c. in the midland counties, as follows:

And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undiſtinguiſhable.
The human mortals [2] want their winter here [3],

No

A figure is made on the ground (like this which I have drawn) by cutting out the turf; and two perſons take each nine ſtones, which they place by turns in the angles, and afterwards more alternately, as at cheſs or drafts. He who can place three in a ſtrait line, may then take off any one of his adverſary's where he pleaſes, till one, having loſt all his men, loſes the game.



ALCHORNE.

In Cotgrave's *Dictionary*, under the article *Merelles*, is the following explanation. "Le Jeu des Merelles. The boyiſh game called Merils, or fivepenny morris; played here moſt commonly with ſtones, but in France with pawns, or men made on purpoſe, and termed *merelles*." The pawns or figures of men uſed in the game might originally be *black*, and hence called *morris*, or *merelles*, as we yet term a black cherry a *morello*, and a ſmall black cherry a *merry*, perhaps from *Maurus* a *Moor*, or rather from *morum* a mulberry. TOLLET.

[2] *The* human *mortals*.] Shakſpeare might have employ'd this epithet, which, at firſt ſight, appears redundant, to mark the difference between *men* and *fairies*. *Fairies* were not *human*, but they were yet *ſubject to mortality*. STEEVENS.

"This however (ſays the author of THE REMARKS) does not by any means appear to be the caſe. Oberon, Titania, and Puck,

never

No night is now with hymn, or carol bleſt: —
Therefore, the moon, the governeſs of floods,
Pale

never dye; *the inferior agents muſt neceſſarily be ſuppoſed to enjoy the ſame privilege*; and the ingenious commentator may rely upon it, that the oldeſt woman in England never heard of *the death of a Fairy*. *Human mortals* is, notwithſtanding, evidently put in oppoſition to fairies who partook of a middle nature between *men* and *ſpirits*." It is a misfortune as well to the commentators, as to the readers of Shakſpeare, that ſo much of their time is obliged to be employed in explaining and contradicting unfounded conjectures and aſſertions. Spenſer, in his *Faery Queen*, b. ii. c. 10. ſays, (I uſe the words of Mr. Warton; Obſervations on Spenſer, vol. i. p 55.) "That man was firſt made by Prometheus, was called *Elfe*, who wandering over the world, at length arrived at the gardens of Adonis, where he found a female whom he called *Fay*.——The iſſue of *Elfe* and *Fay* were called *Fairies*, who ſoon grew to be a mighty people, and conquered all nations. Their eldeſt ſon Elfin governed America, and the next to him, named Elfinan, founded the city of Cleopolis, which was encloſed with a golden wall by Elfinine. His ſon Elfin overcame the Gobbelines; but of all fairies, Elfant was the moſt renowned, who built Panthea of chryſtal. To theſe ſucceeded Elfar, who ſlew two brethren giants; and to him Elfinor, who built a bridge of glaſs over the ſea, the ſound of which was like thunder. At length Elficleos ruled the Fairy-land with much wiſdom, and highly advanced its power and honour: he left two ſons, the eldeſt of which, fair Elferon, died a premature death, his place being ſupplied by the mighty Oberon; a prince, whoſe 'wide memorial' ſtill remains; who dying left Tanaquil to ſucceed him by will ſhe being alſo called Glorian or Gloriana." I tranſcribe this pedigree merely to prove that in Shakſpeare's time the notion of Fairies dying was generally known; and Tickell's Poem, called *Kenſington Gardens*, will ſhew that the opinion prevailed in the preſent century. A future editor of our author may without any detriment to his work omit this note, which I ſhould have been better pleaſed to have had no occaſion to incumber the page with.

EDITOR.

[3] *The human mortals want their winter* HERE,] But ſure it was not one of the circumſtances of miſery, here recapitulated, that the ſufferers wanted their *winter*. On the contrary, in the poetical deſcriptions of the golden age, it was always one circumſtance of their happineſs that they wanted winter. This is an idle blunder of the editors. Shakſpeare without queſtion wrote:

"*The human mortals want their winter* HERYED,"

Pale in her anger, waſhes all the air,
That rheumatic diſeaſes do abound:

And,

i. e. praiſed, celebrated. The word is obſolete; but uſed both by Chaucer and Spenſer in this ſignification:

"*Tho' would'ſt thou learne to* CAROLL *of love,*
"*And* HERY *with* HYMNES *thy laſſie's glove.*"

Spenc. Cal. Feb.

The following line confirms the emendation.

No night is now with Hymn *or* Carol *bleſt*;

and the propriety of the ſentiment is evident. For the winter is the ſeaſon of rural rejoicing, as the gloomineſs of it and its vacancy from country labours give them the *inclination and opportunity* for mirth; and the fruits, now gathered in, the *means*. Well therefore might ſhe ſay, when ſhe had deſcribed the dearths of the ſeaſons and fruitleſs toil of the huſbandmen, that

The human mortals want their winter heryed.

But, principally, ſince the coming of Chriſtianity, this ſeaſon, in commemoration of the birth of Chriſt, has been particularly devoted to feſtivity. And to this cuſtom, notwithſtanding the impropriety, *hymn or carol bleſt* certainly alludes. Mr. Theobald ſays, *he ſhould undoubtedly have advanced this conjecture into the text, but that Shakſpeare ſeems rather fond of hallow'd. Rather* than what? *hallowed* is not ſynonymous to *heryed*, but to *bleſt*. What was he thinking of? The ambiguity of the Engliſh word *bleſt* confounded him, which ſignifies either *prais'd* or *ſanctified*.

WARBURTON.

Soon after the publication of Theobald's edition, the following explanation appeared in a news-paper printed in the Weſt Indies, July 22d, 1735. "By the *human mortals* in ſo great diſtreſs, we muſt underſtand the warlike Amazons that Theſeus had conquered; and by the word *here*, an alluſion to Hippolita, the princeſs of the Amazons, whom Theſeus had carried with him captive to Athens. *Here* is an old word ſignifying lord, prince, maſter, chief, leader, from the *Teut.* HERR, *Belg.* HEER, *Dominus*; all from the Latin *Herus*, a lord or maſter."

"The human mortals want there winter *here*,

i. e. the human mortals want their princeſs or encourager of their winter revels; which is both genuine, plain, and intelligible without any emendation." For the uſe of the word *here* the writer refers to Douglas's Virgil, fol. 258, l. 49. 427. 1. 435. 8. 281. 41. 292. 41. See *Caribbeana*, 4to. 1741. vol. ii. p. 73. EDITOR.

After all the endeavours of the editors, this paſſage ſtill remains to me unintelligible. I cannot ſee why winter is, in the general confuſion of the year now deſcribed, more wanted than any other ſeaſon. Dr. Warburton obſerves that he alludes to our practice of ſing-

And, thorough this diſtemperature[4], we ſee
The ſeaſons alter: hoary headed froſts

Fall

ſinging carols in December; but though Shakſpeare is no great chronologer in his dramas, I think he has never ſo mingled true and falſe religion, as to give us reaſon for believing that he would make the moon incenſed for the omiſſion of our carols. I therefore imagine him to have meant heathen rites of adoration. This is not all the difficulty. Titania's account of this calamity is not ſufficiently conſequential. *Men find no winter*, therefore they ſing no hymns: the moon provoked by this omiſſion, alters the ſeaſons: that is, the alteration of the ſeaſons produces the alteration of the ſeaſons. I am far from ſuppoſing that Shakſpeare might not ſometimes think confuſedly, and therefore am not ſure that the paſſage is corrupted. If we ſhould read:

And human mortals want their wonted year,

yet will not this licence of alteration much mend the narrative; the cauſe and the effect are ſtill confounded. Let us carry critical temerity a little further. Scaliger tranſpoſed the lines of Virgil's Gallus. Why may not the ſame experiment be ventured upon Shakſpeare.

The human mortals want their wonted year,
The ſeaſons alter; hoary-headed froſts
Fall in the freſh lap of the crimſon roſe;
And on old Hyems' *chin, and icy crown,*
An od'rous chaplet of ſweet ſummer buds
Is, as in mock'ry ſet. The ſpring, the ſummer,
The childing autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed world,
By their increaſe, now knows not which is which.
No night is now with hymn or carol bleſt;
Therefore the moon, the governeſs of floods,
Pale in her anger, waſhes all the air:
And thorough this diſtemperature, we ſee
That rheumatick diſeaſes do abound.
And this ſame progeny of evil comes
From our debate, from our diſſenſion.

I know not what credit the reader will give to this emendation, which I do not much credit myſelf. JOHNSON.

I think we ought to read:

The human mortals want their winter *cheer.*

according to ſir T. Hanmer's correction, ſuggeſted by Theobald.

TYRWHITT.

The repeated adverb *therefore*, throughout this ſpeech, I ſuppoſe to have conſtant reference to the firſt time when it is uſed. —All theſe irregularities of ſeaſon, happened in conſequence of

Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose[5];
And on old Hyems' chin[7], and icy crown,

An

the disagreement between the king and queen of the fairies, and not in consequence of each other.—Ideas crouded fast on Shakspeare; and as he committed them to paper, he did not attend to the distance of the leading object from which they took their rise.—Mr. Malone concurs with me on this occasion. See his note, which, on account of its length, is added at the conclusion of the play.

That the festivity and hospitality attending Christmas, decreased, was the subject of complaint to many of our ludicrous writers. Among the rest to Nash, whose comedy called *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, made its first appearance in the same year with this play, viz, 1600. There *Christmas* is introduced, and Summer says to him:

"*Christmas*, how chance thou com'st not as the rest
"Accompanied with some music or some song?
"A merry carrol would have grac'd thee well,
"Thy ancestors have us'd it heretofore."

Christmas. "Ay, antiquity was the mother of ignorance, &c." and then proceeds to give reasons for such a decay in mirth and house-keeping.

The confusion of seasons here described, is no more than a poetical account of the weather, which happened in England about the time when this play was first published. For this information I am indebted to chance, which furnished me with a few leaves of an old meteorological history. STEEVENS.

[5] *distemperature*,] is *perturbation* of the elements. STEEVENS.

[6] *Fall* in *the fresh* lap *of the crimson rose*;] To have "snow in the *lap* of June," is an expression used in *Northward Hoe*, 1607, and Shakspeare himself in *Coriolanus*, talks of the "consecrated snow that lies on Dian's *lap*;" and Spenser in his *Faery Queen*, B. ii. c. 2. has:

"And fills with flow'rs fair Flora's painted *lap*."

STEEVENS.

[7] *And on old* Hyem's *chin, and icy crown*,] I believe this peculiar image of *Hyem's* chin must have come from Virgil, through the medium of the translation of the day. "Tum flumina *mento*, Æn. iv. 253. Præcipitant seniset glacie riget horrida." Virgil borrowed the idea from Sophocles' barba Trachiniæ,

V. 13. ——— ἐκ δὲ δασκίου γενειάδος
Κρουνοὶ διερραίνοντο κρηναίου ποτοῦ. S. W.

—Hyem's *chin*,] Dr. Grey, not inelegantly, conjectures, that the poet wrote:

"—on old Hyems' *chill* and icy crown."

It

An odorous chaplet of ſweet ſummer buds
Is, as in mockery, ſet: The ſpring, the ſummer,
The childing autumn [7], angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed world,
By their increaſe, now knows not which is which [9]:
And this ſame progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our diſſention;
We are their parents and original.

Ob. Do you amend it then; it lies in you:
Why ſhould Titania croſs her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman [1].

Queen.

It is not indeed eaſy to diſcover how a chaplet can be placed on *the chin*. STEEVENS.

It ſhould rather be for *thin*, i. e. thin-hair'd. TYRWHITT.

So, Cordelia ſpeaking of *Lear*:

——— to watch poor perdu!
With this *thin* helm. STEEVENS.

[8] *The childing autumn,*] is the *pregnant autumn, frugifer autumnus*.

So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

"Fifty in number *childed* all one night."

Again, in his *Golden Age*, 1611:

"I *childed* in a cave remote and ſilent."

Again, in his *Silver Age*, 1613:

"And at one inſtant ſhe ſhall *child* two iſſues."

There is a *roſe* called the *childing roſe*. STEEVENS.

[9] *By their increaſe,*] That is, *By their produce*. JOHNSON.

So, in our author's 97th *Sonnet*:

"The teeming autumn, big with rich *increaſe*,
"Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime——"

MALONE.

[1] *henchman.*] Page of honour. This office was aboliſhed by queen Elizabeth. GREY.

The office might be aboliſhed at court, but probably remained in the city. Glapthorne, in his comedy called *Wit in a Conſtable*, 1637, has this paſſage:

"———I will teach his *hench-boys*,
"Serjeants, and trumpeters to act, and ſave
"The city all that charges."

So, again:

"When ſhe was lady may'reſs, and you humble
"As her trim *hench-boys*."

Again,

Queen. Set your heart at reſt,
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votreſs of my order:
And, in the ſpiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath ſhe goſſip'd by my ſide;
And ſat with me on Neptune's yellow ſands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood;
When we have laugh'd to ſee the ſails conceive,
And grow big bellied, with the wanton wind:
Which ſhe, with pretty and with ſwimming gate,
(Following her womb then rich with my young 'ſquire')
Would

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Chriſtmas Maſque*,—"he ſaid grace as well as any of the ſheriff's *bench-boys*.
Skinner derives the word from Hine A. S. quaſi domeſticus famulus. Spelman from Hengſtman, equi curator, ἱπποκομος.
STEEVENS.

Upon the eſtabliſhment of the houſhold of Edward IV. were "*henxmen* ſix *enfants, or more, as it plcyſeth the king, eatinge in the halle*, &c. There was alſo *a maiſter of the henxmen, to ſhewe them the ſchoole of nurture, and learne them to ride, to wear their harneſſe; to have all curteſie—to teach them all languages, and other virtues, as harping, pypinge, ſinginge, dauncinge, with honeſt behaviours of temperaunce and patyence.*" MS. Harl. 293.

At the funeral of Henry VIII. nine *henchmen* attended with ſir Francis Bryan, *maſter of the henchman*.
Strype's Eccl. Mem. v. 2. App. n. 1. TYRWHITT.

—*Henchman*. Quaſi haunch-man. One that goes behind another. *Pediſequus*. BLACKSTONE.

The learned commentator might have given his etymology ſome ſupport from the following paſſage in *K. Henry* IV. P. II. act iv. ſc. 4.

"O Weſtmoreland, thou art a ſummer bird,
"Which ever in the *haunch* of winter ſings
"The lifting up of day." STEEVENS.

' *Which ſhe with pretty and with ſwimming gate*
FOLLOWING (*her womb then rich with my young 'ſquire*)
Would imitate ———]

Following what? ſhe did not follow the ſhip, whoſe motion ſhe imitated; for that ſailed on the water, ſhe on the land. If by *following*, we are to underſtand *imitating*, it will be a mere pleonaſm

Would imitate; and ſail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
But ſhe, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And, for her ſake, I do rear up her boy;
And for her ſake, I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you ſtay?

Queen. Perchance, till after Theſeus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And ſee our moon-light revels, go with us;
If not, ſhun me, and I will ſpare your haunts.

Ob. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Queen. Not for thy fairy kingdom.—Fairies, away:
We ſhall chide down-right, if I longer ſtay.

[*Exeunt Queen, and her train.*

Ob. Well, go thy way: thou ſhalt not from this grove,
'Till I torment thee for this injury.—

aſm—*imitating would imitate.* From the poet's deſcription of the actions, it plainly appears we ſhould read:

FOLLYING ———
Would imitate;

i. e. wantoning in ſport and gaiety. Thus the old Engliſh writers—"*and they beeleven* FOLYLY *and falſly*"—— ſays ſir J. Maundeville, from and in the ſenſe of *folâtrer*, to play the wanton. This exactly agrees to the action deſcribed——*full often has ſhe goſſip'd by my ſide*—and—*when we have laugh'd to ſee.*

WARBURTON.

The foregoing note is very ingenious, but ſince *follying* is a word of which I know not any example, and the Fairy's favourite might, without much licentiouſneſs of language, be ſaid to *follow* a ſhip that ſailed in the direction of the coaſt; I think there is no ſufficient reaſon for adopting it. The coinage of new words is a violent remedy, not to be uſed but in the laſt neceſſity.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps the parentheſis ſhould begin ſooner; as I think Mr. Kenrick obſerves:

(*Following her womb*, then rich with my young 'ſquire,)

So, in Trulla's combat with Hudibras:

"——— She preſs'd ſo home,
"That he retired, and *follow'd's bum.*"

And Dryden ſays of his *Spaniſh Friar*, "his great belly walks in ſtate *before him*, and his gouty legs come limping *after it.*"

FARMER.

My

Queen. Set your heart at reſt,
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votreſs of my order:
And, in the ſpiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath ſhe goſſip'd by my ſide;
And ſat with me on Neptune's yellow ſands,
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FOLLYING ———
Would imitate;

i. e. wantoning in ſport and gaiety. Thus the old Engliſh writers—"*and they beeleven* FOLYLY *and falſly*"—— ſays ſir J. Maundeville, from and in the ſenſe of *folâtrer*, to play the wanton. This exactly agrees to the action deſcribed——*full often has ſhe goſſip'd by my ſide*—and—*when we have laugh'd to ſee.*

WARBURTON.

The foregoing note is very ingenious, but ſince *follying* is a word of which I know not any example, and the Fairy's favourite might, without much licentiouſneſs of language, be ſaid to *follow* a ſhip that ſailed in the direction of the coaſt; I think there is no ſufficient reaſon for adopting it. The coinage of new words is a violent remedy, not to be uſed but in the laſt neceſſity.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps the parentheſis ſhould begin ſooner; as I think Mr. Kenrick obſerves:

(*Following her womb*, then rich with my young 'ſquire,)

So, in Trulla's combat with Hudibras:

"———She preſs'd ſo home,
"That he retired, and *follow'd's bum.*"

And Dryden ſays of his *Spaniſh Friar*, "his great belly walks in ſtate *before him*, and his gouty legs come limping *after it.*"

FARMER.

My

My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'ſt[z]
Since once I ſat upon a promontory,

And

[z] ——— *Thou remember'ſt*
Since once I ſat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude ſea grew civil at her ſong;
And certain ſtars ſhot madly from their ſpheres,
To hear the ſea-maid's muſick.——]

The firſt thing obſervable on theſe words is, that this action of the *mermaid* is laid in the ſame time and place with Cupid's attack upon the *veſtal*. By the *veſtal* every one knows is meant queen Elizabeth. It is very natural and reaſonable then to think that the *mermaid* ſtands for ſome eminent perſonage of her time. And if ſo, the allegorical covering, in which there is a mixture of ſatire and panegyric, will lead us to conclude, that this perſon was one of whom it had been inconvenient for the author to ſpeak openly, either in praiſe or diſpraiſe. All this agrees with Mary queen of Scots, and with no other. Q. Elizabeth could not bear to hear her commended; and her ſucceſſor would not forgive her ſatyriſt. But the poet has ſo well marked out every diſtinguiſhed circumſtance of her life and character in this beautiful allegory, as will leave no room to doubt about his ſecret meaning. She is called a *mermaid*, 1. to denote her reign over a kingdom ſituate in the ſea, and 2. her beauty, and intemperate luſt:

" ——— *Ut tupiter atrum*
" *Deſinat in piſcem mulier formoſa ſuperne.*"

for as Elizabeth for her chaſtity is called a *veſtal*, this unfortunate lady on a contrary account is called a *mermaid*. 3. An ancient ſtory may be ſuppoſed to be here alluded to. The emperor Julian tells us, Epiſtle 41. that the Sirens (which, with all the modern poets, are *mermaids*) contended for precedency with the Muſes, who overcoming them took away their wings. The quarrels between Mary and Elizabeth had the ſame cauſe, and the ſame iſſue.

——— *on a dolphin's back*,] This evidently marks out that diſtinguiſhing circumſtance of Mary's fortune, her marriage with the dauphin of France, ſon of Henry II.

Uttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious breath,] This alludes to her great abilities of genius and learning, which rendered her the moſt accompliſhed princeſs of her age. The French writers tell us, that, while ſhe was in that court, ſhe pronounced a Latin oration in the great hall of the Louvre, with ſo much grace and eloquence, as filled the whole court with admiration.

That the rude ſea grew civil at her ſong;] By the *rude ſea* is meant Scotland encircled with the ocean; which roſe up in arms againſt the

And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude ſea grew civil at her ſong;
And certain ſtars ſhot madly from their ſpheres,
To hear the ſea-maid's muſick.

Puck. I remember.

Ob. That very time I ſaw, (but thou could'ſt not)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,

the regent, while ſhe was in France. But her return home preſently quieted thoſe diſorders: and had not her ſtrange ill conduct afterwards more violently inflamed them, ſhe might have paſſed her whole life in peace. There is the greater juſtneſs and beauty in this image, as the vulgar opinion is, that the mermaid always ſings in ſtorms:

And certain ſtars ſhot madly from their ſpheres
To hear the ſea-maid's muſick.]

Thus concludes the deſcription, with that remarkable circumſtance of this unhappy lady's fate, the deſtruction ſhe brought upon ſeveral of the Engliſh nobility, whom ſhe drew in to ſupport her cauſe. This, in the boldeſt expreſſion of the ſublime, the poet images by *certain ſtars ſhooting madly from their ſpheres:* By which he meant the earls of Northumberland and Weſtmorland, who fell in her quarrel; and principally the great duke of Norfolk, whoſe projected marriage with her was attended with ſuch fatal conſequences. Here again the reader may obſerve a peculiar juſtneſs in the imagery. The vulgar opinion being that the mermaid allured men to deſtruction by her ſongs. To which opinion Shakſpeare alludes in his *Comedy of Errors:*

" *O train me not, ſweet* mermaid, with thy note,
" *To* drown me *in thy ſiſter's flood of tears.*"

On the whole, it is the nobleſt and juſteſt allegory that was ever written. The laying it in *fairy land*, and out of nature, is in the character of the ſpeaker. And on theſe occaſions Shakſpeare always excels himſelf. He is borne away by the magic of his enthuſiaſm, and hurries his reader along with him into theſe ancient regions of poetry, by that power of verſe, which we may well fancy to be like what:

" ——*Olim Fauni Vateſque canebant.*"

WARBURTON.

And certain *ſtars ſhot* madly *from their ſpheres,*] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*

" And little *ſtars ſhot from their fixed places.*"

MALONE.

[1] Cupid

[3] Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair veſtal, throned by the weſt[4];

[3] *Cupid* all arm'd: ——] Surely, this preſents us with a very unclaſſical image. Where do we read or ſee, in ancient books, or monuments, Cupid armed more than with his bow and arrow; and with theſe we for ever ſee him armed. And theſe are all the arms he had occaſion for in this preſent action; a more illuſtrious one than any, his friends, the claſſicks, ever brought him upon.—— The change I make is ſo ſmall, but the beauty of the thought ſo great, which this alteration carries with it, that, I think, we are not to heſitate upon it. For what an addition is this to the compliment made upon this virgin queen's celibacy, that it *alarmed*, the power of love? as if his empire was in danger, when this *imperial votreſs* had declared herſelf for a ſingle life: ſo powerful would her great example be in the world.—Queen Elizabeth could not but be pleaſed with our author's addreſs upon this head. WARBURTON.

All armed, does not ſignify *dreſſed in panoply*, but only enforces the word *armed*, as we might ſay *all booted*. I am afraid that the general ſenſe of *alarmed*, by which it is uſed for *put into fear or care by whatever cauſe*, is later than our author. JOHNSON.

So, in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616:

" Or where proud Cupid ſate *all arm'd* with fire."

So, in Lord Surrey's tranſlation of the 4th book of the *Æneid*:

" *All* utterly I could not ſeem forſaken."

Again, in *K. Richard* III:

" His horſe is ſlain, and *all* on foot he fights."

Shakſpeare's compliment to queen Elizabeth has no ſmall degree of propriety and elegance to boaſt of. The ſame can hardly be ſaid of the following with which the tragedy of *Soliman and Perſeda*, 1599, concludes. *Death* is the ſpeaker, and vows he will ſpare

" ——————none but ſacred *Cynthia*'s friend,
" Whom *Death* did fear before her life began;
" For holy fates have grav'n it in their tables,
" That *Death* ſhall die if he attempt her end
" Whoſe life is heav'n's delight, and *Cynthia*'s friend."

If incenſe was thrown in cart loads on the altar, this propitious deity was not diſguſted by the ſmoke of it. STEEVENS.

[4] *At a fair veſtal, throned by the weſt*;] It was no uncommon thing to introduce a compliment to queen *Elizabeth* in the body of a play. So, again, in *Tancred and Giſmund*, 1592:

" There lives a virgin, one without compare,
" Who of all graces hath her heavenly ſhare;
" In whoſe renown, and for whoſe happy days,
" Let us record this Pæan of her praiſe." *Cantant.*

STEEVENS.

And

And loos'd his love-ſhaft ſmartly from his bow,
As it ſhould pierce a hundred thouſand hearts:
But I might ſee young Cupid's fiery ſhaft
Quench'd in the chaſte beams of the watery moon;
And the imperial votreſs paſſed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little weſtern flower,—
Before, milk-white; now purple with love's wound—
And maidens call it, love-in-idleneſs[5].
Fetch me that flower; the herb I ſhew'd thee once;
The juice of it, on ſleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly doat
Upon the next live creature that it ſees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can ſwim a league.

[5] *And maidens call it, love-in-idleneſs.*] This is as fine a metamorphoſis as any in *Ovid:* With a much better moral, intimating that irregular love has only power when people are idle, or not well employed. WARBURTON.

I believe the ſingular beauty of this metamorphoſis to have been quite accidental, as the poet is of another opinion, in the *Taming the Shrew*, act i. ſc. 4:

" But ſee, while *idly* I ſtood looking on,
" I found th' effect of *love in idleneſs*;
" And now in plainneſs I confeſs to thee,
" Tranio, I burn, I pine, I periſh, Tranio,
" If I atchieve not this young *modeſt* girl."

And Lucentio's was ſurely a regular and honeſt paſſion. It is ſcarce neceſſary to mention that *love in idleneſs* is a flower. Taylor, the water poet, quibbling on the names of plants, mentions it as follows:

" When paſſions are let looſe without a bridle,
" Then precious *time* is turn'd to *love in idle*."

STEEVENS.

The flower or violet, commonly called panſies, or heart's eaſe, is named *love in idleneſs* in Warwickſhire, and in Lyte's Herbal. There is a reaſon why Shakſpeare ſays it is, " now *purple* with love's wound," becauſe one or two of its petals are of a purple colour. TOLLET.

It is called in other counties the *Three coloured violet*, the *Herb of Trinity*, *Three faces in a hood*, *Cuddle me to you*, &c. STEEVENS.

Puck.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth[6]
In forty minutes.

Ob. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when ſhe is aſleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing when ſhe waking looks upon,
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on buſy ape)
She ſhall purſue it with the ſoul of love.
And ere I take this charm off from her ſight,
(As I can take it with another herb)
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invifible[7];
And I will over-hear their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore purſue me not.
Where is Lyſander, and fair Hermia?
The one I'll ſlay, the other ſlayeth me[8].
Thou told'ſt me, they were ſtoln unto this wood,
And here am I, and wood within this wood[9],
Becauſe

[6] *I'll put a* girdle round about the earth *&c.*] This expreſſion occurs in the *Bird in a Cage*, 1633:

Perhaps, it is proverbial:

" And when I have put *a girdle 'bout the world,*
" This purchaſe will reward me."

Again, in *Buſſy d'Ambois*, by Chapman, 1613:

" *To put a girdle round about the world.*" And in other plays: STEEVENS.

[7] ——— *I am* invifible;] I thought proper here to obſerve, that, as Oberon and Puck his attendant, may be frequently obſerved to ſpeak, when there is no mention of their entering, they are deſigned by the poet to be ſuppoſed on the ſtage during the greateſt part of the remainder of the play; and to mix, as they pleaſe, as ſpirits, with the other actors; and embroil the plot, by their interpoſition, without being ſeen, or heard, but when to their own purpoſe. THEOBALD.

[8] *The one I'll* ſlay: *the other* ſlayeth *me.*] Thus it has been in all the editions hitherto: but Dr. Thirlby ingeniouſly ſaw it muſt be, as I have corrected in the text. THEOBALD.

[9] ——— *and* wode, ———] Wood, *or* mad, wild, raving. POPE.

Becauſe I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. [1] You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as ſteel: Leave you your power to draw,
And I ſhall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I ſpeak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plaineſt truth
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your ſpaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Uſe me but as your ſpaniel, ſpurn me, ſtrike me,
Neglect me, loſe me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worſer place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high reſpect with me)
Than to be uſed as you uſe your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my ſpirit;
For I am ſick, when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am ſick, when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modeſty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourſelf
Into the hands of one that loves you not;

We meet with the word in Chaucer, in the character of the *Monke*, late edit. v. 184:

"What, ſhould he ſtudie, or make himſelven *wood?*"

Spenſer alſo uſes it, *Æglogue* III. *March:*

"The elf was ſo wanton, and ſo *wode*."

"The name *Woden*," ſays Verſtegan in his *Antiquities*, "ſignifies fierce or furious; and in like ſenſe we ſtill retain it, ſaying when one is in a great rage, that he is *wood*, or taketh on, as if he were *wood*." STEEVENS.

[1] *You draw me you hard hearted adamant*;
But yet you draw not iron—]

I learn from Edward Fenton's *Certaine Secrete Wonders of Nature*, bl. l. 1569, that—"there is now a dayes a kind of adamant which draweth unto it fleſhe, and the ſame ſo ſtrongly, that it hath power to knit and tie together, two mouthes of contrary perſons, and drawe the heart of a man out of his bodie without offendyng any parte of him." STEEVENS.

To truſt the opportunity of night,
And the ill counſel of a deſert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that [2].
It is not night, when I do ſee your face [3],
Therefore I think I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company [4];
For you, in my reſpect, are all the world:
Then how can it be ſaid, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beaſts.

Hel. [5] The wildeſt hath not ſuch a heart as you.
Run when you will, the ſtory ſhall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chaſe;
The dove purſues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes ſpeed to catch the tyger: Bootleſs ſpeed!
When cowardice purſues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not ſtay thy queſtions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I ſhall do thee miſchief in the wood.

[2] *Your virtue is my privilege:* For that, &c.] This line ſeems to be wrong pointed. I would read—Your virtue is my privilege for that, i. e. for *leaving the city*, &c. TYRWHITT.

[3] ——*for that*
It is not night, when I do ſee your face, &c.]
This paſſage is paraphraſed from two lines of an ancient poet:
" —— *Tu nocte vel atra*
" *Lumen, et in ſolis tu mihi turba locis.*" JOHNSON.

[4] *Nor doth the wood lack worlds of company*;] The ſame thought occurs in the 2d Part of *K. Hen.* VI:
" A wilderneſs is populous enough,
" So Suffolk had thy heavenly company."
Again, in Marſton's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1605:
" So could I live in deſert moſt unknowen,
" Yourſelf to me enough were populous." MALONE.

[5] *The wildeſt hath not ſuch a heart as you.*] " Mitius inveni quam te genus omne ferarum." *Ovid.* See Timon of Athens, act iv. ſc. 1.
" ——where he ſhall find
" The *unkindeſt beaſt more kinder than mankind.*" S.W.

Hel.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me miſchief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do ſet a ſcandal on my ſex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We ſhou'd be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love ſo well. [*Exeunt.*

Ob. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou ſhalt fly him, and he ſhall ſeek thy love.—
Haſt thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips [6] and the nodding violet grows;
[7] Quite over-canopy'd with luſcious woodbine,
With ſweet muſk-roſes, and with eglantine:
There ſleeps Titania, ſome time of the night,
Lull'd in theſe flowers with dances and delight;
And there the ſnake throws her enamel'd ſkin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll ſtreak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantaſies.

[6] *Where* oxlips ——] The *oxlip* is the greater *cowſlip*. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 15:

"To ſort theſe flowers of ſhowe, with other that were ſweet,
"The cowſlip then they couch, and th' *oxlip* for her meet."

STEEVENS.

[7] *Quite over-canopy'd with luſcious woodbine,*] Thus all the old editions.

On the margin of one of my folios an unknown hand has written *luſh* woodbine, which, I think is right.

This hand I have ſince diſcovered to be Theobald's. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare uſes the word *luſh* in *The Tempeſt*, act II:

"How *luſh* and luſty the graſs looks? how green?

STEEVENS.

Take thou ſome of it, and ſeek through this grove:
A ſweet Athenian lady is in love
With a diſdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he eſpies
May be the lady: Thou ſhalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with ſome care; that he may prove
More fond on her, than ſhe upon her love:
And look thou meet me ere the firſt cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your ſervant ſhall do ſo.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another part of the wood.

Enter the Queen of Fairies, with her train.

Queen. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy ſong[8]; Then, for the third part of a minute, hence[9]:

Some

[8] ——— *a roundel and a fairy ſong*;] *Rounds or roundels* were like the preſent country dances, and are thus deſcribed by Sir John Davies, in his Orcheſtra, 1622:

Then firſt of all he doth demonſtrate plain
The motions ſeven that are in nature found,
Upward and downward, forth, and back again
To this ſide, and to that, and turning round;
Whereof a thouſand brawls he doth compound,
Which he doth teach unto the multitude,
And ever with a turn they muſt conclude.
* * * * * * * * * * * * *
Thus when at firſt love had them marſhalled,
As erſt he did the ſhapeleſs maſs of things,
He taught them *rounds* and *winding hays* to tread,
And about trees to caſt themſelves in rings:
As the two bears whom the firſt mover flings
With a ſhort turn about heaven's axle tree,
In a round dance for ever wheeling be. EDITOR.

A *roundel*, *rondill*, or *roundelay*, is uſed to ſignify a ſong beginning or ending with the ſame ſentence, *redit in orbem*.

Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589, has a chapter *On the roundel, or ſphere*, and produces what he calls *A general reſemblance of the roundel to God, the world, and the queen*. STEEVENS.

A *roundle*;

Some, to kill cankers in the muſk-roſe buds;
Some, war with rear-mice [1] for their leathern wings,
To make my ſmall elves coats; and ſome, keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our [2] quaint ſpirits: Sing me now aſleep;
Then to your offices, and let me reſt.

Firſt

A *roundel*; that is, as I ſuppoſe, *a circular dance*. Ben Jonſon ſeems to call *the rings* which ſuch dances are ſuppoſed to make in the graſs, *rondels*. Vol. v. *Tale of a Tub*, p. 23:

"I'll have no *rondels*, I, in the queen's paths."

TYRWHITT.

So, in *The Boke of the Governour by Sir Thomas Elyot*, 1537: "In ſtede of theſe we have now baſe daunces, bargenettes, pavyons, turgions, and *roundes*." STEEVENS.

9 *Then*, for *the third part of a minute, hence:*] So the old copies. But the queen ſets them work, that is to keep them employed for the remainder of the night; the poet, undoubtedly, intended her to ſay, Dance your round, and ſing your ſong, and then inſtantly (before the third part of a minute) begone to your reſpective duties. THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton reads;

——*for the third part of the* midnight.

The perſons employed are *fairies*, to whom the third part of a minute might not be a very ſhort time to do ſuch work in. The critick might as well have objected to the epithet *tall*, which the fairy beſtows on the *cowſlip*. But Shakſpeare, throughout the play, has preſerved the proportion of other things in reſpect of theſe tiny beings, compared with whoſe ſize, a cowſlip might be tall, and to whoſe powers of execution, a minute might be equivalent to an age. STEEVENS

[1] ——*with* rear-mice] A *rere-mouſe* is a bat, a *mouſe* that *rears* from the ground by the aid of wings. So, in *Albertus Wallenſtein*, 1640:

"——dull
"Half-ſpirited ſouls, who ſtrive on *rere-mice* wings."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *New Inn:*

"——I keep no ſhades
"Nor ſhelters, I, for either owls or *rere-mice*."

STEEVENS.

[2] ——*quaint ſpirits:*——] For this Dr. Warburton reads againſt all authority:

——*quaint* ſports——

But Proſpero, in *The Tempeſt*, applies *quaint* to Ariel. JOHNSON.

First Fairy.

You ſpotted ſnakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not ſeen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen:

Chorus.

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in your ſweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor ſpell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

SecondFairy.

Weaving ſpiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd ſpinners, hence:
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor ſnail, do no offence.

Chorus.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

First Fairy.

Hence, away; now all is well[3]:
One, aloof, ſtand ſentinel.

[*Exeunt Fairies.* *The Queen ſleeps.*

"Our quaint *ſpirits.*" Dr. Johnſon is right in the word, and Dr. Warburton in the interpretation. A *ſpirit* was ſometimes uſed for a *ſport.* In Decker's play, *If it be not good, the Devil is in It,* the king of Naples ſays to the devil Ruffman, diſguiſed in the character of Shalcan:

"Now Shalcan, ſome new *ſpirit? Ruff.* A thouſand wenches ſtark-naked to play at *leap-frog.*" *Omnes.* O rare ſight! FARMER.

[3] *Hence, away,* &c.] This, according to all the editions, is made part of the ſong; but I think without ſufficient reaſon, as it appears to be ſpoken after the ſong is over. In the quarto 1600, it is given to the 2d Fairy; but the other diviſion is better. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Oberon.

Ob. What thou ſeeſt, when thou doſt wake,
[*Squeezes the flower on her eye-lids.*
Do it for thy true love take;
Love, and languiſh for his ſake:
Be it[4] ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with briſtled hair,
In thy eye that ſhall appear
When thou wak'ſt, it is thy dear;
Wake, when ſome vile thing is near.
[*Exit Oberon.*

Enter Lyſander and Hermia.

Lyſ. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And to ſpeak troth, I have forgot our way:
We'll reſt us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Her. Be it ſo, Lyſander: find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will reſt my head.
Lyſ. One turf ſhall ſerve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two boſoms, and one troth.
Her. Nay, good Lyſander; for my ſake, my dear,
Lye further off yet, do not lye ſo near.
Lyſ. O, take the ſenſe, ſweet, of my innocence[5];
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.
I mean

[4] *Be it ounce,*] The ounce is a ſmall tiger, or tiger-cat. JOHNSON.

[5] *O take the ſenſe, ſweet, of my* innocence;
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.]
Here, by ſome miſchance or other, *innocence* and *conference* have been jumbled into one another's places, and thereby deprived a very ſenſible reply of all kind of meaning. Reſtore each to its right place, and the ſenſe will be this; —when ſhe had interpreted his words to an evil meaning, he replies:
O take the ſenſe, ſweet, of my conference;
i. e. judge of my meaning by the drift of my whole ſpeech, and

I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;
So that but one heart we can [6] make of it:
Two boſoms interchained [7] with an oath;
So then, two boſoms, and a ſingle troth.
Then, by your ſide no bed-room me deny;
For, lying ſo, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lyſander, riddles very prettily:—
Now much beſhrew [8] my manners, and my pride,
If Hermia meant to ſay, Lyſander ly'd.

do not pervert the ſenſe of an ambiguous word to a meaning quite foreign to the diſcourſe. Beſides, ſays he:

Love takes the meaning, in love's innocence.

i. e. The innocence of your love may teach you to diſcover the innocence of mine. Theſe are the ſentiments, which were quite loſt in this aukward tranſpoſition. WARBURTON.

I am by no means convinced of the neceſſity of this alteration. Lyſander in the language of love profeſſes, that as they have one heart, they ſhall have one bed; this Hermia thinks rather too much, and intreats him to *lye further off*. Lyſander anſwers:

O take the ſenſe, ſweet, of my innocence.

underſtand *the meaning of my innocence*, or *my innocent meaning*. Let no ſuſpicion of ill enter thy mind:

Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.

In the converſation of thoſe who are aſſured of each other's kindneſs, not *ſuſpicion* but *love takes the meaning*. No malevolent interpretation is to be made, but all is to be received in the ſenſe which *love* can find, and which *love* can dictate. JOHNSON.

The latter line is certainly intelligible as Dr. Johnſon has explained it; but, I think, it requires a ſlight alteration to make it connect well with the former. I would read:

Love take *the meaning in love's conference.*

That is, Let *love take the meaning*. TYRWHITT.

[6] —we can *make of it*;] The folio, inſtead of *we can*, reads *can you*. STEEVENS.

[7] ——interchained] Thus the quarto; the folio *interchanged*. STEEVENS.

[8] *Now much beſhrew*, &c] This word, of which the etymology is not exactly known, implies a ſiniſter wiſh, and means the ſame as if ſhe had ſaid "now *ill befall* my manners, &c." It is uſed by Heywood in his *Iron Age*, 1632:

"*Beſhrew* your amorous rhetorick,"

Again,

"Well, Paris, I *beſhrew* you, with my heart." STEEVENS.

See Minſhew's etymology of it, which ſeems to be an imprecation or wiſh of ſuch evil to one, as the venomous biting of the *ſhrew-mouſe*. TOLLET.

But,

But, gentle friend, for love and courteſy
Lye further off; in human modeſty
Such ſeparation, as, may well be ſaid,
Becomes a virtuous batchelor and a maid:
So far be diſtant; and good night, ſweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy ſweet life end!
Lyſ. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, ſay I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: Sleep give thee all his reſt!
Her. With half that wiſh the wiſher's eyes be preſs'd! [*They ſleep.*

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the foreſt have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whoſe eyes I might approve
This flower's force in ſtirring Love.
Night and ſilence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my maſter ſaid,
Deſpiſed the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, ſleeping ſound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty ſoul! ſhe durſt not lye
Near this lack-love, kill courteſy[9].
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe:

9 *Near to this lack-love, this kill-courteſy.*] Mr. Theobald and ſir T. Hanmer, for the ſake of the meaſure, leave out *this lack-love.* I have only omitted the words *to* and *this.* STEEVENS.

The old copy has not *to.* Might we not therefore adhere to it, and at the ſame time preſerve the meaſure, by printing the line thus:

Near this lack-love, this kill-court'ſy.

We meet with the ſame abbreviation in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*

" They all ſtrain *court'ſy,* who ſhall cope him firſt."

MALONE.

When

When thou wak'ſt, let love forbid
Sleep his ſeat on thy eye-lid.
So awake, when I am gone;
For I muſt now to Oberon. [*Exit.*

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, ſweet Demetrius.
Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me[1]? do not ſo.
Dem. Stay on thy peril; I alone will go.
[*Exit Demetrius.*

Hel. O, I am out of breath, in this fond chace!
The more my prayer, the leſſer is my grace[2].
Happy is Hermia, whereſoe'er ſhe lies;
For ſhe hath bleſſed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes ſo bright? Not with ſalt tears:
If ſo, my eyes are oftner waſh'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beaſts, that meet me, run away for fear:
Therefore, no marvel though Demetrius
Do, as a monſter, fly my preſence thus.
What wicked and diſſembling glaſs of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's ſphery eyne?—
But who is here? Lyſander! on the ground!
Dead? or aſleep? I ſee no blood, no wound:—
Lyſander, if you live, good ſir, awake.
Lyſ. And run through fire I will, for thy ſweet ſake. [*Waking.*
Tranſparent Helena! nature here ſhews art,
That through thy boſom makes me ſee thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? Oh, how fit a word
Is that vile name, to periſh on my ſword!

[1] ——*wilt thou* darkling *leave me?*] So, in the *Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599: "—we'll run away with the torch, and leave them to fight *darkling*." The word is likewiſe uſed by Milton. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*my grace.*] My acceptableneſs, the favour that I can gain. JOHNSON.

Hel.

Hel. Do not ſay ſo, Lyſander; ſay not ſo:
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia ſtill loves you: then be content.

Lyſ. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have ſpent.
[3] Not Hermia, but Helena I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reaſon ſway'd;
And reaſon ſays, you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their ſeaſon:
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reaſon;
And touching now the point of human ſkill[4],
Reaſon becomes the marſhal to my will[5],
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's ſtories, written in love's richeſt book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When, at your hands, did I deſerve this ſcorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deſerve a ſweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you muſt flout my inſufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good ſooth, you do,
In ſuch diſdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I muſt confeſs,
I thought you lord of more true gentleneſs[6].
Oh, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should, of another, therefore be abus'd! [*Exit.*

[3] *Not Hermia, but Helena I love.*] The firſt folio has:
——but Helena *now* I love. MALONE.

[4] touching *now the* point *of human ſkill,*] i. e. my ſenſes being now at their utmoſt height of perfection. So, in *K. Henry* VIII:
"I have *touch'd* the higheſt *point* of all my greatneſs."
STEEVENS.

[5] *Reaſon becomes the marſhal to my will,*] That is, My will now follows reaſon. JOHNSON.
So, in *Macbeth:*
"Thou *marſhal'ſt* me the way that I was going."
STEEVENS.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. She ſees not Hermia:—Hermia, ſleep thou there;
And never may'ſt thou come Lyſander near!
For, as a ſurfeit of the ſweeteſt things,
The deepeſt loathing to the ſtomach brings;
Or, as the hereſies, that men do leave,
Are hated moſt of thoſe they did deceive[7];
So thou, my ſurfeit, and my hereſy,
Of all be hated; but the moſt, of me!
And all my powers, addreſs your love and might,
To honour Helen, and to be her knight! [*Exit.*

Her. [*ſtarting from ſleep.*] Help me, Lyſander, help me! do thy beſt,
To pluck this crawling ſerpent from my breaſt!
Ay me, for pity!——what a dream was here?
Lyſander, look, how I do quake with fear:
Methought, a ſerpent eat my heart away,
And you[8] ſat ſmiling at his cruel prey:—
Lyſander! what, remov'd? Lyſander! lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no ſound, no word?
Alack, where are you? ſpeak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves[9]; I ſwoon almoſt with fear.
No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Or death, or you[7], I'll find immediately. [*Exit.*

[6] ——*true gentleneſs*;] *Gentleneſs* is equivalent to what, in modern language, we ſhould call the *ſpirit of a gentleman*. PERCY.

[7] ——*thoſe* they *did deceive*;] The folio reads—*that* did deceive. MALONE.

[8] *And you*—] Inſtead of *you*, the elder folio reads *yet*. Mr. Pope firſt gave the right word from the quarto 1600. STEEVENS.

[9] *Speak, of all loves*;—] *Of all loves* is an adjuration more than once uſed by our author. So, *Merry Wives*, &c. act ii. ſc. 8:

"——to ſend her your little page, *of all loves*."

STEEVENS.

[1] Or *death, or you*, &c.] The folio 1623, and the quarto 1600, inſtead of the firſt *or*, read *either*. STEEVENS.

ACT III. SCENE II.[1]

The Wood.

[2] *Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.*

The Queen of Fairies lying aſleep.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearſal: This green plot ſhall be our ſtage, this hawthorn brake our tyring-houſe; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What ſay'ſt thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thiſby, that will never pleaſe. Firſt, Pyramus muſt draw a ſword to kill himſelf; which the ladies cannot abide. How anſwer you that?

Snout. By'rlakin [3], a parlous fear.

Star.

[1] In the time of Shakſpeare, there were many companies of players, ſometimes five at the ſame time, contending for the favour of the publick. Of theſe ſome were undoubtedly very unſkilful and very poor, and it is probable that the deſign of this ſcene was to ridicule their ignorance and the odd expedients to which they might be driven by the want of proper decorations. Bottom was perhaps the head of a rival houſe, and is therefore honoured with an aſs's head. JOHNSON.

[2] *Enter Quince*, &c.] The two quartos 1600, and the folio, read only, *Enter the Clowns*. STEEVENS.

[3] *By'rlakin, a parlous fear.*] By our *ladykin*, or *little lady*, as *ifakins* is a corruption of *by my faith*. The former is uſed in *Preſton's Cambyſes*:

" The clock hath ſtricken vive ich think *by laken*."

Again, in *Magnificence*, an ancient folio interlude, written by Skelton, and printed by Raſtell:

" *By our lakin*, ſyr, not by my will."

Parlous

Star. I believe, we muſt leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue ſeem to ſay, we will do no harm with our ſwords; and that Pyramus is not kill'd indeed: and, for the more better aſſurance tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have ſuch a prologue; and it ſhall be written in eight and ſix.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promiſe you.

Bot. Maſters, you ought to conſider with yourſelves: to bring in, God ſhield us! a lion among ladies, is a moſt dreadful thing: for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue muſt tell, he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you muſt name his name, and half his face muſt be ſeen through the lion's neck; and he himſelf muſt ſpeak through, ſaying thus, or to the ſame defect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wiſh you, or, I would requeſt you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of

Parlous, a word corrupted from *perilous*, i. e. dangerous. So Phaer and Twyne tranſlate *Virg. Æn.* lib. vii. 302:

" *Quid Syrtes, aut Scylla mihi, quid vaſta Charybdis*
" *Profuit?*"
" What good did Scylla me? What could prevail Charybdis wood?
" Or Sirtes *parlous* ſands?" STEEVENS.

my

my life: [2] No, I am no ſuch thing; I am a man as other men are:—and there indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it ſhall be ſo. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thiſby meet by moon-light.

Snug. Doth the moon ſhine, that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-ſhine, find out moon-ſhine.

Quin. Yes, it doth ſhine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a caſement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may ſhine in at the caſement.

Quin. Ay; or elſe one muſt come in with a buſh of thorns and a lanthorn, and ſay, he comes to diſfigure, or to preſent, the perſon of moon-ſhine. Then, there is another thing: we muſt have a wall in the

[2] *No, I am no ſuch thing; I am a man, as other men are:—and there indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.*] There are probably many temporary alluſions to particular incidents and characters ſcattered through our author's plays, which gave a poignancy to certain paſſages, while the events were recent, and the perſons pointed at, yet living—In the ſpeech now before us, I think it not improbable that he meant to allude to a fact which happened in his time, at an entertainment exhibited before queen Elizabeth. It is recorded in a manuſcript collection of anecdotes, ſtories, &c. entitled, *Merry Paſſages and Jeaſts*, Mſ. *Harl.* 6395:

"There was a ſpectacle preſented to queen Elizabeth upon the water, and among others *Harry Goldingham* was to repreſent *Arion* upon the dolphin's backe; but finding his voice to be very hoarſe and unpleaſant, when he came to perform it, he tears off his diſguiſe, and *ſwears he was none of Arion, not he, but even honeſt Har. Goldingham*; which blunt diſcoverie pleaſed the queene better than if it had gone through in the right way:—yet he could order his voice to an inſtrument exceeding well."

The collector of theſe *Merry Paſſages* appears to have been nephew to Sir Roger L'Eſtrange. MALONE.

great

great chamber; for Pyramus and Thiſby, ſays the ſtory, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You never can bring in a wall:—What ſay you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other muſt preſent wall: and let him have ſome plaſter, or ſome lome, or ſome rough-caſt, about him, to ſignify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny ſhall Pyramus and Thiſby whiſper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, ſit down, every mother's ſon, and rehearſe your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have ſpoken your ſpeech, enter into that brake [3]; and ſo every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck behind.

Puck. What hempen home-ſpuns have we ſwaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I ſee cauſe.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus:—Thiſby, ſtand forth.

Pyr. *Thiſby, the flower of odious ſavours ſweet.*

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr. ——*odours ſavours ſweet.*
So doth thy breath [4], *my deareſt Thiſby dear.*—
But, hark, a voice! ſtay thou but here a whit [5],
And by and by I will to thee appear. [*Exit. Pyramus.*

Puck.

[3]—*that* brake;] *Brake* a *thicket* or *buſh.* See vol. ii. p. 37.
Brake, in the weſt of England, is uſed to expreſs a large extent of ground over-grown with furze, and appears both here and in the next ſcene to convey the ſame idea:

" The ſhalloweſt thick ſkin of the barren ſort
" Forſook his ſcene, and enter'd in a *brake.* HENLEY.

[4] *So* doth *thy breath*,—] The old copies concur in reading:
So hath *thy breath*,——
Mr. Pope, I believe, firſt made the alteration. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*ſtay thou but here a whit*,] In the old editions:
——*ſtay thou but here a* while;

Puck. A ſtranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here[5]!
[*Aſide.* [*Exit.*

Thiſ. Muſt I ſpeak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, muſt you: for you muſt underſtand, he goes but to ſee a noiſe that he heard, and is to come again.

Thiſ. Moſt radiant Pyramus, moſt lilly white of hue,
Of colour like the red roſe on triumphant brier,
Moſt briſky juvenal[6], *and eke moſt lovely Jew,*
As true as trueſt horſe that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man: Why you muſt not ſpeak that yet; that you anſwer to Pyramus: you ſpeak all your part at once, cues and all[7].—Pyramus enter; your cue is paſt; it is, *never tire.*

Re-enter Puck, and Bottom, with an aſs's head.

Thiſ. O,—*As true as trueſt horſe, that yet would never tire.*

Pyr. [8] *If I were fair, Thiſby, I were only thine:*—

The verſes ſhould be alternately in rhime: but *ſweet* in the cloſe of the firſt line, and *while* in the third, will not do for this purpoſe. The author, doubtleſs, gave it:

——*ſtay thou but here a* whit;

i. e. a little while: for ſo it ſignifies, as alſo any thing of no price or conſideration; a trifle: in which ſenſe it is very frequent with our author. THEOBALD.

5 ——*than e'er play'd* here!] I ſuppoſe he means in that theatre where the piece was acting. STEEVENS.

6 ——*juvenal,*] i. e. young man. So, Falſtaff, "—the *juvenal* thy maſter. STEEVENS.

7 ——cues *and all.*] A *cue*, in ſtage cant, is the laſt words of the preceding ſpeech, and ſerves as a hint to him who is to ſpeak next. So *Othello:*

"Were it my *cue* to fight, I ſhould have known it
"Without a prompter."

So, in the *Return from Parnaſſus:*

"Indeed, maſter *Kempe*, you are very famous: but that is as well for works in print, as your part in *cue.*" *Kempe* was one of *Shakſpeare*'s fellow comedians. STEEVENS.

8 *If I were fair, Thiſby, I were only thine.*] I think, this ought to be pointed differently:—If I were, [i. e. as true, &c.] fair Thiſbe, I were only thine. MALONE.

Quin. O monſtrous! O ſtrange! we are haunted. Pray, maſters! fly, maſters! help!

[*Exeunt Clowns.*

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through, bog, through buſh, through brake, through brier [9];
Sometime a horſe I'll be, ſometime a hound,
A hog, a headleſs bear, ſometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horſe, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

[*Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afeard [1].

Re-enter Snout.

Snout. [2] O Bottom, thou art chang'd! what do I ſee on thee?

Bot. What do you ſee? you ſee an aſs' head of your own; Do you?

Re-enter Quince.

Quin. Bleſs thee, Bottom! bleſs thee! thou art tranſlated. [*Exit.*

Bot. I ſee their knavery: this is to make an aſs of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not ſtir from this place, do what they can: I will walk

9 *Through bog, through buſh, through brake, through brier;*] Here are two ſyllables wanting. Perhaps, it was written:

Through bog, through mire,——— JOHNSON.

1 ——*to make me afeard.*] *Afeard* is from *to fear*, by the old form of the language, as *an hungered*, from *to hunger*. So *adry*, for *thirſty*. See vol. i. p. 82. JOHNSON.

2 *O Bottom, thou art chang'd! what do I ſee on thee?*] It is plain by Bottom's anſwer, that Snout mentioned an *aſs's head*. Therefore we ſhould read:

Snout. *O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I ſee on thee?*

An aſs's head? JOHNSON.

up

up and down here, and I will ſing, that they ſhall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings.*

The ouſel-cock [3], *ſo black of hue,*
With orange-tawny bill,
The throſtle with his note ſo true [4],
The wren with little quill:

Queen. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed? [*Waking.*

Bottom ſings.

The finch, the ſparrow, and the lark,
The plain-ſong cuckow gray [5],
Whoſe note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not anſwer, nay;—

for

[3] *The* ouzel *cock,*——] The *ouzel cock* is generally underſtood to be the cock blackbird. Ben Jonſon uſes the word in *The Devil is an Aſs*:

" ——— ſtay till cold weather come,
" I'll help thee to an *ouzel* and a field-fare."

P. Holland, however, in his tranſlation of Pliny's *Nat. Hiſt.* b. x. c. 24. repreſents the *ouzle* and the *blackbird*, as different birds. See alſo ſir Aſhton Lever's *Muſeum*.

In *The Arbor of Amorous Deviſes*, 4to, bl. l. are the following lines:

" The chattering pie, the jay, and eke the quaile,
" *The thruſtle-cock that was ſo black of hewe.*"

The former leaf and the title-page being torn out of the copy I conſulted, I am unable either to give the two preceding lines of the ſtanza, or to aſcertain the date of the book. STEEVENS.

[4] *The* throſtle *with his note ſo true,*] So, in the old metrical romance of *The Squyr of Low degree*, bl. l. no date:

" The pee and the popinjaye,
" The *thruſtele*, ſayinge both nyght and daye."

Again, in the firſt book of Gower *De Confeſſione Amantis*, 1554:

" The *throſtel* with the nightingale."

It appears from the following paſſage in Thomas Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587, that the *throſtle* is a diſtinct bird from the *thruſh*. "—There is alſo another ſorte of myrte or myrtle which is wild, whoſe berries the maviſes, *throſſels*, owſells, and thruſhes delite, much to eate." STEEVENS.

[5] —*plain-ſong cuckow*, &c.] That is, the cuckoo, who, having no variety of ſtrains, ſings in *plain ſong*, or in *plano cantu*, by

for indeed, who would ſet his wit to ſo fooliſh a bird? who would give a bird the lye, though he cry, *cuckoo*, never ſo.]

Queen. I pray thee gentle mortal, ſing again:
[4] Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy ſhape;
And thy fair virtue's force, perforce doth move me,
On the firſt view, to ſay, to ſwear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, miſtreſs, you ſhould have little reaſon for that: And yet, to ſay the truth, reaſon and love keep little company together now-a-days: The more the pity, that ſome honeſt neighbours

which expreſſion the uniform modulation or ſimplicity of the *chaunt* was anciently diſtinguiſhed, in oppoſition to *prick-ſong*, or variegated muſic ſung by note. Skelton introduces the birds ſinging the different parts of the ſervice of the funeral of his favourite ſparrow: among the reſt is the cuckoo. P. 277. edit. Lond. 1736:

" But with a large and a long
" To keep juſt *playne ſonge*
" Our chanter ſhall be your *cuckoue*." WARTON.

" Our life is a *plain ſong* with cunning penn'd."
Return from Parnaſſus.

Again, in *Hans Beer-pot's Inviſible Comedy*, &c.

" The cuckoo ſings not worth a groat
" Becauſe ſhe *never changeth note*." STEEVENS.

[4] *Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,*
So is mine eye enthralled to thy ſhape,
And thy fair virtue's force (perforce) doth move me,
On the firſt view to ſay, to ſwear, I love thee.]

Theſe lines are in one quarto of 1600, the firſt folio of 1623, the ſecond of 1632, and the third of 1664, &c. ranged in the following order:

Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
On the firſt view to ſay, to ſwear, I love thee;
So is mine eye enthralled to thy ſhape,
And thy fair virtue's force (perforce) doth move me.

This reading I have inſerted, not that it can ſuggeſt any thing better than the order to which the lines have been reſtored by Mr. Theobald from another quarto, but to ſhew that ſome liberty of conjecture muſt be allowed in the reviſal of works ſo inaccurately printed, and ſo long neglected. JOHNSON.

will

will not make them friends. Nay, I can [5] gleek, upon occaſion.

Queen. Thou art as wiſe, as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not ſo, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to ſerve mine own turn.

Queen. Out of this wood do not deſire to go;
Thou ſhalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a ſpirit, of no common rate;
The ſummer ſtill doth tend upon my ſtate,
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they ſhall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And ſing, while thou on preſſed flowers doſt ſleep:
And I will purge thy mortal groſſneſs ſo,
That thou ſhalt like an airy ſpirit go.—
Peaſe-bloſſom! Cobweb! Moth! and Muſtard-ſeed!

Enter four Fairies.

1 *Fair.* Ready.

2 *Fair.* And I.

3 *Fair.* And I.

4 *Fair.* And I: where ſhall we go [6]?

Queen. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;

[5] ——*gleek*,] Joke or ſcoff. POPE.

Gleek was originally a game at cards. The word is often uſed by our ancient comic writers in the ſame ſenſe as by our author. So, in *Mother Bombie*, 1594:

"There's *gleek* for you, let me have my gird."

Again, in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1661:

"The more that I get her, the more ſhe doth *gleek* me."

Again, in Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617:

"Meſſieur Benedetto galled Peratio with this *gleek*."

Mr. Lambe obſerves in his notes on the ancient metrical hiſtory of the *Battle of Floddon*, that in the North to *gleek* is to *deceive*, or *beguile*; and that the reply made by the queen of the fairies, proves this to be the meaning of it. STEEVENS.

[6] —*Where ſhall we go?*] Perhaps this queſtion ſhould be propoſed by the four fairies together. STEEVENS.

Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries[7],
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags ſteal from the humble bees,
And, for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes[8],
To have my love to bed, and to ariſe;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his ſleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courteſies.

1 *Fair.* Hail, mortal, hail[9]!

2 *Fair.* Hail!

3 *Fair.* Hail!

Bot. I cry your worſhip's mercy heartily.—I beſeech, your worſhip's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I ſhall deſire you of more acquaintance[1], good maſter cobweb: If I cut my finger, I ſhall make

[7] Dewberries,] *Dewberries* ſtrictly and properly are the fruit of one of the ſpecies of wild bramble called the creeping or the leſſer bramble: but as they ſtand here among the more delicate fruits, they muſt be underſtood to mean raſpberries, which are alſo of the bramble kind. HAWKINS.

Dewberries are *gooſeberries*, which are ſtill ſo called in ſeveral parts of the kingdom. HENLEY.

[8] ——— *the fiery glow-worm's eyes,*] I know not how Shakſpeare, who commonly derived his knowledge of nature from his own obſervation, happened to place the glow-worm's light in his eyes, which is only in his tail. JOHNSON.

[9] ——— *hail!*] Out of the four fairies, only three addreſs themſelves to Bottom. If this ſalutation be given to the ſecond fairy, the repetition of the ſame word will ſerve for the other two. STEEVENS.

[1] *I ſhall deſire you of more acquaintance,*] This line has been very unneceſſarily altered. The ſame mode of expreſſion occurs in *Luſty Juventus*, a morality, 1561:

"I ſhall deſire *you of* better acquaintance."

Such phraſeology was very common to many of our ancient writers.

So, in *An Humourous Day's Mirth*, 1599:

"I do deſire you *of* more acquaintance."

Again,

make bold with you.—Your name, honeſt gentleman?

Peaſe. Peaſe-bloſſom.

Bot. I pray you commend me to miſtreſs Squaſh[2] your mother, and to maſter Peaſcod, your father. Good maſter Peaſe-bloſſom, I ſhall deſire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beſeech you, ſir?

Muſ. Muſtard-ſeed.

Bot. Good maſter Muſtard-ſeed, I know your[3] patience well: that ſome cowardly, giant-like, ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your houſe: I promiſe you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I deſire you, more acquaintance, good maſter Muſtard-ſeed.

Again, in Greene's *Groatſworth of Wit*, 1621:

"——craving you *of* more acquaintance."

STEEVENS.

I ſhall deſire you of more acquaintance, good maſter Cobweb; if I cut my finger I ſhall make bold with you.] In *The Mayde's Metamorphoſis*, a comedy, by Lilly, there is a dialogue between ſome foreſters and a troop of fairies, very ſimilar to the preſent:

"*Mopſo.* I pray you, ſir, what might I call you?

"1 *Fai.* My name is Penny.

"*Mop.* I am ſorry I cannot purſe you.

"*Friſco.* I pray you, ſir, what might I call you?

"2 *Fai.* My name is Cricket.

"*Friſ.* I would I were a chimney for your ſake."

The Maid's Metamorphoſis was not printed till 1600, but was probably written ſome years before. MALONE.

[2] ——*miſtreſs* Squaſh *your mother*,] A *ſquaſh* is an immature peaſcod. So, in *Twelfth Night*, act i. ſc. 5:

"— as a *ſquaſh* is before 'tis a peaſcod." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*patience*] The Oxford edition reads, *I know your* parentage *well*. I believe the correction is right. JOHNSON.

Parentage was not eaſily corrupted to *patience*. I fancy, the true word is, *paſſions*, ſufferings. FARMER.

By *patience* is meant, ſtanding ſtill in a muſtard pot to be eaten with the beef, on which it was a conſtant attendant. COLLINS.

Queen. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower,
The moon, methinks, looks with a watry eye;
And when ſhe weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting ſome enforced chaſtity.
Tie up my love's tongue [4], bring him ſilently.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Oberon.

Ob. I wonder, if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which ſhe muſt doat on in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my meſſenger.—How now, mad ſpirit?
What night-rule [5] now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My miſtreſs with a monſter is in love.
Near to her cloſe and conſecrated bower,
While ſhe was in her dull and ſleeping hour,
A crew of patches [6], rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian ſtalls,

Were

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Were met together to rehearſe a play,
Intended for great Theſeus' nuptial day.
The ſhalloweſt thick-ſkin of that barren ſort,
Who Pyramus preſented, in their ſport
Forſook his ſcene, and enter'd in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An aſs's [7] nowl I fixed on his head;
Anon, his Thiſby muſt be anſwered,
And forth my minnock [8] comes: When they him ſpy,
As wild geeſe, that the creeping fowler eye,
Or

Wolſey's fool. In the weſtern counties, *croſs-patch* is ſtill uſed for *perverſe, ill-natur'd fool.* WARTON.

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Or ruſſet-pated choughs, many in ſort [9],
Riſing and cawing at the gun's report
Sever themſelves, and madly ſweep the ſky;
So, at his ſight, away his fellows fly:
And, at our ſtamp [1], here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their

that part, and had retired into the brake. "Anon his *Thiſbe* muſt be anſwered, *And forth my mimick* (i. e. my actor) *comes.*" In this there ſeems no difficulty.

Mimick is uſed as ſynonymous to *actor*, by Decker, in his *Gul's Hornebooke*, 1609: "Draw what troope you can from the ſtage after you; the *mimicks* are beholden to you for allowing them elbow-room." Again, in his *Satiromaſtix*, 1602: "Thou [B. Jonſon] haſt forgot how thou ambleſt in a leather pilch by a play-waggon in the highway, and took'ſt mad *Jeronymo's* part, to get ſervice amongſt the *mimicks*." MALONE.

9 ——— *ſort,*] Company. So above:

——— "*that barren* ſort;"

and in Waller:

"*A* ſort *of luſty ſhepherds ſtrive.*" JOHNSON.

So, in Chapman's *May-day*, 1611:

"—though we never lead any other company than a *ſort* of quart-pots." STEEVENS.

1 *And, at our ſtamp,*—] This ſeems to be a vicious reading. Fairies are never repreſented ſtamping, or of a ſize that ſhould give force to a ſtamp, nor could they have diſtinguiſhed the ſtamps of Puck from thoſe of their own companions. I read:

And at a ſtump *here o'er and o'er one falls.*

So, Drayton:

"*A pain he in his head-piece feels,*
"*Againſt* a ſtubbed tree *he reels,*
"*And up went poor hobgoblin's heels;*
"*Alas, his brain is dizzy.*———
"*At length upon his feet he gets,*
"*Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets,*
"*And as again he forward ſets,*
"*And through the buſhes ſcrambles,*
"*A* ſtump *doth* trip him *in his pace,*
"*Down fell poor Hob upon his face,*
"*And lamentably tore his caſe,*
"*Among the briers and brambles.*" JOHNSON.

I adhere to the old reading. The *ſtamp* of a fairy might be efficacious though not loud; neither is it neceſſary to ſuppoſe, when ſupernatural beings are ſpoken of, that the ſize of the agent deter-

Their ſenſe, thus weak, loſt with their fears, thus ſtrong,
Made ſenſeleſs things begin to do them wrong:
For briers and thorns at their apparel ſnatch;
[2]Some, ſleeves; ſome, hats: from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this diſtracted fear,
And left ſweet Pyramus tranſlated there:
When in that moment (ſo it came to paſs)
Titania wak'd, and ſtraightway lov'd an aſs.
Ob. This falls out better than I could deviſe.
But haſt thou yet latch'd [3] the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?
Puck. I took him ſleeping,—that is finiſh'd too.—

determines the force of the action. That fairies did *ſtamp* to ſome purpoſe, may be known from the following paſſage in *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus.*——"Vero ſaltem *adeo profundé interram impreſſerant*, ut locus inſigni ardore orbiculariter pereſus, non parit arenti redivivum ceſpite gramen." Shakſpeare's own authority, however, is moſt deciſive. See the concluſion of the firſt ſcene of the fourth act:

"Come, my queen, take hand with me,
"And *rock* the ground whereon theſe ſleepers be."

STEEVENS.

Honeſt Reginald Scott, ſays, "Our grandams maides were wont to ſet a boll of milke before Incubus and his couſine Robin Good-fellow, for grinding of malt or muſtard, and ſweeping the houſe at midnight: and—that he would chafe exceedingly, if the maid or good-wife of the houſe, having compaſſion of his nakedneſs, laid aſide clothes for him, beſides his meſſe of white bread and milk, which was his ſtanding fee. For in that caſe he ſaith; What have we here? Hemton, hamten, here will I never more tread nor *ſtampen.*" *Diſcoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584. p. 85.

REMARKS.

[2] *Some, ſleeves; ſome hats:*——] There is the like image in Drayton of queen Mab and her fairies flying from Hobgoblin:

"*Some tore a ruff, and ſome a gown,*
"*'Gainſt one another juſtling;*
"*They flew about like chaff i' th' wind,*
"*For haſte ſome left their maſks behind,*
"*Some could not ſtay their gloves to find,*
"*There never was ſuch buſtling.* JOHNSON.

[3] ——*latch'd*] or letch'd, lick'd over, *lecher*, to lick, French. HANMER.

In the North, it ſignifies to *infect.* STEEVENS.

And the Athenian woman by his ſide;
That, when he wak'd, of force ſhe muſt be ey'd.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ob. Stand cloſe; this is the ſame Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you ſo?
Lay breath ſo bitter on your bitter foe.

Herm. Now I but chide, but I ſhould uſe thee worſe;
For thou, I fear, haſt given me cauſe to curſe.
If thou haſt ſlain Lyſander in his ſleep,
Being o'er ſhoes in blood [4], plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The ſun was not ſo true unto the day,
As he to me: Would he have ſtol'n away
From ſleeping Hermia? I'll believe as ſoon,
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon
May through the center creep, and ſo diſpleaſe
Her brother's noon-tide with the Antipodes [5].
It cannot be, but thou haſt murder'd him;
So ſhould a murderer look, ſo [6] dead, ſo grim.

[4] *Being o'er ſhoes in blood,*] An alluſion to the proverb, *Over ſhoes, over boots.* JOHNSON.

[5] "Noon-tide *with the Antipodes.*"] Dr. Warburton would read, *i' th' antipodes*, which Mr. Edwards ridicules without mercy. The alteration is certainly not neceſſary, but it is not ſo unlucky, as he imagined. Shirley has the ſame expreſſion in his *Andromana*:

"To be a whore is more unknown to her,
"Then what is done *in the antipodes.*"

In for *among* is frequent in old language. FARMER.

In *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

"And dwell one month *with the* Antipodes."

Again, in *K. Rich.* II:

"While we were wandring *with the* Antipodes." STEEVENS.

[6] —*ſo dead,*—] All the old copies read *ſo dead*; in my copy of it, ſome reader has altered *dead* to *dread.* JOHNSON.

Dead ſeems to be the right word, and our author again uſes it 2d Part *Hen.* IV. act i. ſc. 3:

"*Even ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſs,*
"*So dull, ſo* dead, *in look, ſo woe-begone.*" STEEVENS.

Dem.

Dem. So ſhould the murder'd look; and ſo ſhould I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your ſtern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering ſphere.

Her. What's this to my Lyſander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcaſe to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'ſt me paſt the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Haſt thou ſlain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O! once tell true, tell true, even for my ſake;
Durſt thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
And haſt thou kill'd him ſleeping? O brave touch[7]!
Could not a worm, an adder, do ſo much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou ſerpent, never adder ſtung.

Dem. You ſpend your paſſion on a miſpris'd mood[8]:
I am not guilty of Lyſander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for ought that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem. An if I could, what ſhould I get therefore?

Her. A privilege, never to ſee him more.—
[9] And from thy hated preſence part I ſo:
See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [*Exit.*

[7] — *O brave touch!*] *Touch* in Shakſpeare's time was the ſame with our *exploit*, or rather *ſtroke*. A brave touch, a noble ſtroke, *un grand coup*. "*Maſon was very merry, pleaſantly playing both the ſhrewd* touches *of many curſt boys, and the ſmall diſcretion of many lewd ſchoolmaſters.*" Aſcham. JOHNSON.

A *touch* anciently ſignified a *trick*. In the old black letter ſtory of *Howleglas*, it is always uſed in that ſenſe. "—for at all times he did ſome mad *touch*." STEEVENS.

[8] —*miſpriz'd*—] Miſtaken; ſo below *miſpriſion* is miſtake. JOHNSON.

[9] *And from thy hated preſence part I ſo.*] *So* has been ſupplied by ſome of the modern editors. MALONE.

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein :
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.
So ſorrow's heavineſs doth heavier grow,
[1] For debt that bankrupt ſleep doth ſorrow owe ;
Which now in ſome ſlight meaſure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make ſome ſtay. [*Lies down.*

Ob. What haſt thou done ? thou haſt miſtaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on ſome true-love's ſight :
Of thy miſpriſion muſt perforce enſue
Some true love turn'd, and not a falſe turn'd true [2].

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules ; that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Ob. About the wood go ſwifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find :
All fancy-ſick ſhe is, and pale of cheer
With ſighs of love, that coſt the freſh blood dear :
By ſome illuſion ſee thou bring her here ;
I'll charm his eyes, againſt ſhe do appear.

Puck. I go, I go ; look, how I go ;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit.*

Ob. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery [1],

[1] *For debt that bankrupt* ſleep ——] The firſt and ſecond folio read—*ſlip*. The ſame error has, perhaps, happened in *Meaſure for Meaſure* :

" Which for theſe nineteen years we have let *ſlip*."

MALONE.

[2] *Some true love turn'd, and not a falſe turn'd true* :] Sir T. H. reads the line thus :

Some true love turn'd falſe, not a falſe, turn'd true.

STEEVENS.

[1] *Hit with Cupid's archery,*] This alludes to what was ſaid before :

——— *the bolt of Cupid fell,*
It fell upon a little weſtern flower
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound.

STEEVENS.

Sink

Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth eſpy,
Let her ſhine as glorioufly
As the Venus of the ſky.—
When thou wak'ſt, if ſhe be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, miſtook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee;
Shall we their fond pageant ſee?
Lord, what fools theſe mortals be!
Ob. Stand aſide: the noiſe they make,
Will cauſe Demetrius to awake.
Puck. Then will two, at once, woo one;
That muſt needs be ſport alone:
And thoſe things do beſt pleaſe me,
That befal prepoſt'rouſly.

Enter Lyſander, and Helena.

Lyſ. Why ſhould you think, that I ſhould woo in ſcorn?
Scorn and deriſion never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows ſo born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can theſe things in me ſeem ſcorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true?
Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O deviliſh-holy fray!
Theſe vows are Hermia's; Will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows, to her and me, put in two ſcales,
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. I had no judgment, when to her I ſwore.
Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.
Lyſ. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.
Dem. [*awaking.*] O Helen, goddeſs, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, ſhall I compare thine eyne?
Cryſtal is muddy. O, how ripe in ſhow
Thy lips, thoſe kiſſing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' ſnow[2],
Fann'd with the eaſtern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'ſt up thy hand: O, let me kiſs
This princeſs of pure white[3], this ſeal of bliſs[4]!
Hel. O ſpight! O hell! I ſee, you all are bent
To ſet againſt me, for your merriment.
If you were civil, and knew courteſy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you muſt join, in ſouls[5], to mock me too?

If

[2] —*Taurus' ſnow,*] Taurus is the name of a range of mountains in Aſia. JOHNSON.

[3] *This* princeſs *of pure white*—] Thus all the editions to ſir T. H's. He reads:

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and Dr. Warburton follows him. The old reading may be juſtified from a paſſage in ſir Walter Raleigh's *Diſcovery of Guiana*, where the pine-apple is called *The princeſs of Fruits*. Again, in *Wyatt's Poems*, "Of beauty *princeſſe* chief." STEEVENS.

In the *Winter's Tale* we meet with a ſimilar expreſſion:

"———good ſooth, ſhe is
"The *Queen of curds and cream.*" MALONE.

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"———with *private ſoul*
"Did in great Ilion thus tranſlate him to me."

And

If you were men, as men you are in ſhow,
You would not uſe a gentle lady ſo;
To vow, and ſwear, and ſuperpraiſe my parts,
When, I am ſure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals to mock Helena:

And, in *All Fools*, by Chapman, 1605, is the ſame expreſſion as that for which I contend:

" Happy, *in ſoul*, only by winning her."

Again, in a Maſque called *Luminalia*, or *the Feſtival of Light*, 1637:

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" They did begin to quarrel like *ill* men;

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Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.
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Scouls I believe is ſometimes uſed as ſynonymous with *ſcoffs*. BLACKSTONE.

A trim exploit [6], a manly enterprize,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,
With your deriſion! none, of nobler ſort [7],
Would ſo offend a virgin; and extort [8]
A poor ſoul's patience, all to make you ſport.

Lyſ. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not ſo;
For you love Hermia; this, you know, I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waſte more idle breath.

Dem. Lyſander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
[9] My heart with her but, as gueſt-wiſe, ſojourn'd;
And now to Helen it is home return'd,
There to remain.

Lyſ. Helen, it is not ſo.

Dem. Diſparage not the faith thou doſt not know,
[1] Leſt, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.——
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

[6] *A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,* &c.] This is written much in the manner and ſpirit of Juno's reproach to Venus in the 4th book of the *Æneid:*

" Egregiam vero laudem et ſpolia ampla refertis,
" Tuque puerque tuus; magnum et memorabile nomen,
" Una dolo divûm ſi fœmina victa duorum eſt."

STEEVENS.

[7] ——*none, of* nobler *ſort,*] The folio reads, *noble* ſort. *Sort* is here uſed for *degree* or *quality*. See vol. ii. p. 261. MALONE.

[8] Extort *a poor ſoul's patience,*] Harraſs, torment. JOHNSON.

[9] *My heart* to *her.*] We ſhould read:

My heart with *her but as gueſt-wiſe ſojourn'd.*

So, Prior:

" *No matter what beauties I ſaw in my way,*
" *They were but my viſits, but thou art my home.*" JOHNSON.

So, in our author's 109th Sonnet:

" This is my *home* of love; if I have rang'd,
" Like him that travels, I *return* again." MALONE.

[1] *Leſt to thy peril, thou* aby *it dear.*] The folio has *abide.* MALONE.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehenſion makes;
Wherein it doth impair the ſeeing ſenſe,
It pays the hearing double recompence:—
Thou art not by mine eye, Lyſander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to [2] thy ſound.
But why unkindly did'ſt thou leave me ſo?

Lyſ. Why ſhould he ſtay, whom love doth preſs to go?

Her. What love could preſs Lyſander from my ſide?

Lyſ. Lyſander's love, that would not let him bide,
Fair Helena; who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery o's [3] and eyes of light.
Why ſeek'ſt thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee made me leave thee ſo?

Her. You ſpeak not as you think; it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, ſhe is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
To faſhion this falſe ſport in ſpight of me [4].
Injurious Hermia! moſt ungrateful maid!
Have you conſpir'd, have you with theſe contriv'd
To bait me with this foul deriſion?
Is all the counſel that we two have ſhar'd,

[2] thy *ſound.*] Fo.—*that* ſound. MALONE.

[3] —*all yon fiery O's*] Shakſpeare uſes O for a circle. So, in the prologue to *Henry* V.

" ——— can we crowd
" Within this little *O*, the very caſques
" That did affright the air at Agincourt?"

Again, in the *Parthenia Sacra*, 1633:

" —the purple canopy of the earth, powder'd over and beſet with ſilver *o'es*, or rather an azure vault, &c." STEEVENS.

D'Ewes's *Journal of Queen Elizabeth's Parliaments*, p. 650, mentions a patent to make ſpangles and *oes* of gold; and I think haberdaſhers call ſmall curtain rings, O's, as being circular. TOLLET.

[4] —*in ſpite* of *me.*] I read, *in ſpite* to *me.* JOHNSON.

The ſiſters' vows, the hours that we have ſpent,
When we have chid the haſty-footed time
For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?
All ſchool-day friendſhip, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods [5],
Have with our [6] needles created both one flower,
Both on one ſampler, ſitting on one cuſhion,
Both warbling of one ſong, both in one key;
As if our hands, our ſides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries molded on one ſtem:
So, with two ſeeming bodies, but one heart;
[7] Two of the firſt, like coats in heraldry,

[5] —*artificial* gods,] *Artificial* is ingenious, artful. STEEVENS.

[6] *Have with our* needles, *&c.*] It was probably written by Shakſpeare *neelds*, (a common contraction in the inland counties at this day) otherwiſe the verſe will be inharmonious. See Gammer Gurton's *Needle*.

Again, in ſir Arthur Gorges' tranſlation of Lucan, 1614:

" Thus Cato ſpake, whoſe feeling words
" Like pricking *neelds*, or points of ſwords, &c."

Again, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

" Deep clerks ſhe dumbs, and with her *neele* compoſes
" Nature's own ſhape."

Again, in Stanyhurſt's *Virgil*, 1582:

" —on *neeld*-wrought carpets."

The ſame ideas occur in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

" ———ſhe
" Would ever with Marina be:
" Be't when they weav'd the ſleded ſilk,
" With fingers long, ſmall, white as milk,
" Or when ſhe would with ſharp *neeld* wound
" The cambrick, &c."

In the age of Shakſpeare many contractions were uſed. Ben Jonſon has *wher* for *whether* in the prologue to his *Sad Shepherd*; and in the earl of Sterline's *Darius* is *ſport* for *ſupport*, and *twards* for *towards*. STEEVENS.

[7] *Two of the firſt* life, *coats in heraldry*,
Due but to one, and crowned with one creſt:]

The true correction of this paſſage I owe to the friendſhip and communication of the ingenious Martin Folkes, eſq.——Two of the *firſt*, *ſecond*, &c. are terms peculiar in heraldry, to diſtinguiſh the different *quarterings* of *coats*. THEOBALD.

Due

Due but to one, and crowned with one creſt.
And will you rent our ancient love aſunder,
To join with men in ſcorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our ſex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your paſſionate words:
I ſcorn you not; it ſeems that you ſcorn me.

Hel. Have you not ſet Lyſander, as in ſcorn,
To follow me, and praiſe my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did ſpurn me with his foot)
To call me goddeſs, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celeſtial? Wherefore ſpeaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lyſander
Deny your love, ſo rich within his ſoul,
And tender me, forſooth, affection;
But by your ſetting on, by your conſent?
What though I be not ſo in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, ſo fortunate;
But miſerable moſt, to love unlov'd?
This you ſhould pity, rather than deſpiſe.

Her. I underſtand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, perſever[8], counterfeit ſad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;
Wink at each other; hold the ſweet jeſt up:
This ſport, well carry'd, ſhall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me ſuch an argument[9].

But,

[8] *Ay, do* perſever,—] *Perſever* is the reading of all the old copies. The word was formerly ſo pronounced. Thus our author in *All's Well that End's Well*, act iv. ſc. 2:

" ——— ſay thou art mine, and ever
" My love, as it begins, ſo ſhall *perſever*."

So, in Glapthorne's *Argalus and Parthenia*, 1639:

" ——— for ever
" May they in love and union ſtill *perſever*." STEEVENS.

[9] ——*ſuch an argument.*] Such a *ſubject* of light merriment. JOHNSON.

But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault;
Which death, or abſence, ſoon ſhall remedy.
Lyſ. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuſe;
My love, my life, my ſoul, fair Helena!
Hel. O excellent!
Her. Sweet, do not ſcorn her ſo.
Dem. If ſhe cannot entreat, I can compel.
Lyſ. Thou canſt compel no more than ſhe entreat;
Thy threats have no more ſtrength, than her weak prayers[1].
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do;
I ſwear by that which I will loſe for thee,
To prove him falſe, that ſays I love thee not.
Dem. I ſay, I love thee more than he can do.
Lyſ. If thou ſay ſo, withdraw, and prove it too.
Dem. Quick, come,—
Her. Lyſander, whereto tends all this?
Lyſ. Away, you Ethiop!
Dem. No, no, ſir, he'll
Seem to break looſe; take on, as you would follow;
But yet come not; You are a tame man, go!
Lyſ. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr: vile thing, let looſe:
Or I will ſhake thee from me, like a ſerpent.
Her. Why are you grown ſo rude? what change is this,
Sweet love?
Lyſ. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out;
Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!
Her. Do you not jeſt?

So, in the firſt part of *King Henry* IV. act ii. ſc. 2.
" —it would be *argument* for a week, &c. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*than her weak* prayers.] The old copies read:
——*than her weak* praiſe. STEEVENS.

A modern editor very plauſibly reads—than her weak *prays*. The uſing the verb as a ſubſtantive is much in our author's manner; and the tranſcriber's ear might have deceived him here as in many other places. MALONE.

Hel.

He. Yes, 'ſooth; and ſo do you.
Lyſ. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.
Dem. I would I had your bond: for, I perceive,
A weak bond holds you; I'll not truſt your word.
Lyſ. What, ſhould I hurt her, ſtrike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her ſo.
Her. What, can you do me greater harm, than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lyſander?
I am as fair now, as I was erewhile.
Since night, you lov'd me; yet ſince night, you left me:
Why, then you left me,—O the gods forbid!—
In earneſt, ſhall I ſay?
Lyſ. Ay, by my life;
And never did deſire to ſee thee more.
Therefore, be out of hope, of queſtion, doubt.
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jeſt,
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.
Her. O me! you jugler! oh, you canker-bloſſom[2]!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
And ſtol'n my love's heart from him?
Hel. Fine i'faith!
Have you no modeſty, no maiden ſhame,
No touch of baſhfulneſs? What, will you tear
Impatient anſwers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

[2] ——*you canker-bloſſom!*] The *canker-bloſſom* is not in this place the bloſſom of the *canker* or *wild roſe*, which our author alludes to in *Much Ado About Nothing*, act i. ſc. 3:

"I had rather be a *canker* in a hedge
"Than a roſe in his grace."

but a worm that preys on the leaves or buds of flowers, always beginning in the middle. So, in this play, act ii. ſc. 3:

"Some to kill *cankers* in the muſk-roſe buds."

STEEVENS.

Her. Puppet! why ſo? Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that ſhe hath made compare
Between our ſtatures, ſhe hath urg'd her height;
And with her perſonage, her tall perſonage,
Her height, forſooth, ſhe hath prevail'd with him.—
And are you grown ſo high in his eſteem,
Becauſe I am ſo dwarfiſh, and ſo low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? ſpeak;
How low am I? I am not yet ſo low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curſt;
I have no gift at all in ſhrewiſhneſs;
I am a right maid for my cowardice;
Let her not ſtrike me: You, perhaps, may think,
Becauſe ſhe's ſomething lower than myſelf,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be ſo bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counſels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your ſtealth unto this wood:
He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him.
But he hath chid me hence; and threaten'd me
To ſtrike me, ſpurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, ſo you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further: Let me go:
You ſee how ſimple and how fond I am[1].

Her. Why, get you gone: Who is't that hinders you?

Hel. A fooliſh heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lyſander?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lyſ. Be not afraid; ſhe ſhall not harm thee, Helena.

[1] "——*how* fond I *am.*] *Fond*, i. e. fooliſh. See vol. ii. p. 148. STEEVENS.

Dem.

Dem. No, ſir; ſhe ſhall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when ſhe's angry, ſhe is keen and ſhrewd:
She was a vixen when ſhe went to ſchool;
And, though ſhe be but little, ſhe is fierce.

Her. Little again; nothing but low and little!—
Why will you ſuffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lyſ. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You [2] minimus, of hind'ring knot-graſs made [3];
You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalf that ſcorns your ſervices.
Let her alone; ſpeak not of Helena;
Take not her part: for if thou doſt intend
Never ſo little ſhew of love to her,
Thou ſhalt aby it [4].

Lyſ.

[2] *You minimus,—*] Shakſpeare might have given it:

"*You* Minim, you———

i. e. You *Diminutive* of the creation, you *reptile*, as in Milton. THEOBALD.

[3] ——*of hind'ring knot-graſs made*;] It appears that knot-graſs was anciently ſuppoſed to prevent the growth of any animal or child.

Beaumont and Fletcher mention this property of it in *The Knight of the Burning Peſtle*:

"Should they put him into a ſtraight pair of gaſkins, 'twere worſe than *knot-graſs*, he would never grow after it."

Again, in *The Coxcomb*:

"We want a boy extremely for this function, kept under, for a year, with milk and *knot-graſs*." Daiſy-roots were ſuppoſed to have the ſame effect.

That prince of verboſe and pedantic coxcombs, Richard Tomlinſon, apothecary, in his tranſlation of *Renodæus his Diſpenſatory*, 1657, informs us that *knot-graſs* "is a low reptant herb, with exile, copious, nodoſe, and geniculated branches." Perhaps no hypochondriack is to be found who might not derive his cure from the peruſal of any ſingle chapter in this work. STEEVENS.

[4] *Thou ſhalt* aby *it.*] To *aby* is to pay dear for, to ſuffer. So, in the *Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

"Had I ſword and buckler here,
"You ſhould *aby* theſe queſtions."

The

Lyſ. Now ſhe holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'ſt, to try whoſe right,
Or thine or mine, is moſt in Helena.
Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl. [*Exit Lyſander and Demetrius.*
Her. You, miſtreſs, all this coyl is 'long of you:
Nay, go not back.
Hel. I will not truſt you, I;
Nor longer ſtay in your curſt company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer though, to run away.
Her. [5] I am amaz'd, and know not what to ſay.
[*Exeunt: Hermia purſuing Helena.*
Ob. This is thy negligence: ſtill thou miſtak'ſt,
Or elſe commit'ſt thy knaveries willingly[6].
Puck. Believe me, king of ſhadows, I miſtook.
Did not you tell me, I ſhould know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And ſo far blameleſs proves my enterprize,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes:
And ſo far am I glad it did not ſort[7],
As this their jangling I eſteem a ſport.
Ob. Thou ſeeſt, theſe lovers ſeek a place to fight;
Hie therefore, Robin, overcaſt the night;
The ſtarry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron:

The word has occured before in this play.
Again, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:
"—but thou ſhalt dear *aby* this blow." STEEVENS.
The folio reads,——*abide it.* MALONE.

[5] I am amaz'd, and know not what to ſay.] This line is not in the folio. MALONE.

[6] ——*thy knaveries* willingly.] The quarto in 1600 reads *evil-fully.* STEEVENS.

[7] ——*ſo ſort,*] So happen in the iſſue. JOHNSON.
So, in *Monſieur D'Olive*, 1606:
"—never look to have any action *ſort* to your honour."
STEEVENS.

Dem.

And lead theſe teſty rivals ſo aſtray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lyſander ſometimes frame thy tongue,
Then ſtir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And ſometimes rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
'Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting ſleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
Then cruſh this herb into Lyſander's eye;
Whoſe liquor hath this virtuous property [8],
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted ſight.
When they next wake, all this deriſion
Shall ſeem a dream, and fruitleſs viſion;
And back to Athens ſhall the lovers wend,
With league, whoſe date 'till death ſhall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye releaſe
From monſter's view, and all things ſhall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this muſt be done with haſte;
For night's ſwift dragons cut the clouds full faſt,
And yonder ſhines Aurora's harbinger;
At whoſe approach, ghoſts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to church-yards: damned ſpirits all [9],
That in croſs-ways and floods have burial,

[8] *virtuous property,*] Salutiferous. So he calls, in the *Tempeſt*, *poiſonous dew*, wicked *dew*. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*damned ſpirits all,*
That in croſs-ways *and* floods *have burial,*]
i. e. The ghoſts of ſelf-murderers, who are buried in croſs-roads; and of thoſe who being drowned, were condemned (according to the opinion of the ancients) to wander for a hundred years, as the rites of ſepulture had never been regularly beſtowed on their bodies. That the waters were ſometimes the place of reſidence for *damned ſpirits*, we learn from the ancient bl. l. Romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artoys*, no date:

"Let ſome preeſt a goſpel ſaye
"For doute of *fendes in the flode.*" STEEVENS.

Already

Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear leſt day ſhould look their ſhames upon,
They wilfully themſelves exile from light,
And muſt for aye conſort with black-brow'd night.

Ob. But we are ſpirits of another ſort:
I with the morning's love have oft made ſport[9];
And, like a foreſter, the groves may tread,
Even till the eaſtern gate all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair bleſſed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his ſalt-green ſtreams.
But, notwithſtanding, haſte; make no delay:
We may effect this buſineſs yet ere day. [*Exit Ob.*

Puck. Up and down, up and down;
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town:
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Enter Lyſander.

Lyſ. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? ſpeak thou now.

9 *I with the morning's love have oft made ſport*;] Thus all the old copies, and I think, rightly. Tithonus was the huſband of Aurora, and Tithonus was no *young* deity. So, in *The Fawne*, by J. Marſton, 1606:

"*Aurora* yet keeps chaſte *old Tithan's* bed;
"Yet bluſhes at it when ſhe riſes."

Again, in *Aurora*, a collection of ſonnets, by lord *Sterline*, 1604:

"And why ſhould *Tithon* thus, whoſe day grows late,
"Enjoy *the morning's love*."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. iii. c. 3:

"As faire *Aurora* riſing haſtily,
"Doth by her bluſhing tell that ſhe did lye
"All night in *old Tithonus' frozen* bed."

Again, in the *Faithful Shepherdeſs* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"————O, lend me all thy red,
"Thou ſhame-fac'd morning, when from *Tithon*'s bed
"Thou riſeſt *ever-maiden!*"

How ſuch a waggiſh ſpirit as the King of the Fairies might make ſport with an antiquated lover, or his miſtreſs in his abſence, may be eaſily underſtood. Dr. Johnſon reads with all the modern editors, "I with the *morning light*, &c." STEEVENS.

Puck. Here villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lyſ. I will be with thee ſtraight.

Puck. Follow me then
To plainer ground. [*Lyſ. goes out, as following Dem.*

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lyſander! ſpeak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak. In ſome buſh? where doſt thou hide thy head[1]?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the ſtars,
Telling the buſhes that thou look'ſt for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come thou child;
I'll whip thee with a rod: He is defil'd,
That draws a ſword on thee.

Dem. Yea; art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood here. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Lyſander.

Lyſ. He goes before me, and ſtill dares me on;
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter-heel'd, than I:
I follow'd faſt, but faſter he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will reſt me. Come, thou gentle day!
[*Lies down.*
For if but once thou ſhew me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this ſpight.

[1] *Speak in ſome buſh: where doſt thou hide thy head?*] This paſſage is printed thus in all the editions. The ſenſe I think would be clearer if the pointing were regulated thus:

Speak. In ſome buſh? where doſt thou hide thy head?

STEEVENS.

Re-

Re-enter Puck and Demetrius.

Puck. [2]Ho, ho, ho! coward, why comeſt thou not?
Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'ſt: for well I wot,
Thou runn'ſt before me, ſhifting every place;
And dar'ſt not ſtand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou?
Puck. Come hither; I am here.
Dem. Nay, then thou mock'ſt me. Thou ſhalt buy this dear [3],
If ever I thy face by day-light ſee:
Now, go thy way. Faintneſs conſtraineth me
To meaſure out my length on this cold bed.—
By day's approach look to be viſited. [*Lies down.*

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours; ſhine, comforts from the eaſt;
That I may back to Athens, by day-light,
From theſe that my poor company deteſt:—
And, ſleep, that ſometime ſhuts up ſorrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company. [*Sleeps.*
Puck. Yet but three? come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here ſhe comes, curſt, and ſad:—
Cupid is a knaviſh lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

2 *Ho, ho, ho! coward why comeſt thou not?*] It may be remarked that this exclamation is peculiar to *Puck*. In the old Song printed by Peck, in which he relates all his gambols, he concludes every verſe with *Ho, ho, ho!* He here forgets his aſſumed character. REMARKS.

3——*buy this dear,*] i. e. *thou ſhalt dearly pay for this.* Though this is ſenſe, and may well enough ſtand, yet the poet perhaps wrote *thou ſhalt 'by it dear.* So, in another place, *thou ſhalt* aby it. So, *Milton*, "*How* dearly I abide *that boaſt ſo vain.*" JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter Hermia.

Her. Never ſo weary, never ſo in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my deſires.
Here will I reſt me, 'till the break of day.
Heavens ſhield Lyſander if they mean a fray?
[*Lies down.*

Puck. On the ground
Sleep ſound:
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[*Squeezing the juice on Lyſander's eye.*
When thou wak'ſt,
Thou tak'ſt[4]
True delight
In the ſight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man ſhould take his own,
In your waking ſhall be ſhown:
Jack ſhall have Jill[5];
Nought ſhall go ill;
The man ſhall have his mare again, and all ſhall be well. [*Exit Puck.* [*They ſleep.*

[4] *When thou wak'ſt, Thou tak'ſt*, &c.] The ſecond line would be improved I think both in its meaſure and conſtruction, if it were written thus. *When thou wak'ſt*, See *thou tak'ſt, True delight*, &c. TYRWHITT.

[4] *Jack ſhall have Jill, &c.*] Theſe three laſt lines are to be found among *Heywood's Epigrams on three hundred Proverbs.* STEEVENS.

[5]ACT. IV. SCENE I.

A Wood.

Enter Queen of the Fairies, Bottom, Fairies attending, and the King behind them.

Queen. Come, ſit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy [6],
And ſtick muſk-roſes in thy ſleek ſmooth head,
And kiſs thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Peaſe-bloſſom?

Peaſe. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peaſe-bloſſom.—Where's monſieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monſieur Cobweb; good monſieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hip'd humble bee on the top of a thiſtle; and, good monſieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourſelf too much in the action, monſieur; and, good monſieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you over-flown with a honey-bag, ſignior.—Where's monſieur Muſtard-ſeed?

Muſt. Ready.

[5] I ſee no reaſon why the fourth act ſhould begin here, when there ſeems no interruption of the action. In the old quartos of 1600, there is no diviſion of acts, which ſeems to have been afterwards arbitrarily made in the firſt folio, and may therefore be altered at pleaſure. JOHNSON.

[6] —*do coy*] To *coy* is to ſooth, to ſtroke. So, in the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

"Plays with Amyntas' luſty boy, and *coys* him in the dales."

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602. Book vi. ch. 30:

"And whilſt ſhe *coys* his ſooty cheeks, or curls his ſweaty top."

Again, in ſir A. Gorges's tranſlation of Lucan, b. ix:

"————his ſports to prove,
"*Coying* that pow'rful queen of love." STEEVENS.

Bot.

Bot. Give me your neif[7], monſieur Muſtard-ſeed. Pray you, leave your courteſy, good monſieur.

Muſt. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monſieur, but to help cavalero Cobweb [8] to ſcratch. I muſt to the barber's, monſieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face: and I am ſuch a tender aſs, if my hair do but tickle me, I muſt ſcratch.

Queen. What, wilt thou hear ſome muſick, my ſweet love?

Bot. I have a reaſonable good ear in muſick: let us have the tongs [9] and the bones.

Queen. Or, ſay, ſweet love, what thou deſir'ſt to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great deſire to a bottle of hay: good hay, ſweet hay, hath no fellow.

Queen. I have a venturous fairy that ſhall ſeek
The ſquirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried peaſe. But, I pray you, let none of your people ſtir me; I have an expoſition of ſleep come upon me.

Queen. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms. Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away [1].

7 ——*neif*,] i. e. fiſt. *Henry* IV. act ii. ſc. 10:
" *Sweet knight, I kiſs thy* neif." GREY.

8 —*cavalero Cobweb*] Without doubt it ſhould be *Cavalero Peaſe-bloſſom*; as for *cavalero Cobweb*, he had juſt been diſpatched upon a perilous adventure. GREY.

9 —*the* tongs—] The old ruſtic muſic of the *tongs and key*. The folio has this ſtage direction.—— " *Muſicke Tongs, Rurall Muſicke.*" STEEVENS.

1 In the former editions—*and be* always *away*.] What! was ſhe giving her attendants an everlaſting diſmiſſion? No ſuch thing; they were to be ſtill upon duty. I am convinced the poet meant;
——*and be* all ways *away*.
i. e. diſperſe yourſelves, and ſcout out ſeverally, in your *watch*, that danger approach us from no quarter. THEOBALD.

Mr. Upton reads:
And be away—away. JOHNSON.

Mr. Heath would read:—and be *always i' th' way*. STEEVENS.

So doth the woodbine[2], the ſweet honey-ſuckle,
Gently entwiſt,—the female ivy[3] ſo

Enrings

[2] *So doth the woodbine the ſweet honey-ſuckle*
Gently entwiſt; the FEMALE *ivy ſo*
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.]

What does the *woodbine* entwiſt? The *honey-ſuckle*. But the *woodbine* and *honey ſuckle* were, till now, but two names for one and the ſame plant. Florio, in his Italian Dictionary, interprets *Madre Selva* by *woodbine* or *honnie-ſuckle*. We muſt therefore find a ſupport for the *woodbine* as well as for the *ivy*. Which is done by reading the lines thus:

So doth the woodbine, the ſweet honey-ſuckle,
Gently entwiſt the MAPLE; *ivy ſo*
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.

The corruption might happen by the firſt blunderer dropping the *p* in writing the word *maple*, which word thence became *male*. A following tranſcriber, for the ſake of a little ſenſe and meaſure, thought fit to change this *male* into *female*; and then tacked it as an epithet to *ivy*. WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton reads:

So doth the woodrine *the ſweet honey ſuckle,*

for bark of the wood. Shakſpeare perhaps only meant, ſo the leaves involve the flower, uſing *woodbine* for the plant, and *honey-ſuckle* for the flower; or perhaps Shakſpeare made a blunder. JOHNSON.

The following paſſage in *The Fatal Union*, 1640, in which the honey-ſuckle is ſpoken of as the flower, and the woodbine as the plant, ſupports Dr. Johnſon's interpretation:

" — As fit a gift as this * were for a lord—a *honey-ſuckle*,
" The amorous *woodbine's offſpring*." MALONE.

The thought is Chaucer's. See his *Troilus and Creſſeide*, v. 1236, lib. iii:

" And as about a tre with many a twiſt
" Bitrent and writhin is the ſwete *woodbine*,
" Gan eche of hem in armis other winde."

What Shakſpeare ſeems to mean, is this—*So the woodbine*, i. e. *the ſweet honey-ſuckle, doth gently entwiſt the barky fingers of the elm, and ſo does the female ivy enring the ſame fingers.* It is not unfrequent in the poets, as well as other writers, to explain one word by another which is better known. The reaſon why Shakſpeare thought *woodbine* wanted illuſtration, perhaps is this. In ſome counties, by *woodbine* or *woodbind* would have been generally underſtood the ivy, which he had occaſion to mention in the very next line. In the following inſtance from *Old Fortunatus*, 1600, *woodbind* is uſed for *ivy:*

* Shewing a flower.

" And

Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

Oberon advances. Enter Puck.

Ob. Welcome, good Robin. Seeſt thou this
ſweet ſight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
For meeting her of late behind the wood,

" And, as the running *wood-bind*, ſpread her arms
" To choak thy with'ring boughs in her embrace."

And Barrett in his *Alvearie*, or Quadruple Dictionary, 1580, enforces the ſame diſtinction that Shakſpeare thought it neceſſary to make:

" *Woodbin* that beareth the *honey-ſuckle*." STEEVENS.

This paſſage has given riſe to various conjectures. It is certain, that the *wood-bine* and the *honey-ſuckle* were ſometimes conſidered as different plants. In one of *Taylor's* poems, we have

" The *woodbine*, primroſe, and the cowſlip fine,
" The *honiſuckle*, and the daffadill."

But I think Mr. Steevens's interpretation the true one. The old writers did not always carry the auxiliary verb forward, as the late editor ſeems to ſuppoſe by his alteration of *enrins* to *enring*. So biſhop Lowth, in his excellent *Introduction to Grammar*, p. 126, has without reaſon corrected a ſimilar paſſage in our tranſlation of St. *Matthew*. FARMER.

Were any change neceſſary, I ſhould not ſcruple to read the *weedbind*, i. e. ſmilax: a plant that twiſts round every other that grows in its way. STEEVENS.

In lord Bacon's *Nat. Hiſt.* Experiment 496, it is obſerved that there are two kinds of " *honeyſuckles*, both the *woodbine* and the *trefoil*." i. e. the firſt is a *plant* that winds about trees, and the other is a three-leaved *graſs*. Perhaps theſe are meant in Dr. Farmer's quotation. The diſtinction, however, may ſerve to ſhew why Shakſpeare and other authors frequently added *woodbine* to *honey-ſuckle*, when they mean the *plant* and not the *graſs*. TOLLET.

[3] ——— *the female ivy*] Shakſpeare calls it *female* ivy, becauſe it always requires ſome ſupport, which is poetically called its huſband. So Milton:

" ———led the vine
" To wed *her* elm: ſhe ſpous'd about him twines
" Her marriageable arms ———"
" Ulmo conjuncta marito." Catull.
" Platanuſque *cælebs*
" Evincet ulmos. Hor. STEEVENS.

Seeking ſweet ſavours[4] for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:
For ſhe his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of freſh and fragrant flowers;
And that ſame dew, which ſometime on the buds
Was wont to ſwell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flouret's eyes,
Like tears, that did their own diſgrace bewail.
When I had, at my pleaſure, taunted her,
And ſhe, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,
I then did aſk of her her changeling child;
Which ſtrait ſhe gave me, and her fairy ſent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And, now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed ſcalp
From off the head of the Athenian ſwain;
That he awaking when the others do,
May all to Athens back again repair;
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But firſt I will releaſe the fairy queen;

Be, as thou waſt wont to be;
[*Touching her eyes with an herb.*
See, as thou waſt wont to ſee:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower[5]
Hath ſuch force and bleſſed power.

Now, my Titania; wake you, my ſweet queen.

Queen. My Oberon! what viſions have I ſeen!
Methought, I was enamour'd of an aſs.

Ob. There lies your love.

Queen. How came theſe things to paſs?
Oh, how mine eye doth loath his viſage now!

4 —*ſweet ſavours,*] The firſt edition reads *favours.* STEEVENS.

5 *Dian's bud, or Cupid's flower*] Thus all the editions. The ingenious Dr. Thirlby gave me the correction, which I have inſerted in the text. THEOBALD.

Ob.

Ob. Silence, a while.—Robin, take off this head.
Titania, muſick call; and ſtrike more dead
Than common ſleep, of all theſe five the ſenſe[6].
Queen. Muſick, ho! muſick; ſuch as charmeth ſleep.
Puck. When thou awak'ſt, with thine own fool's eyes peep.
Ob. Sound, muſick. [*Still muſick.*] Come my queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon theſe ſleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity;
And will, to-morrow midnight, ſolemnly,
Dance in duke Theſeus' houſe triumphantly,
And bleſs it to all fair[7] poſterity:
There ſhall theſe pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theſeus, all in jollity.
Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.
Ob. Then my queen, in ſilence ſad[8],
Trip we after the night's ſhade:
We the globe can compaſs ſoon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

[6] *Titania, muſick call, and ſtrike more dead*
Than common ſleep. Of all theſe fine *the ſenſe.*]
This moſt certainly is both corrupt in the text and pointing. My emendation needs no juſtification. The *five*, that lay aſleep on the ſtage were Demetrius, Lyſander, Hermia, Helena, and Bottom.—Dr. Thirlby likewiſe communicated this very correction.
THEOBALD.

[7] *Dance in duke Theſeus' houſe triumphantly,*
And bleſs it to all FAIR *poſterity.*
We ſhould read:
——— *to all* FAR *poſterity.*
i. e. to the remoteſt poſterity. WARBURTON.

[8] *Then, my queen, in ſilence ſad,*
Trip we after the night's ſhade.]
Mr. Theobald ſays, *why ſad? Fairies are pleaſed to follow night.* He will have it *fade*; and ſo, to mend the rhime, ſpoils both the ſenſe and grammar. But he miſtakes the meaning of *ſad*; it ſignifies only grave, ſober; and is oppoſed to their dances and revels, which were now ended at the ſinging of the morning lark. —So *Winter's Tale*, act iv: "*My father and the gentlemen are in* SAD *talk.*" For *grave* or *ſerious*. WARBURTON.

Queen. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I ſleeping here was found,
With theſe mortals, on the ground. [*Exeunt.*

[*Wind horns within.*

Enter Theſeus, Ægeus, Hippolita, and train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the foreſter;—
For now our obſervation is perform'd[9]:
And ſince we have the vaward of the day,
My love ſhall hear the muſick of my hounds.—
[1]Uncouple in the weſtern valley; go:—
Diſpatch, I ſay, and find the foreſter.—
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the muſical confuſion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear[2]
With

[9] *Our obſervation is perform'd:*] The honours due to the morning of *May*. I know not why Shakſpeare calls this play a *Midſummer Night's Dream*, when he ſo carefully informs us that it happened on the night preceding *May* day. JOHNSON.

The title of this play ſeems no more intended to denote the preciſe *time of the action*, than that of the *Winter's Tale*; which we find, was at the ſeaſon of ſheep-ſhearing. FARMER.

[1] *Uncouple in the weſtern valley—go.*] The folio reads:

Uncouple in the weſtern valley *let them* go.

Shakſpeare might have written:

Uncouple*d* in the weſtern valley let them go.

MALONE.

[2] ———*they bay'd the bear*] Thus all the old copies. And thus in Chaucer's *Knightes Tale*, v. 2020. late edit:

"The hunte yſtrangled with the wild *beres*."

Bearbaiting was likewiſe once a diverſion eſteemed proper for royal perſonages, even of the ſofter ſex. While the princeſs Elizabeth remained at Hatfield Houſe, under the cuſtody of ſir Thomas Pope, ſhe was viſited by queen Mary. The next morning they were entertained with a grand exhibition of *bearbaiting, with which their highneſſes were right well content.* See Life of ſir Thomas Pope, cited by Warton in his Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry, vol. ii. p. 391. STEEVENS.

Holinſhed

With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding[3]; for, beſides the groves,
The ſkies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So muſical a diſcord, ſuch ſweet thunder.

The. My hounds are[4] bred out of the Spartan kind,
So[5] flew'd, ſo[6] ſanded, and their heads are hung
With

Holinſhed, with whoſe hiſtories our poet was well acquainted, ſays "the *beare* is a beaſt commonlie hunted in the Eaſt countries." See vol. i. p. 206; and in p. 226, he ſays, "Alexander at vacant times hunted the tiger, the pard, the bore, and the *beare*." Pliny, Plutarch, &c. mention bear-hunting. Turberville, in his *Book of Hunting*, has two chapters on hunting the *bear*. As the perſons mentioned by the poet are foreigners of the heroic ſtrain, he might perhaps think it nobler ſport for them to hunt the *bear* than the *boar*. Shakſpeare muſt have read the *Knight's Tale* in Chaucer, where are mentioned Theſeus's "white alandes [grey-hounds] to huntin at the lyon, or the wild *bere*. TOLLET.

[3] —*ſuch gallant* chiding;] *Chiding* in this inſtance means only *ſound*. So, in *Hen.* VIII:

"As doth a rock againſt the *chiding* flood."

Again, in *Humour out of Breath*, Com. by John Day, 1608:

"——— I take great pride
"To hear ſoft muſic, and thy ſhrill voice *chide*."

Again, in the 22d chapter of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"—drums and trumpets *chide*."—STEEVENS.

[4] *My hounds are bred* &c.] This paſſage has been imitated by Lee in his *Theodoſius*:

"Then through the woods we chac'd the foaming boar,
"With hounds that open'd like Theſſalian bulls,
"Like tygers flew'd, and ſanded as the ſhore,
"With ears and cheſts that daſh'd the morning dew."

MALONE.

[5] *So flew'd*] Sir T. Hanmer juſtly remarks, that *flews* are the large chaps of a deep-mouth'd hound. Arthur Golding uſes this word in his tranſlation of *Ovid's Metamorphoſes*, finiſhed 1567, a book with which Shakſpeare appears to have been well acquainted. The poet is deſcribing Actæon's hounds, b. iii. p. 33. b. 1603. Two of them, like our author's, were of Spartan kind: bred from a Spartan bitch and a Cretan dog:

"—with other twaine, that had a ſire of Crete,
"And dam of Spart: th' one of them called Jollyboy, a grete
"And *large-flew'd* hound."

With ears that ſweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd like Theſſalian bulls:
Slow in purſuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Theſſaly:
Judge, when you hear.—But, ſoft; what nymphs are theſe?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here aſleep;
And this, Lyſander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder at their being here together.

The. No doubt, they roſe up early, to obſerve
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our ſolemnity.—
But, ſpeak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia ſhould give anſwer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntſmen wake them with their horns.

Horns, and ſhout within; Demetrius, Lyſander, Hermia, and Helena, wake and ſtart up.

The. Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is paſt[7];
Begin theſe wood-birds but to couple now?

Shakſpeare mentions Cretan hounds (with Spartan) afterwards in this ſpeech of Theſeus. And Ovid's tranſlator, Golding, in the ſame deſcription, has them both in one verſe, ibid. p. 33. a.

"This latter was a hound of Crete, the other was of Spart."

WARTON.

So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

"——the fierce Theſſalian hounds
"With their flag ears, ready to ſweep the dew
"From their moiſt breaſts." STEEVENS.

[6] *So ſanded,*] So marked with ſmall ſpots. JOHNSON.

Sandy'd means of a ſandy colour, which is one of the true denotements of a blood-hound. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*ſaint Valentine is paſt*;] Alluding to the old ſaying, that birds begin to couple on St. Valentine's day. STEEVENS.

Lyſ. Pardon, my lord. [*They all kneel to Theſeus.*

The. I pray you all, ſtand up.
I know, you two are rival enemies;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is ſo far from jealouſy,
To ſleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lyſ. My lord, I ſhall reply amazedly,
Half 'ſleep, half waking: But as yet I ſwear,
I cannot truly ſay how I came here:
But, as I think, (for truly would I ſpeak,—
And now I do bethink me, ſo it is;)
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was, to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough;
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.—
They would have ſtol'n away, they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me:
You, of your wife; and me, of my conſent;
Of my conſent that ſhe ſhould be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their ſtealth,
Of this their purpoſe hither, to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them;
Fair Helena in fancy following me[8].
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by ſome power it is) my love to Hermia,
Melted as is[9] the ſnow, ſeems to me now

[8] *Fair Helena in* fancy *following me.*] *Fancy* is here taken for *love* or *affection*, and is oppoſed to *fury* as before:

Sighs and tears poor Fancy's *followers.*

Some now call that which a man takes particular delight in, his *fancy*. *Flower-fancier*, for a floriſt, and *bird-fancier*, for a lover and feeder of birds, are colloquial words. See vol. ii. p. 323. JOHNSON.

So, in *Hymen's Triumph*, a Maſque by Daniel, 1628:

"With all perſuaſions ſought to win her mind
"To *fancy* him."

Again:

"Do not enforce me to accept a man
"I cannot *fancy*." STEEVENS.

[9] *is*] Omitted in the early edition. MALONE.

As

As the remembrance of an idle gawd [1],
Which in my childhood I did doat upon:
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleaſure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I ſaw Hermia:
But, like a ſickneſs, did I loath this food:
But, as in health, come to my natural taſte,
Now do I wiſh it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this diſcourſe we ſhall hear more anon.—
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
Theſe couples ſhall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is ſomething worn,
Our purpos'd hunting ſhall be ſet aſide.—
Away, with us, to Athens: Three and three,
We'll hold a feaſt in great ſolemnity.—
Come Hippolita. [*Exe. Theſeus, Hippolita, and train.*

Dem. Theſe things ſeem ſmall, and undiſtinguiſhable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks I ſee theſe things with parted eye,
When every thing ſeems double.

Hel. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel [2],
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem.

[1] ——— *an idle* gawd,] See a note by Mr. Lamb on this word, p. 5. STEEVENS.

[2] *And I have found Demetrius like a* JEWEL,
Mine own, and not mine own.]
Hermia had obſerved that things appeared *double* to her. Helena replies, *ſo methinks*; and then ſubjoins, that Demetrius was like a *jewel*, her own and not her own. He is here, then, compared to ſomething which had the property of appearing to be one thing when it was another. Not the property ſure of a jewel: or, if you will, of none but a falſe one. We ſhould read:
And I have found Demetrius like a GEMELL,
Mine own, and not mine own.

From

Dem. Are you ſure[3]
That we are awake?—it ſeems to me,
That yet we ſleep, we dream.—Do not you think,
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?
Her. Yea; and my father.
Hel. And Hippolita.

From *Gemellus*, a *twin*. For Demetrius had that night acted two ſuch different parts, that ſhe could hardly think them both played by one and the ſame Demetrius; but that there were twin Demetriuſes like the two Soſias in the farce.—From *Gemellus* comes the French, *Gemeau* or *Jumeau*, and in the feminine, *Gemelle* or *Jumelle:* So in Maçon's tranſlation of the *Decameron of Boccace*—"*Il avoit trois filles plus âgées que les maſles, des quelles les deux qui eſtoient*, JUMELLES *avoient quinze ans.*" Quatrieme Jour. Nov. 3. WARBURTON.

This emendation is ingenious enough to deſerve to be true. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton has been accuſed of coining the word, *gemell:* but Drayton has it in the preface to his *Baron's Wars*. "The *quadrin* doth never double; or to uſe a word of heraldrie, never bringeth forth *gemels*." FARMER.

Again:

"—unleſs they had been all *gemels* or couplets." STEEVENS.

Helena, I think, only means to ſay, that having *found* Demetrius *unexpectedly*, ſhe conſidered her property in him as inſecure as that which a perſon has in a jewel that he has *found* by *accident*, which he knows not whether he ſhall retain, and which therefore may properly enough be called *his own and not his own.*

Helena does not ſay, as Dr. Warburton has repreſented, that Demetrius *was like a jewel*, but that ſhe had *found him*, like a jewel &c.

A kindred thought occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"——by ſtarts
"His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear
"*Of what he has, and has not.*"

The ſame kind of expreſſion is found alſo in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"Where ev'ry ſomething, being blent together,
"Turns to a wild of nothing, ſave of joy,
"*Expreſt, and not expreſt.*" MALONE.

[See alſo the REVISAL, p. 57. EDITOR.

[2] ——— *Are you ſure*
That we are awake?]

This paſſage, hitherto omitted, I have reſtored from the quartos, 1600. STEEVENS.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake: let's follow him; And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*

As they go out, Bottom awakes.

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will anſwer:—my next is, *Moſt fair Pyramus*———Hey, ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! ſtol'n hence, and left me aſleep! I have had a moſt rare viſion. I have had a dream,—paſt the wit of man to ſay what dream it was: Man is but an aſs, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—[4] But man is but a patch'd fool[5], if he will offer to ſay what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not ſeen; man's hand is not able to taſte, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it ſhall be call'd Bottom's Dream, becauſe it hath no bottom; and I will ſing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke[6]: Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I ſhall ſing it at her death[7]. [*Exit.*

SCENE

4 —— *man is but a patch'd fool,*] The quarto, 1600, gives the paſſage thus; "But man is but *patch'd a fool*, &c. STEEVENS.

5 *Patch'd fool,*] That is, a fool in a particolour'd coat. JOHNSON.

6 *I will ſing*, &c.] In former editions: *Peradventure to make it the more gracious, I ſhall ſing it* at her *death.* At *whoſe* death? In Bottom's ſpeech there is no mention of any ſhe-creature, to whom this relative can be coupled. I make not the leaſt ſcruple but Bottom, for the ſake of a jeſt, and to render his *voluntary*, as we may call it, the more gracious and extraordinary, ſaid;—*I ſhall ſing it after death.* He, as Pyramus, is kill'd upon the ſcene; and ſo might promiſe to riſe again at the concluſion of the interlude, and give the duke his dream by way of ſong. The ſource of the corruption of the text is very obvious. The *f* in *after* being ſunk by the vulgar pronunciation, the copyiſt might write it from the

SCENE II.

Athens. Quince's Houſe.

Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Quin. Have you ſent to Bottom's houſe? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is tranſported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marr'd; It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not poſſible: you have not a man in all Athens, able to diſcharge Pyramus, but he.

Flu. No; he hath ſimply the beſt wit of any handycraft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the beſt perſon too: and he is a very paramour, for a ſweet voice.

Flu. You muſt ſay, paragon: a paramour is, God bleſs us! a thing of nought[8].

Enter Snug.

Snug. Maſters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our ſport had gone forward, we had all been made men[9].

the ſound,—*a'ter:* which the wiſe editors not underſtanding, concluded, two words were erroneouſly got together; ſo, ſplitting them, and clapping in an *h*, produced the preſent reading—*at her*. THEOBALD.

7 —*at her death.*] He means *the death of Thiſbe*, which is what his head is at preſent full of. STEEVENS.

8 *A thing of nought.*] This Mr. Theobald changes with great pomp to *a thing of naught*; i. e. a *good for nothing thing*. JOHNSON.

A thing of nought is the true reading. So in *Hamlet:*

"*Ham.* The king is a *thing*——
"*Guil.* A *thing* my lord?
"*Ham. Of nothing.*"

See the note on this paſſage. STEEVENS.

9 *made men.*] In the ſame ſenſe as in the *Tempeſt, any monſter in England* makes *a man*. See vol. i. p. 64. JOHNSON.

Flu.

Flu. O ſweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he loſt ſix-pence a-day during his life; he could not have 'ſcaped ſix-pence a-day: an the duke had not given him ſix-pence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hang'd; he would have deſerv'd it: ſix-pence a day, in Pyramus, or nothing[1].

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are theſe lads? where are theſe hearts?

Quin. Bottom!—O moſt courageous day! O moſt happy hour!

Bot. Maſters, I am to diſcourſe wonders: but aſk me not what; for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, ſweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you, is, that the duke hath dined: Get your apparel together; good ſtrings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet preſently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for, the ſhort and the long is, our play is preferr'd. In any caſe, let Thiſby have clean linen; and let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they ſhall hang out for the lion's claws. And, moſt dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlick, for we are to utter ſweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them ſay, it is a ſweet comedy. No more words; away; go, away. [*Exeunt.*

[1] —*ſixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.*] Shakſpeare has already ridiculed the title-page of *Cambyſes* by Tho. Preſton; and here he ſeems to aim a perſonal ſtroke at him. *Preſton* acted a part in John Ritwiſe's play of *Dido* before queen Elizabeth at Cambridge, in 1564; and the queen was ſo well pleaſed, that ſhe beſtowed on him a penſion of *twenty* pounds a year, which is little more than *a ſhilling a day*. Our poet, in the firſt part of *Henry* IV. has made Falſtaff declare, that when he preſented the prince's father, he would do it,

"*In King Cambyſes' vein.*" STEEVENS.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Palace.

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, Egeus, Philoſtrate, Lords, &c.

Hip. 'Tis ſtrange, my Theſeus, that theſe lovers ſpeak of.

The. More ſtrange than true. I never may believe[2]
Theſe antique fables, nor theſe fairy toys.
Lovers, and madmen, have ſuch ſeething brains,
Such ſhaping fantaſies that apprehend
More than cool reaſon ever comprehends.
The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact[3]:
One ſees more devils than vaſt hell can hold;
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantick[4],
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,[5]
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen

[2] Theſe beautiful lines are in all the old editions thrown out of metre. They are very well reſtored by the later editors. JOHNSON.

[3] *Are of imagination all compact:*] i. e. made up of mere imagination. So, in *As You Like It:*

"If he, *compact* of jars, grow muſical." STEEVENS.

[4] *That is the madman: the lover, all as frantick,*] Such is the reading of all the old copies; inſtead of which, the modern editors have given us:

"The madman: while the lover all as frantick." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*in a fine frenzy rolling*——] This ſeems to have been imitated by Drayton in his *Epiſtle to J. Reynolds on Poets and Poetry:* deſcribing Marlowe, he ſays:

"——that *fine madneſs* ſtill he did retain,
"Which rightly ſhould poſſeſs a *poet's* brain!" MALONE.

Turns

Turns them to ſhapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.
Such tricks hath ſtrong imagination;
That, if it would but apprehend ſome joy,
It comprehends ſome bringer of that joy;
Or, in the night, imagining ſome fear,
How eaſy is a buſh ſuppos'd a bear?

Hip. But all the ſtory of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd ſo together,
More witneſſeth than fancy's images,
And grows to ſomething of great conſtancy [6];
But, howſoever, ſtrange, and admirable.

Enter Lyſander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.—
Joy, gentle friends! joy, and freſh days of love,
Accompany your hearts!

Lyſ. More than to us
Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed!

The. Come now; what maſks, what dances ſhall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-ſupper, and bed-time?
Where is our uſual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To eaſe the anguiſh of a torturing hour?
Call Philoſtrate [7].

[6] *Conſtancy*;] Conſiſtency, ſtability, certainty. JOHNSON.

[7] *Call Philoſtrate.*] In the folio, 1623, it is, Call *Egeus*, and all the ſpeeches afterwards ſpoken by Philoſtrate, except that beginning, "No, my noble lord," &c. are there given to that character. But the modern editions, from the quarto 1600, have rightly given them to Philoſtrate, who appears in the firſt ſcene as maſter of the revels to Theſeus, and is there ſent out on a ſimiliar kind of errand.

In the *Knight's Tale* of Chaucer, Arcite, under the name of *Philoſtrate*, is 'ſquire of the chamber to *Theſeus* STEEVENS.

Philoſt. Here mighty Theſeus.

The. Say, what abridgment[5] have you for this evening?
What maſk? what muſick? How ſhall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with ſome delight?

Philoſt. There is a brief[6], how many ſports are ripe[7];
Make choice of which your highneſs will ſee firſt.
[*Giving a paper.*

The. reads[8].] *The battle of the Centaurs, to be ſung*
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.
We'll none of that: that I have told my love,
In glory of my kinſman Hercules.
The riot of the tipſy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian ſinger in their rage.
That is an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came laſt a conqueror.
[9] *The thrice three Muſes mourning for the death*
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.

That

[5] *Say what abridgment*, &c.] By *abridgment* our author means a dramatick performance, which crowds the events of years into a few hours. So, in *Hamlet*, act ii. ſc. 7. he calls the players "*abridgments*, *abſtracts*, and *brief chronicles of the time.*" Again, in *K. Henry* V:

"Then brook *abridgment*; and your eyes advance
"After your thoughts——— STEEVENS.

[6] *a* brief,] i. e. a ſhort account or enumeration. So, in Gaſcoigne's *Dulce Bellum Inexpertis*:

"She ſent a *brief* unto me by her mayd." STEEVENS.

[7] One of the quartos has *ripe*, the other old editions, *rife*. JOHNSON.

Rife is a word uſed both by *Sidney* and *Spenſer*. It means abounding, but it is now almoſt obſolete. Again, in Stephen Goſſon's *School of Abuſe*, 1579: "——you ſhall find the theaters of the one, the abuſes of the other, to be *rife* among us." STEEVENS.

[8] The. *reads*] This is printed as Mr. Theobald gave it from both the old quartos. In the firſt, folio and all the following editions, Lyſander reads the catalogue, and Theſeus makes the remarks. JOHNSON.

[9] *The thrice three Muſes mourning for the death*
Of learning, &c.]
I do not know whether it has been before obſerved, that Shak-

That is ſome ſatire, keen, and critical [1],
Not ſorting with a nuptial ceremony.
A tedious brief ſcene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thiſbe; very tragical mirth.
Merry and tragical [2]? Tedious and brief?
That is, hot ice, and wonderous ſtrange ſnow [3].
How ſhall we find the concord of this diſcord?
Philoſt. A play there is, my lord, ſome ten words long;

ſpeare here, perhaps, alluded to Spenſer's poem, entitled *The Tears of the Muſes*, on the neglect and contempt of learning. This piece firſt appeared in quarto, with others 1591. The oldeſt edition of this play now known is dated 1600. If Spenſer's poem be here intended, may we not preſume that there is ſome earlier edition of this? But however, if the alluſion be allowed, at leaſt it ſeems to bring the play below 1591. WARTON.

This pretended title of a dramatic performance might be deſigned as a covert ſtroke of ſatire on thoſe who had permitted Spenſer to die through abſolute want of bread in the year 1598: ——*late* deceas'd in beggary, ſeems to refer to this circumſtance. STEEVENS.

[1] *keen and* critical;] *Critical* here means *criticizing*, *cenſuring*. So, in *Othello*:
"*O, I am nothing if not* critical." See vol. ii. p. 478. STEEVENS.

[2] *Merry and tragical,*—] Our poet is ſtill harping on *Cambyſes*. STEEVENS.

[3] *Merry and tragical? Tedious and brief?*
That is, hot ice, AND *wondrous ſtrange* SNOW.]
The nonſenſe of the laſt line ſhould be corrected thus:
That is, hot ice, A *wondrous ſtrange* SHOW.
WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton reads, not improbably:
And wondrous ſtrange black *ſnow*. JOHNSON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *wondrous ſcorching ſnow*. Mr. Pope omits the line entirely. I think the paſſage needs no change, on account of the verſification; for *wonderous* is as often uſed as *three*, as it is as *two* ſyllables. The meaning of the line is—"That is, *hot ice* and ſnow of *as ſtrange a quality*."

There is an ancient pamphlet entitled, "*Tarlton's Deviſe upon this unlooked for* grete ſnowe." And perhaps the paſſage before us may contain ſome alluſion to it. This work is entered on the books of the Stationers' Company; as alſo, "A ballet of a Northerne Man's Report of the *wonderful greate ſnowe* in the Southerne parts, &c." STEEVENS.

Which

Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himſelf.
Which when I ſaw rehears'd, I muſt confeſs,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The paſſion of loud laughter never ſhed.

The. What are they, that do play it?

Philoſt. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds 'till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories [4]
With this ſame play, againſt your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Philoſt. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unleſs you can find ſport in their intents [5],
Extremely ſtretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you ſervice.

The. I will hear that play:
For never any thing can be amiſs,
When ſimpleneſs and duty tender it [6].

Go

[4] ——— *unbreath'd memories*] That is, unexerciſed, unpractiſed memories. STEEVENS.

[5] *Unleſs you can find ſport in their intents*] Thus all the copies. But as I know not what it is to *ſtretch* and *con* an *intent*, I ſuſpect a line to be loſt. JOHNSON.

To *intend* and to *attend* were anciently ſynonymous. Of this uſe ſeveral inſtances are given in a note on the third ſcene of the firſt act of *Othello*. *Intents* therefore may be put for the object of their *attention*. We ſtill ſay a perſon is *intent* on his buſineſs. STEEVENS.

[6] —*never any thing can be amiſs*
When ſimpleneſs and duty tender it.]
Ben Jonſon in *Cynthia's Revels* has employed this ſentiment

Go, bring them in;—and take your places, ladies.
[*Exit Philoſt.*

Hip. I love not to ſee wretchedneſs o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his ſervice periſhing.

The. Why, gentle ſweet, you ſhall ſee no ſuch thing.

Hip. He ſays, they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.

Our ſports ſhall be[7], to take what they miſtake:
And what poor duty cannot do[8],
Noble reſpect takes it in might, not merit.
[9] Where I have come, great clerks have purpoſed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;

of humanity on the ſame occaſion when Cynthia is preparing to ſee a maſque:

" Nothing which duty and deſire to pleaſe,
" Bears written on the forehead comes amiſs."

STEEVENS.

[7] *Our ſport ſhall be*, &c.] Voltaire ſays ſomething like this of Louis XIV. who took a pleaſure in ſeeing his courtiers in confuſion when they ſpoke to him. STEEVENS.

[8] *And what poor duty cannot do,*
Noble reſpect takes it in might, not merit.]

The ſenſe of this paſſage, as it now ſtands, if it has any ſenſe, is this: *What the inability of duty cannot perform, regardful generoſity receives as an act of ability, though not of merit.* The contrary is rather true: *What dutifulneſs tries to perform without ability, regardful generoſity receives as having the merit, though not the power, of complete performance.*

We ſhould therefore read:

And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble reſpect takes not in might, but merit. JOHNSON.

In *might*, is perhaps an eliptical expreſſion for *what might have been.* STEEVENS.

[9] *Where I have come great* clerks, *have purpoſed*, &c.]

So, in *Pericles:*

" She ſings like one immortal, and ſhe dances
" As goddeſs like to her admired lays;
" *Deep clerks ſhe dumbs.*"

It ſhould be obſerved, *periods* in the text is uſed in the ſenſe of *full ſtops.* MALONE.

Where

Where I have ſeen them ſhiver, and look pale,
Make periods in the midſt of ſentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in concluſion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome: Truſt me, ſweet,
Out of this ſilence, yet, I pick'd a welcome;
And in the modeſty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of ſawcy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-ty'd ſimplicity,
In leaſt, ſpeak moſt, to my capacity.

Enter Philoſtrate.

Philoſt. So pleaſe your grace, the prologue is addreſt [1].

The. Let him approach. [*Flour. Trum* [2].

Enter the Prologue.

Prol. *If we offend, it is with our good will.*
That you ſhould think, we come not to offend,
But with good-will. To ſhew our ſimple ſkill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Conſider then, we come but in deſpite.
We do not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you ſhould here repent you,
The actors are at hand; and, by their ſhow,
You ſhall know all, that you are like to know.

[1] ——*addreſt.*] That is, ready. So, in *K. Hen.* V.
" To-morrow for our march we are *addreſt.*"
STEEVENS.

[2] [*Flouriſh of trumpets.*] It appears from the *Gulls Hornbook*, by Deckar, 1609, that the prologue was anciently uſher'd in by trumpets: " Preſent not yourſelfe on the ſtage (eſpecially at a new play) untill the quaking prologue hath (by rubbing) got cullor into his cheekes, and is ready to give the *trumpets* their cue that hees upon point to enter." STEEVENS.

The. This fellow doth not ſtand upon points.

Lyſ. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt; he knows not the ſtop. A good moral, my lord: It is not enough to ſpeak, but to ſpeak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath play'd on this prologue, like a child on a recorder [3]; a ſound, but not in government [4].

The. His ſpeech was like a tangled chain; nothing impair'd, but all diſordered. Who is next?

[5] *Enter Pyramus, and Thiſbe, Wall, Moonſhine, and Lion, as in dumb ſhow.*

Prol. "Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this
"ſhow;
"But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
"This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
"This beauteous lady Thiſby is, certain.
"This man, with lime and rough-caſt, doth preſent
"Wall, that vile wall which did theſe lovers
"ſunder:
"And through wall's chink, poor ſouls, they are
"content
"To whiſper; at the which let no man wonder.

[3] — *on a* recorder;] Lord Bacon in his natural hiſtory, cent. iii. ſect. 221, ſpeaks of *recorders* and flutes at the ſame inſtant, and ſays, that the *recorder* hath a leſs bore, and a greater, above and below; and elſewhere, cent. ii. ſect. 187, he ſpeeaks of it as having ſix holes, in which reſpect it anſwers to the Tibia minor or Flajolet of Merſennus. From all which particulars it ſhould ſeem that the flute and the *recorder* were different inſtruments, and that the latter in propriety of ſpeech was no other than the flagolet. *Hawkins' Hiſtory of Muſick*, vol. iv. p. 479.
EDITOR.

Shakſpeare introduces it in *Hamlet*; and *Milton* ſays:
"To the ſound of ſoft *recorders*."
This inſtrument is mentioned in many of the old plays.
STEEVENS.

[4] ——*but not in government.*] That is, not regularly, according to the tune. STEEVENS.

[5] In this place the folio, 1623, exhibits the following prompter's direction. *Tawyer with a trumpet before them.* STEEVENS.

"This

" This man, with lanthorn, dog, and buſh of thorn,
" Preſenteth moon-ſhine: for, if you will know,
" By moon-ſhine did theſe lovers think no ſcorn
" To meet at Ninus' tomb [6], there, there to woo.
" This griſly beaſt, which by name lion hight [7],
" The truſty Thiſby, coming firſt by night,
" Did ſcare away, or rather did affright:
" And, as ſhe fled, her mantle ſhe did fall [8];
" Which lion vile with bloody mouth did ſtain:
" Anon comes Pyramus, ſweet youth, and tall,
" [9] And finds his truſty Thiſby's mantle ſlain:
" Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade [1],
" He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breaſt;
" And (Thiſby tarrying in mulberry ſhade,)
" His

[6] *To meet at Ninus' tomb*, &c.] So, in Chaucer's *Legend of Thiſbe of Babylon*:

" Thei ſettin markes ther metingis ſhould be,
" There king *Ninus* was graven undir a tre."

Again:

" And as ſhe ran her *wimple* ſhe let fall," &c.

STEEVENS.

[7] ——— *which Lion height by name*,] As all the other parts of this ſpeech are in *alternate* rhyme, excepting that it cloſes with a *couplet*; and as no rhime is left to *name*, we muſt conclude, either a verſe is ſlipt out, which cannot now be retriev'd; or, by a tranſpoſition of the words, as I have placed them, the poet intended a *triplet*. THEOBALD.

[8] ——— *her mantle ſhe* did *fall*;] Thus all the old copies. The modern editions read:—" ſhe *let* fall," unneceſſarily. *To fall* in this inſtance is a verb active. See vol. ii. p. 33. STEEVENS.

[9] *And finds his truſty Thiſbe's mantle ſlain.*] The firſt folio reads:

" And finds his Thiſby's mantle ſlaine."

The ſecond has:

" And finds his *gentle* Thiſby's mantle ſlain."

The preſent reading is that of the quarto. MALONE.

[1] *Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade*,] Mr. Upton rightly obſerves, that Shakſpeare in this line ridicules the affec-

" His dagger drew, and died. For all the reſt,
" Let lion, moon-ſhine, wall, and lovers twain,
" At large diſcourſe, while here they do remain."

[*Exeunt all but Wall.*

The. I wonder if the lion be to ſpeak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many aſſes do.

Wall. " In this ſame interlude, it doth befall,
" That I, one Snout by name, preſent a wall:
" And ſuch a wall, as I would have you think,
" That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,
" Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thiſby,
" Did whiſper often very ſecretly.
" This lome, this rough-caſt, and this ſtone, doth
" ſhew
" That I am that ſame wall; the truth is ſo:

tation of beginning many words with the ſame letter. He might have remarked the ſame of

The raging rocks
And ſhivering ſhocks.

Gaſcoigne, contemporary with our poet, remarks and blames the ſame affectation. JOHNSON.

This alliteration ſeems to have reached the height of its faſhion in the reign of Hen. VIII. The following ſtanza is quoted from a poem *On the Fall and evil Succeſs of Rebellion*, written in 1537, by Wilfride Holme.

" Loe, leprous lurdeins, lubricke in loquacitie,
" Vah, vaporous villeins, with venim vulnerate,
" Proh, prating parenticides, plexious to pinnoſitie,
" Fie, frantike, fabulators, furibund, and fatuate,
" Out, oblatrant, oblict, obſtacle, and obſecate.
" Ah addict algoes, in acerbitie acclamant,
" Magnall, in miſchief, malicious to mugilate,
" Repriving your Roy ſo renowned and radiant."

In *Tuſſer's Huſbandry*, p. 104, there is a poem of which every word begins with a T; and the old play entitled, *The Hiſtorie of the Two valiant Knights, Syr Clyomon Knight of the Golden Sheeld, Sonne to the King of Denmark; and Clamydes the White Knight, Son to the King of Suavia*, 1599, is another remarkable inſtance of alliteration:

" Bringing my barke to Denmarke here, to bide the bitter
broyle
" And beating blowes of billows high, &c. STEEVENS.

" And

" And this the cranny is, right and ſiniſter,
" Through which the fearful lovers are to whiſper."

The. Would you deſire lime and hair to ſpeak better?

Dem. It is the wittieſt partition that ever I heard diſcourſe, my lord[7].

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: ſilence?

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. " O grim-look'd night! O night with hue ſo
" black!
" O night, which ever art, when day is not!
" O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
" I fear my Thiſby's promiſe is forgot!—
" [8] And thou, O wall, O ſweet, O lovely wall,
" That ſtand'ſt between her father's ground and
" mine;
" Thou wall, O wall, O ſweet and lovely wall,
" Shew me thy chink to blink through with mine
" eyne.
" Thanks, courteous wall: Jove ſhield thee well
" for this!
" But what ſee I? No Thiſby do I ſee.
" O wicked wall[9], through whom I ſee no bliſs;
" Curſt be thy ſtones for thus deceiving me!"

[7] *It is the wittieſt partition, that ever I heard diſcourſe, my lord.*] Demetrius is repreſented as a punſter: I believe the paſſage ſhould be read: This is the wittieſt *partition*, that ever I heard IN *diſcourſe*. Alluding to the many ſtupid *partitions* in the argumentative writings of the time. Shakſpeare himſelf, as well as his contemporaries, uſes *diſcourſe* for *reaſoning*: and he here avails himſelf of the double ſenſe; as he had done before in the word, *partition*. FARMER.

[8] And thou, O wall, O ſweet, ——] The firſt fol. reads: And thou, O wall, *thou* ſweet. MALONE.

[9] *O wicked wall*, &c.] So, in Chaucer's *Legend of Thiſbe*:
" Thus would thei ſaine, alas! thou *wicked wal*, &c."
STEEVENS.

The.

The. The wall, methinks, being ſenſible, ſhould curſe again.

Pyr. No, in truth, ſir, he ſhould not. *Deceiving me*, is Thiſby's cue; ſhe is to enter now, and I am to ſpy her through the wall. You ſhall ſee, it will fall pat as I told you:—Yonder ſhe comes.

Enter Thiſby.

Thiſ. "O wall, full often haſt thou heard my
"moans,
"For parting my fair Pyramus and me:
"My cherry lips have often kiſs'd thy ſtones;
"Thy ſtones with lime and hair knit up in thee[1]."

Pyr. "I ſee a voice: now will I to the chink,
"To ſpy an I can hear my Thiſby's face.
"Thiſby!"

Thiſ. "My love! thou art my love, I think."

Pyr. "Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's
"grace;
"And like Limander am I truſty ſtill[2]."

Thiſ. "And I like Helen, till the fates me kill."

Pyr. "Not Shafalus to Procrus was ſo true."

Thiſ. "As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you."

Pyr. "O, kiſs me through the hole of this vile
"wall."

Thiſ. "I kiſs the wall's hole, not your lips at all."

Pyr. "Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me ſtraight-
"way?"

[1] ——— *knit up in thee.*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads: *knit now again.* STEEVENS.

[2] *And like Limander*, &c.] Limander and Helen, are ſpoken by the blundering player, for Leander and Hero. Shafalus and Procrus, for Cephalus and Procris. JOHNSON.

On the books of the Stationers' Company, Oct. 22, 1593, is enter'd, "A booke entitled, *Procris & Cephalus*, divided into four parts." It has been already obſerved, that *book* was once the technical term for *play*. Shakſpeare therefore might deſign to ridicule Chute's play on this ſubject. This poor author was the butt of Naſh and other literary buffoons of his age. STEEVENS.

Thiſ.

Thiſ. " Tide life, tide death, I come without
" delay."

Wall. " Thus have I, wall, my part diſcharged ſo;
" And, being done, thus wall away doth go."

[*Exeunt Wall, Pyramus, and Thiſbe.*

The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are ſo wilful to hear without warning[3].

Hip. This is the ſillieſt ſtuff that ever I heard.

The. The beſt in this kind are but ſhadows: and the worſt are no worſe, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It muſt be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worſe of them, than they of themſelves, they may paſs for excellent men. Here come two noble beaſts in[4], a moon, and a lion.

Enter

3 Theſ. *Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.*
Dem. *No remedy, my lord, when walls are ſo wilful to* HEAR *without warning.*] Shakſpeare could never write this nonſenſe: we ſhould read—*to* REAR *without warning.* i. e. It is no wonder that walls ſhould be ſuddenly down when they were as ſuddenly up;——*rear'd without warning.* WARBURTON.

The old reading is certainly the true one; and alludes to the proverb, " *Walls* have *ears.* A *wall* between almoſt any *two neighbours* would ſoon be *down*, were it to exerciſe this faculty without previous *warning.* FARMER.

The old copies read *moral*, inſtead of *mural.* Mr. Pope made the change. MALONE.

4 *Here come two noble beaſts in, a* man *and a* lion.] I don't think the jeſt here is either complete, or right. It is differently pointed in ſeveral of the old copies, which, I ſuſpect, may lead us to the true reading, viz.

Here come two noble beaſts—in a man *and a lion.*

immediately upon Theſeus ſaying this, Enter Lion and Moonſhine. It ſeems very probable therefore, that our author wrote,

——*in a* moon *and a lion.*

the one having a creſcent and a lanthorn before him, and repreſenting the *man* in the *moon*; the other in a lion's hide.

THEOBALD.

Here

Enter Lion and Moonſhine.

Lion. "You, ladies, you, whoſe gentle hearts do fear
"The ſmalleſt monſtrous mouſe that creeps on floor,
"May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
"When lion rough in wildeſt rage doth roar.
"Then know, that I, as Snug the joiner, am [5]
"A lion fell, nor elſe no lion's dam:
"For if I ſhould as lion come in ſtrife
"Into this place, 'twere pity on my life."

The. A very gentle beaſt, and of a good conſcience.

Here come two noble beaſts in, a moon *and a* lion. I cannot help ſuppoſing that we ſhould have it, a *moon-calf*. The old copies read a *man*: poſſibly *man* was the marginal interpretation of *moon-calf*; and being more intelligible, got into the text.

The *man in the moon* was no new character on the ſtage, and is here introduced in ridicule of ſuch exhibitions. Ben Jonſon in one of his maſques, call'd *News from the New World in the Moon*, makes his *Factor* doubt of the perſon who brings the intelligence. "I muſt ſee his dog at his girdle, and the buſh of thorns at his back, ere I believe it."—"Thoſe, replies one of the heralds, are *ſtale enſigns o' the ſtage*." FARMER.

I believe our author wrote

Here come two noble beaſts; *e'en*, &c.

So, in *As you like it*: "Here *comes* a pair of very ſtrange beaſts, &c. not—"here comes *in*——." See my note on *All's Well that ends Well*, Act i. Sc. 3. You are ſhallow, Madam, *in* great friends." MALONE.

[5] *Then know, that I* one *Snug the joiner am*:] Thus the folio, 1623, which likewiſe reads *a* lion fell. This not agreeing with the remainder of the ſpeech, the modern editors have altered it into *no* lion fell. Had they conſulted the quarto, 1600, it would have ſet them right:

Then know that I, *as* Snug the joyner, am
A lion fell, nor elſe no lyons dam. STEEVENS.

The author of THE REMARKS propoſes to read theſe lines thus:

Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner am,
A lion fell, nor elſe no lions dam:
For if I ſhould, as lion come in ſtrife,
Into this place, 'twere pity of my life.

that is, I am neither *lion* nor *lioneſs*. I am *Snug the joiner*. EDITOR.

Dem.

Dem. The very beſt at a beaſt, my lord, that e'er I ſaw.

Lyſ. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a gooſe for his diſcretion.

Dem. Not ſo, my lord: for his valour cannot carry his diſcretion; and the fox carries the gooſe.

The. His diſcretion, I am ſure, cannot carry his valour; for the gooſe carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his diſcretion, and let us liſten to the moon.

Moon. "This lanthorn doth the horned moon "preſent:"

Dem. He ſhould have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no creſcent, and his horns are inviſible within the circumference.

Moon. "This lanthorn doth the horned moon preſent; "Myſelf the man i'th'moon do ſeem to be."

The. This is the greateſt error of all the reſt: the man ſhould be put into the lanthorn; How is it elſe the man i'the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle: for, you ſee, it is already in ſnuff[6].

Hip. I am aweary of this moon: Would, he would change!

The. It appears, by his ſmall light of diſcretion, that he is in the wane: but yet, in courteſy, in all reaſon, we muſt ſtay the time.

Lyſ. Proceed, moon.

Moon. All that I have to ſay, is, to tell you, that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-buſh, my thorn-buſh; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all theſe ſhould be in the lanthorn; for they are in the moon. But, ſilence; here comes Thiſbe.

[6] —*in ſnuff.*] An equivocation. *Snuff* ſignifies both the cinder of a candle, and haſty anger. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter Thiſbe.

Thiſ. " This is old Ninny's tomb: Where is my
" love?"

Lion. " Oh—" [*The Lion roars. Thiſbe runs off.*

Dem. Well roar'd, lion.

The. Well run, Thiſbe.

Hip. Well ſhone moon.—Truly, the moon ſhines with a good grace.

The. Well mous'd, lion[5].

[6]*Dem.* And ſo comes Pyramus.

Lyſ. And ſo the moon vaniſhes.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. " Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy ſunny
" beams;
" I thank thee, moon, for ſhining now ſo bright:
" For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering ſtreams[7],
" I truſt to taſte of trueſt Thiſby's ſight.
" But ſtay;—O ſpight!
" But mark;—Poor knight,
" What dreadful dole is here?
" Eyes, do you ſee?
" How can it be?

[5] *Well mous'd lion.*] So in an ancient bl. l. ballad on this ſtory, intitled, *The Conſtancy of true Love*, &c.

" And having *muſled* thus the ſame
" Thither he went whence firſt he came."

Theſeus means that he has well tumbled and bloody'd the veil of Thiſbe. STEEVENS.

[6] ——— And *then came* Pyramus,
And ſo the *lion* vaniſhed.] Dr. Farmer inſtructs me to correct this paſſage as follows:

Dem. And *ſo comes* Pyramus.

Lyſ. And *then* the *moon* vaniſhes.

It were needleſs to ſay any thing in defence of ſo acute an emendation. The reader indeed may aſk why this glaring corruption was ſuffered to remain ſo long in the text. STEEVENS.

[7] ——— *glittering ſtreams.*] The old copies read *beams.* STEEVENS.

The emendation by the Editor of ſecond folio. MALONE.

" O

" O dainty duck! O dear!
" Thy mantle good,
" What, ſtain'd with blood?
" Approach, ye furies fell!
" O fates! come, come;
" Cut thread and thrum[8];
" Quail, cruſh, conclude, and quell[9]!"

The. This paſſion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look ſad.

Hip. Beſhrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. "O, wherefore, nature, didſt thou lions frame?
" Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear:
" Which is—no, no—which was the faireſt dame,
" That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd,
" with cheer.
" Come tears, confound;
" Out ſword, and wound
" The pap of Pyramus:
" Ay, that left pap,
" Where heart doth hop:—
" Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
" Now am I dead,
" Now am I fled;
" My ſoul is in the ſky:

[8] ——*cut thread and thrum*;] *Thrum* is the end or extremity of a weaver's warp; it is popularly uſed for very coarſe yarn. The maids now call a mop of yarn a *thrum mop*. WARNER.
So, in *Hannibal and Scipio*, 1637:
" ——no rough pelt of *thrums*,
" To fight with weather."
Again, in Chapman's tranſlation of the 16th Iliad:
" And tapeſtries all golden fring'd, and curl'd with *thrumbs* behind."
So in Howell's Letter to Sir Paul Neale, knt. " Tranſlations are like the wrong ſide of a Turkey carpet, which uſeth to be full of *thrums* and knots, and nothing ſo even as the right ſide." STEEVENS.

[9] ——*and* quell!] To *quell* is to murther, to deſtroy. So, in the 12th pageant of the *Luſus Coventriæ*, commonly called the *Corpus Chriſti Play*. MS. Cott. Veſp. D. viii:
" That he the lawe may here do,
" With ſtonys her to *quell*." STEEVENS.

" Tongue, loſe thy light!
" Moon take thy flight!
" Now die, die, die, die, die.

[*Dies. Exit Moonſhine.*

Dem. No die but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lyſ. Leſs than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a ſurgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an aſs [1].

Hip. How chance the moonſhine is gone, before Thiſbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by ſtar-light—

Enter Thiſbe.

Here ſhe comes, and her paſſion ends the play.

Hip. Methinks, ſhe ſhould not uſe a long one, for ſuch a Pyramus: I hope, ſhe will be brief.

Dem. A moth will turn the ballance, which Pyramus, which Thiſbe, is the better [2].

Lyſ. She hath ſpied him already, with thoſe ſweet eyes.

Dem. And thus ſhe moans, *videlicet* [3].——

Thiſ. " Aſleep, my love?
" What, dead, my dove?
" O Pyramus, ariſe,

[1] —*and prove an aſs.*] The character of Theſeus throughout this play is more exalted in its humanity than its greatneſs. Though ſome ſenſible obſervations on life, and animated deſcriptions fall from him, as it is ſaid of Jago, *you ſhall taſte him more as a ſoldier than as a wit*, which is a diſtinction he is here ſtriving to deſerve, though with little ſucceſs; as in ſupport of his pretenſions he never riſes higher than a *pun*, and frequently ſinks as low as a *quibble*. STEEVENS.

[2] The firſt quarto makes this ſpeech a little longer, but not better. JOHNSON.

The paſſage omitted is, ——" He for a man, God warn'd us; ſhe for a woman, God bleſs us." STEEVENS.

[3] *And thus ſhe* means—] Thus all the editions have it. It ſhould be, thus ſhe *moans*, *i. e.* laments over the dead Pyramus. THEOBALD.

Speak

" Speak, ſpeak. Quite dumb?
" Dead, dead? A tomb
" Muſt cover thy ſweet eyes.
" Theſe lilly brows [4],
" This cherry noſe,
" Theſe yellow cowſlip cheeks,
" Are gone, are gone:
" Lovers, make moan!
" His eyes were green as leeks.
" O ſiſters three,
" Come, come, to me,
" With hands as pale as milk;
" Lay them in gore [5],
" Since you have ſhore
" With ſhears his thread of ſilk.
" Tongue, not a word—
" Come, truſty ſword;

4 *Thoſe lilly* lips, *this cherry* noſe,] All Thiſby's lamentation, till now, runs in regular rhime and metre. But both, by ſome accident, are in this ſingle inſtance interrupted. I ſuſpect the poet wrote:

Theſe lilly brows,
This cherry noſe.

Now *black* brows being a beauty, *lilly* brows are as ridiculous as a *cherry* noſe, *green* eyes, or *cowſlip* cheeks. THEOBALD.

Lilly lips are changed to *lilly brows* for the ſake of the rhyme, but this cannot be right: Thiſbe has before celebrated her Pyramus, as

" Lilly-white of hue."

It ſhould be:

" Theſe lips lilly,
" This noſe cherry."

This mode of poſition adds not a little to the burleſque of the paſſage. FARMER.

We meet with ſomewhat like this paſſage in George Peele's *Old Wives Tale*, 1595.

" Her corall lippes, her *crimſon chinne*,
" Thou art a flouting knave. Her corall lippes, her *crimſon chinne!*" STEEVENS.

5 *Lay them in gore*,] Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton inſtead of *lay*, read *lave*, but have no note to juſtify their alteration. STEEVENS.

" Come, blade, my breaſt imbrue:
" And farewel, friends;—
" Thus Thiſby ends:
Adieu, adieu, adieu." [*Dies.*

The. Moonſhine and lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and wall too.

Bot. No, I aſſure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. [6] Will it pleaſe you to ſee the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomaſk dance, between two of our company [7]?

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuſe. Never excuſe; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had play'd Pyramus, and hang'd himſelf in Thiſbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and ſo it is, truly; and very notably diſcharg'd. But come, your Bergomaſk: let your epilogue alone. [*Here a dance of Clowns.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almoſt fairy time.
I fear, we ſhall out-ſleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable-groſs play hath well beguil'd
The heavy [8] gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—

[6] *A Bergomaſk dance,*] Sir Thomas Hanmer obſerves in his *Gloſſary*, that this is a dance after the manner of the peaſants of *Bergomaſco*, a country in Italy, belonging to the Venetians All the buffoons in Italy affect to imitate the ridiculous jargon of that people; and from thence it became alſo a cuſtom to imitate their manner of dancing. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *our company?*] At the concluſion of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Beggar's Buſh*, there ſeems to be a ſneer at this character of *Bottom*; but I do not very clearly perceive its driſt. The beggars have reſolved to embark for England, and exerciſe their profeſſion there. One of them adds:

" ——— we have a courſe;——
" The ſpirit of *Bottom*, is grown bottomleſs:"

This may mean, that either the public grew indifferent to bad actors, to plays in general, or to characters, the humour of which conſiſted in blunders. STEEVENS.

[8] *gait*] i. e. *paſſage, progreſs.* STEEVENS.

A fortnight

A fortnight hold we this ſolemnity,
In nightly revels, and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf beholds the moon[9];
Whilſt

9 In the old copies: *And the wolf* beholds *the moon.* As 'tis the deſign of theſe lines to characterize the animals, as they preſent themſelves at the hour of midnight: and as the wolf is not juſtly characterized by ſaying he *beholds* the moon, which other beaſts of prey, then awake, do: and as the ſounds theſe animals make at that ſeaſon, ſeem alſo intended to be repreſented, I make no queſtion but the poet wrote:

And the wolf behowls *the moon.*

For ſo the wolf is exactly characterized, it being his peculiar property to *howl at the moon.* (*Behowl*, as *bemoan*, *beſeem*, and an hundred others.) WARBURTON.

So, in *Marſton's Antonio and Mellida*, where the whole paſſage ſeems to be copied from this of our author:

" Now *barks* the *wolfe* againſt the full-cheek'd *moon*,
" Now lyons half-clam'd entrals *roar for food*,
" Now croaks the toad, and night-crows *ſcreech* aloud,
" Fluttring 'bout caſements of departing ſouls;
" Now *gape* the *graves*, and thro' their yawns let looſe
" Impriſon'd ſpirits to reviſit earth." THEOBALD.

The alteration is better than the original reading; but perhaps the author meant only to ſay, that the wolf *gazes* at the moon. JOHNSON.

I think, now the wolf *behowls* the *moon*, was the original text. The alluſion is frequently met with in the works of our author and his contemporaries. " 'Tis like the *howling* of Iriſh wolves againſt the *moon*," ſays he, in his *As You Like It*; and Maſſinger, in his *New Way to pay old Debts*, makes an uſurer feel only

" As the *moon* is moved
" When wolves with hunger pin'd, *howl* at her brightneſs." FARMER.

The word *behold* was in the time of Shakſpeare frequently written *behould* (as I ſuppoſe it was then pronounced)—which probably occaſioned the miſtake.

It is obſervable, that in the paſſage in Lodge's *Roſalynde*, 1592, which Shakſpeare ſeems to have had in his thoughts, when he

Whilſt the heavy ploughman ſnores,
All with weary taſk fordone[1].
Now the waſted brands do glow,
Whilſt the ſcritch-owl, ſcritching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a ſhroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his ſpright,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecat's team,
From the preſence of the ſun,
Following darkneſs like a dream,
Now are frolick; not a mouſe
Shall diſturb this hallow'd houſe:
I am ſent, with broom, before[2],
To ſweep the duſt behind the door.

wrote in *As You Like It*—" *'Tis like the* howling *of Iriſh* wolves *againſt* the moon:"—the expreſſion is found, that Marſton has uſed inſtead of *behowls*. " In courting Phebe, thou *barkeſt* with the wolves of Syria againſt the moon." See alſo Spenſer's Faery Queen, b. i. c. v. ſ. 30. MALONE.

[1] *fordone.*] i. e. overcome. So, Spenſer, *Faery Queen*, b. i. c. x. ſ. 33:

" And many ſouls in dolours had *foredone.*"

Again, in Jarvis Markham's *Engliſh Arcadia*, 1607:

" —fore-wearied with ſtriving, and *fore-done* with the tyrannous rage of her enemy."

Again, in the ancient metrical Romance of *Sir Bevis of Hampton*, bl. l. no date:

" But by the other day at none,
" Theſe two dragons were *foredone.*" STEEVENS.

[2] *I am ſent with broom before,*
To ſweep the duſt behind the door.]

Cleanlineſs is always neceſſary to invite the reſidence and the favour of fairies:

" *Theſe make our girls their ſluttʼry rue,*
" *By pinching them both black and blue,*
" *And put a penny in their ſhoe*
" *The houſe for cleanly ſweeping.* Drayton.

JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter King and Queen of Fairies, with their train.

Ob. Through this houſe give glimmering light[7],
By the dead and drowſy fire:
Every elf, and fairy ſprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing and dance it trippingly.
Tit. Firſt, rehearſe this ſong by rote:
To each word a warbling note,
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we ſing, and bleſs this place.

SONG *and* DANCE.

Ob. Now, until the break of day[8],
Through this houſe each fairy ſtray.

To

To ſweep the duſt behind the door is a common expreſſion, and a common practice in large old houſes; where the doors of halls and galleries are thrown backward, and ſeldom or never ſhut. FARMER.

[7] *Through this houſe give glimmering light,*] Milton perhaps had this picture in his thought:

" *Glowing embers through the room*
" *Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.*" Il Penſeroſo.

So Drayton:

" *Hence ſhadows ſeeming idle ſhapes*
" *Of little friſking elves and apes,*
" *To earth do make their wanton 'ſcapes,*
" *As hope of paſtime haſtes them.*"

I think it ſhould be read:

Through this houſe in *glimmering light.* JOHNSON.

[8] *Now until,* &c.] This ſpeech, which both the old quartos give to Oberon, is in the edition of 1623, and in all the following, printed as the ſong. I have reſtored it to Oberon, as it apparently contains not the bleſſing which he intends to beſtow on the bed, but his declaration that he will bleſs it, and his orders to the fairies how to perform the neceſſary rites. But where then is the ſong?—I am afraid it is gone after many other things of greater value. The truth is that two ſongs are loſt. The ſeries

To the beſt bride-bed will we,
Which by us ſhall bleſſed be;
And the iſſue, there create,
Ever ſhall be fortunate.
So ſhall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their iſſue ſtand;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor ſcar,
Nor mark prodigious [9], ſuch as are
Deſpiſed in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.—
With this field-dew conſecrate,
Every fairy take his gate [1]:
And each ſeveral chamber bleſs,
Through this palace, with ſweet peace:
[2] Ever ſhall it ſafely reſt,
And the owner of it bleſt.

Trip

of the ſcene is this; after the ſpeech of Puck, Oberon enters, and calls his fairies to a ſong, which ſong is apparently wanting in all the copies. Next Titania leads another ſong, which is indeed loſt like the former, though the editors have endeavoured to find it. Then Oberon diſmiſſes his fairies to the diſpatch of the ceremonies.

The ſongs, I ſuppoſe, were loſt, becauſe they were not inſerted in the players' parts, from which the drama was printed.

JOHNSON.

9 *Nor mark* prodigious,] *Prodigious* has here its primitive ſignification of *portentous*. So, in *K. Richard* III:

"If ever he have child, abortive be it,
"*Prodigious*, and untimely brought to light." STEEVENS.

1 —*take his gate*;] i. e. take his *way*, or direct his *ſteps*. So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. i. c. 8:

"And guide his weary *gate* both to and fro."

Again, in a Scottiſh *Proverb*:

"A man may ſpeer the *gate* to Rome."

Again, in the *Mercers' Play*, among the Cheſter collection of *Whitſun Myſteries*, p. —:

"Therfore go not through his cuntrey,
"Nor the *gate* you came to day." STEEVENS.

2 Ever ſhall it *ſafely* reſt,] This is an arbitray deviation (firſt introduced by Mr. Pope) from the old copies, which read—*in ſafety*.

By

Trip away;
Make no ſtay;
Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt King*, *Queen*, *and train.*

Puck. *If we ſhadows have offended,*
Think but this, (and all is mended)
That you have but ſlumber'd here,
While theſe viſions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I'm an honeſt Puck,
If we have unearned luck [4]
Now to 'ſcape the ſerpent's tongue [5],
We will make amends ere long:
Elſe the Puck a liar call.
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends [6],
And Robin ſhall reſtore amends. *Exit* [7].

By printing the line thus:

" *E'er* ſhall it in ſafety reſt,"

any change becomes unneceſſary. MALONE.

[3] [*Exeunt King*, &c.] Since the former part of this play was printed off, I have been informed that the originals of Shakſpeare's *Oberon* and *Titania*, are to be ſought in the ancient French romance of *Huon de Bordeaux*. STEEVENS.

[4] ——— *unearned luck.*] i. e. if we have better fortune than we have deſerved. STEEVENS.

[5] *Now to 'ſcape the ſerpents tongue,*] That is, if we be diſmiſſed without hiſſes. JOHNSON.

So, in J. Markham's *Engliſh Arcadia*, 1607:

" But the nymph, after the cuſtom of diſtreſt tragedians, whoſe firſt act is entertained with a *ſnaky ſalutation*, &c." STEEVENS.

[6] *Give me your hands,*] That is, Clap your hands. Give us your applauſe. JOHNSON.

[7] [*Exit.*] Of this play there are two editions in quarto; one printed for Thomas Fiſher, the other for James Roberts, both in 1600. I have uſed the copy of Roberts, very carefully collated, as it ſeems, with that of Fiſher. Neither of the editions approach to exactneſs. Fiſher is ſometimes preferable, but Roberts was followed, though not without ſome variations, by Hemings and Condel, and they by all the folios that ſucceeded them.

Wild and fantaſtical as this play is, all the parts in their various modes are well written, and give the kind of pleaſure which the author deſigned. Fairies in his time were much in faſhion; common tradition had made them familiar, and Spenſer's poem had made them great. JOHNSON.

NOTE ON

The human mortals want their winter here, *&c.* act II. ſc. ii. p. 36.

From *heere*, (for ſo the firſt folio ſpells the word) ſir Thomas Hanmer by an eaſy alteration formed *cheere*, which ſurely deſerves to be admitted into the text, as it affords much better ſenſe than either of the emendations propoſed by the two learned commentators who ſucceeded him. Their "winter cheer," means thoſe ſports with which country people are wont to beguile the winter's evening———or as it is expreſſed in the next line, "hymns and carols."

Dr. Johnſon has written a long note to prove this paſſage confuſed and unintelligible; but on a cloſer view, I believe it will be found perfectly clear.—"Titania's account of this calamity (ſays he) is not ſufficiently conſequential. Men find no winter, *therefore* they ſing no hymns; the moon provoked *at this omiſſion*, alters the ſeaſons—that is, the alteration of the ſeaſons produces the alteration of the ſeaſons."

But it is not ſurpriſing that *no conſequence* ſhould be found, where no conſequence was *intended*.———*No night is now with hymn or carol bleſt*, is not an illation from the preceding line, (*The human mortals want*, &c.) but put in appoſition with it.—The next line, *Therefore the moon*, &c. has no connection with—*No night is now*, &c. It does not refer to the omiſſion of hymns or carols, but of the fairy rites, which were diſturbed in conſequence of Oberon's quarrel with Titania.——The moon is with peculiar propriety repreſented as incenſed at the ceſſation——not of the Chriſtian carols, (as Dr. Warburton thinks) or the heathen rites of adoration, (as Dr. Johnſon ſuppoſes) but of thoſe ſports which have been always reputed to be celebrated by her light.——The whole paſſage then ſtands thus.—Titania begins with ſaying:

And never ſince the middle ſummer's ſpring,
Met we———
—But with thy brawls thou haſt diſturb'd our ſport.

She then particularly enumerates the ſeveral conſequences that have flowed from this contention.———The whole is divided into four clauſes;——the firſt ending with the word—*continents*,——the ſecond with the word—*bleſt*,——the third with—*abound*,——the fourth with *which*.

1. *Therefore* the winds———
———their continents:

2. The

2. The ox hath *therefore* ſtretch'd his yoke in vain;
The plowman loſt his ſweat; ———
——— The human mortals want their winter cheer;
No night is now with hymn or carol bleſt:
3. *Therefore* the moon, the governeſs of floods,
——— ——— abound:
4. And *thorough* this diſtemperature, we ſee ———
——— now knows not which is which:
And this ſame progeny of evil comes
From *our* debate, from *our* diſſention.

In all this there is no difficulty.—All theſe calamities are the conſequences of the diſſention between Oberon and Titania;—— as ſeems to be ſufficiently pointed out by the word "*therefore*," ſo often repeated.—Thoſe lines which have it not, are evidently put in appoſition with the preceding line in which that word "*therefore*" is found.—The paſſage ſhould be pointed thus.—— At the words *continents*——*bleſt*——*abound*——and *which*, there ſhould be a colon—in all other places where the ſenſe pauſes, a ſemicolon. MALONE.

MERCHANT

MERCHANT

OF

VENICE.

Per-

Perſons Repreſented[1]

Duke of Venice.
Prince of Morocco.
Prince of Arragon.
Anthonio, *the Merchant of* Venice.
Baſſanio, *his Friend.*
Salanio[2],
Salarino, } *Friends to* Anthonio *and* Baſſanio.
Gratiano,
Lorenzo, *in love with* Jeſſica.
Shylock, *a* Jew[3].
Tubal, *a* Jew.
Launcelot, *a Clown, Servant to the* Jew.
Gobbo, *Father to* Launcelot.
[4] Salerio, *a meſſenger from Venice.*
Leonardo, *Servant to* Baſſanio.
Balthazar, } *Servants to* Portia.
Stephano,
Portia, *an heireſs.*
Neriſſa, *waiting-maid to* Portia.
Jeſſica, *Daughter to* Shylock.

Senators of Venice, *Officers, Jailer, Servants, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, *partly at* Venice, *and partly at* Belmont, *the Seat of* Portia.

[1] In the old editions in quarto, for J. Roberts, 1600, and in the old folio, 1623, there is no enumeration of the perſons. It was firſt made by Mr. Rowe. JOHNSON.

[2] *Salanio.*] It is not eaſy to determine the orthography of this name. In the old editions the owner of it it is called,—*Salanio, Salino* and *Solanio.*

[3] Our author, as Dr. Farmer informs me, took the name of his Jew from an old pamphlet entitled, "*Caleb Shillocke*, his Propheſie, or the Jewes Prediction." London, printed for T. P. (Thomas Pavyer.) No date. STEEVENS.

[4] This character I have reſtored to the *Perſonæ Dramatis.* The name appears in the firſt folio: the deſcription is taken from the 4to. STEEVENS.

MERCHANT of VENICE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in Venice.

Enter Anthonio, Salarino, and Salanio.

Anth. In ſooth, I know not why I am ſo ſad;
It wearies me; you ſay it wearies you;

But

4 The reader will find a diſtinct epitome of the novels from which the ſtory of this play is ſuppoſed to be taken, at the concluſion of the notes. It ſhould however be remembered, that if our poet was at all indebted to the Italian novelliſts, it muſt have been through the medium of ſome old tranſlation, which has hitherto eſcaped the reſearches of his moſt induſtrious editors.

It appears from a paſſage in Stephen Goſſon's *School of Abuſe*, &c. 1579, that a play, comprehending the diſtinct plots of Shakſpeare's *Merchant of Venice*, had been exhibited long before he commenced a writer, viz. The Jew ſhewn at the Bull, repreſenting the greedineſſe of worldly chooſers, and the bloody minds of uſurers." Theſe plays, ſays Goſſon, (for he mentions others with it) are goode and ſweete plays, &c.

The Jew of Malta, by Marlow, neither was performed nor printed till ſome time after the author's death, which happened in 1593, nor do I know of any other play with the ſame title. It is therefore not improbable that Shakſpeare new-wrote his piece, on the model already mentioned, and that the elder performance, being inferior, was permitted to drop ſilently into oblivion.

This play of Shakſpeare had been exhibited before the year 1598, as appears from Meres's *Wits Treaſury*, where it is mentioned with eleven more of our author's pieces. It was enter'd on the books of the Stationers' Company, July 22, in the ſame year. It could not have been printed earlier, becauſe it was not yet licenſed. The old ſong of *Gernutus the Jew of Venice*, is publiſhed by Dr. Percy in the firſt volume of his *Reliques of ancient Engliſh Poetry*: and the ballad intituled, *The Murtherous*

lyfe

But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What ſtuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn:
And ſuch a want-wit ſadneſs makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myſelf.

Sal. Your mind is toſſing on the ocean;
There, where your argoſies[5] with portly ſail,—
Like ſigniors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the ſea,—
Do over-peer the petty traffickers,

lyſe and terrible death of the rich Jewe of Malta; and the tragedie on the ſame ſubject, were both entered on the Stationers' books, May 1594. STEEVENS.

The ſtory was taken from an old tranſlation of the *Geſta Romanorum*, firſt printed by Winkin de Word. The book was very popular, and Shakſpeare has cloſely copied ſome of the language: an additional argument, if we wanted it, of his track of reading. *Three veſſels* are exhibited to a lady for her *choice*—The firſt was made of pure *gold*, well beſet with precious ſtones *without*, and *within* full of dead mens bones; and thereupon was engraven this poſie: *Whoſo chuſeth me, ſhall find that he deſerveth.* The ſecond veſſel was made of fine *ſilver*, filled with earth and worms, the ſuperſcription was thus, *Whoſo chuſeth me, ſhall find that his nature deſireth.* The third veſſel was made of *lead*, full within of precious ſtones, and thereupon was inſculpt this poſie, *Whoſo chuſeth me, ſhall find that God hath diſpoſed for him.*——The lady after a comment upon each, chuſes the *leaden veſſel.*

In a MS. of *Lidgate*, belonging to my very learned friend, Dr. *Aſkew*, I find a *Tale of two Marchants of Egipt* and of *Baldad*, *ex Geſtis Romanorum.*—*Leland* therefore could not be the original author as Biſhop *Tanner* ſuſpected. He lived a century after *Lidgate.* FARMER.

5 *Argoſie,*] In Ricaut's *Maxims of Turkiſh Polity*, ch. xiv. it is ſaid, "Thoſe vaſt carracks called *argoſies*, which are ſo much famed for the vaſtneſs of their burthen and bulk, were corruptly ſo denominated from *Ragoſies*," i. e. ſhips of *Raguſa*, a city and territory on the gulf of Venice, tributary to the Porte. If my memory does not fail me, the *Raguſans* lent their laſt great ſhip to the king of Spain for the Armada, and it was loſt on the coaſt of Ireland. Shakſpeare, as Mr. Heath obſerves, has given the name of *Ragozine* to the pirate in *Meaſure for Meaſure.* STEEVENS.

That curtſy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Sala. Believe me, ſir, had I ſuch venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I ſhould be ſtill
Plucking the graſs[6], to know where ſits the wind;
Prying[7] in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads:
And every object, that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me ſad.

Sal. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at ſea.
I ſhould not ſee the ſandy hour-glaſs run,
But I ſhould think of ſhallows, and of flats;
And ſee my wealthy[8] Andrew dock'd in ſand,
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs[9],
To kiſs her burial. Should I go to church,

And

[6] *Plucking the graſs*, &c.] By holding up the graſs, or any light body that will bend by a gentle blaſt, the direction of the wind is found.

"*This way I uſed in ſhooting. Betwixt the markes was an open place, there I take a fethere, or a* lytle graſſe, *and ſo learned how the wind ſtood.*" Aſcham. JOHNSON.

[7] *Prying*] One of the quartos reads—*peering*. I have followed the other, becauſe it prevents the jingle which, otherwiſe, occurs in the line. STEEVENS.

[8] *Andrew*] The name of the ſhip. JOHNSON.

[9] *Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,*] In Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitory*, 1616, *to vail*, is thus explained: "It means *to put off the hat*, to *ſtrike ſail*, to *give ſign of ſubmiſſion*." So, in Stephen Goſſon's book, called *Playes confuted in ſeveral Actions*:—

"They might have *vailed* and bended to the king's idol."

Again, in Middleton's *Blurt Maſter Conſtable*, 1602: "I'll *vail* my creſt to death for her dear ſake." Again, in the *Fair Maid of the Weſt*, 1613, by Heywood:

"——— it did me good
"To ſee the Spaniſh Carveil *vail her top*
"Unto my maiden flag."

A *carvel* is a ſmall veſſel. It is mentioned by Raleigh; and I often

And ſee the holy edifice of ſtone,
And not bethink me ſtraight of dangerous rocks?
Which touching but my gentle veſſel's ſide,
Would ſcatter all her ſpices on the ſtream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my ſilks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this; and ſhall I lack the thought,
That ſuch a thing, bechanc'd, would make me ſad?
But, tell not me; I know, Anthonio
Is ſad to think upon his merchandize.

Anth. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom truſted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole eſtate
Upon the fortune of this preſent year:
Therefore, my merchandize makes me not ſad.

Sala. Why then you are in love.

Anth. Fie, fie!

Sala. Not in love neither? Then let's ſay, you are ſad,
Becauſe you are not merry: and 'twere as eaſy
For you, to laugh, and leap, and ſay, you are merry,
Becauſe you are not ſad. Now, by two-headed Janus[1],
Nature hath fram'd ſtrange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes[2],
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;

often meet with the word in Jarvis Markham's *Engliſh Arcadia*, 1607. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*Now, by two-headed Janus,*] Here Shakſpeare ſhews his knowledge in the antique. By *two-headed* Janus is meant thoſe antique bifrontine heads, which generally repreſent a young and ſmiling face, together with an old and wrinkled one, being of Pan and Bacchus; of Saturn and Apollo, &c. Theſe are not uncommon in collections of antiques: and in the books of the antiquaries, as Montfaucon, Spanheim, &c. WARBURTON.

Here, ſays Dr. Warburton, Shakſpeare ſhews his knowledge in the antique: and ſo does Taylor the water-poet, who deſcribes Fortune, "Like a *Janus* with a *double-face*." FARMER.

[2] ——*peep through their eyes,*] This gives us a very pictureſque image of the countenance in laughing, when the eyes appear half ſhut. WARBURTON.

And other of ſuch vinegar aſpect,
That they'll not ſhow their teeth in way of ſmile[3],
Though Neſtor ſwear the jeſt be laughable.

Enter Baſſanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Sal. Here comes Baſſanio, your moſt noble kinſman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo: Fare you well;
We leave you now with better company.

Sala. I would have ſtaid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Anth. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own buſineſs calls on you,
And you embrace the occaſion to depart.

Sal. Good morrow, my good lords.

Baſſ. Good ſignors both, when ſhall we laugh? ſay, when?
You grow exceeding ſtrange; Muſt it be ſo?

Sal. We'll make our leiſures to attend on yours.
[*Exeunt Sal. and Sala.*

Lor. My lord Baſſanio[4], ſince you have found Anthonio,
We two will leave you; but, at dinner time,
I pray you, have in mind where we muſt meet.

Baſſ. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, ſignior Anthonio;
You have too much reſpect upon the world:
They loſe it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellouſly chang'd.

[3] —*their teeth* in way of ſmile,] Becauſe ſuch are apt enough to ſhew their teeth in anger. WARBURTON.

[4] Sola. *My lord Baſſanio*, &c.] This ſpeech is given to *Lorenzo* in the firſt folio; and *Salarino* and *Salanio* make their *exit* at the cloſe of the preceding ſpeech. Which is certainly right. *Lorenzo* (who, with Gratiano, had only accompanied *Baſſanio*, till he ſhould find Anthonio) prepares now to leave Baſſanio to his buſineſs; but is detained by *Gratiano*, who enters into a converſation with *Anthonio*. TYRWHITT.

I have availed myſelf of this judicious correction, by reſtoring the ſpeech to *Lorenzo*, and marking the exits of *Salarino* and *Salanio* at the end of the preceding ſpeech. STEEVENS.

Anth. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A ſtage, where every man muſt play a part,
And mine a ſad one.

Gra. Let me play the Fool[4]:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why ſhould a man, whoſe blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandſire cut in alabaſter?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peeviſh? I tell thee what, Anthonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that ſpeaks;—
[5]There are a ſort of men, whoſe viſages
Do cream and mantle, like a ſtanding pond;
And do a wilful ſtillneſs entertain,
With purpoſe to be dreſt in an opinion
Of wiſdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who ſhould ſay, *I am Sir Oracle*[6],
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark[7]!
O, my Anthonio, I do know of theſe,
That therefore only are reputed wiſe,
For ſaying nothing: who, I am very ſure,
If they ſhould ſpeak, would almoſt damn thoſe ears[8],
Which,

[4] *Let me play the Fool:*] Alluding to the common compariſon of human life to a ſtage play. So that he deſires his may be the fool's or buffoon's part, which was a conſtant character in the old farces; from whence came the phraſe, *to play the fool.* WARBURTON.

[5] *There are a ſort of men, whoſe viſages*
Do cream] The poet here alludes to the manner in which the film extends itſelf over milk in ſcalding; and he had the ſame appearance in his eye when writing a foregoing line:
"With mirth and laughter let old *wrinkles* come."
So alſo, the author of *Buſſy d'Ambois:*
"Not any *wrinkle creaming* in their faces." HENLEY.

[6] *As who ſhould ſay,* I am Sir Oracle.] The folio reads, I believe rightly:—I am Sir, *an* oracle. MALONE.

[7] ——*let no dog bark!*] This ſeems to be a proverbial expreſſion. So, in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1529: "——nor there ſhall *no dogge barke* at mine ententes." STEEVENS.

[8] ——*would almoſt* damn *thoſe ears,*] Several old editions have it, *dam*, *damme*, and *daunt*. Some more correct copies, *damn*.

Which, hearing them, would call their brothers, fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fiſh not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo:—Fare ye well, a while;
I'll end my exhortation after dinner[9].

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time:
I muſt be one of theſe ſame dumb wiſe men,
For Gratiano never lets me ſpeak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou ſhalt not know the ſound of thine own tongue.

Anth. [1]Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i'faith; for ſilence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dry'd, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt Gra. and Loren.*

Anth. Is that any thing now[2]?

Baſſ.

The author's meaning is this; That ſome people are thought wiſe, whilſt they keep ſilence; who, when they open their mouths, are ſuch ſtupid praters, that the hearers cannot help calling them *fools*, and ſo incur the judgment denoune'd in the Goſpel.

THEOBALD.

9 *I'll end my exhortation after dinner.*] The humour of this conſiſts in its being an alluſion to the practice of the puritan preachers of thoſe times; who being generally very long and tedious, were often forced to put off that part of their ſermon called the *exhortation*, till after dinner. WARBURTON.

[1] *Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this* gear,] *Gear* appears to me to have no meaning here. I would therefore read

"I'll grow a talker for this *year*"—alluding to what Gratiano has juſt ſaid:

"Well, keep me company but two *years* more."

MALONE.

[2] *Is that any thing now?*] All the old copies read, *is that any thing now?* I ſuppoſe we ſhould read, *is that any thing* new?

JOHNSON.

The ſenſe of the old reading is,—Does what he has juſt ſaid amount to any thing, or mean any thing? STEEVENS.

Surely the reading of the old copies is right. Anthonio aſks: Is that *any thing* now? and Baſſanio anſwers, that, *Gratiano ſpeaks*

Baſſ. Gratiano ſpeaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice: His reaſons are as two grains of wheat hid in two buſhels of chaff; you ſhall ſeek all day ere you find them; and, when you have them, they are not worth the ſearch.

Anth. Well; tell me now, what lady is the ſame
To whom you ſwore a ſecret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Baſſ. 'Tis not unknown to you, Anthonio,
How much I have diſabled mine eſtate,
By ſomething ſhewing a more ſwelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From ſuch a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, ſomething too prodigal,
Hath left me gag'd: To you, Anthonio,
I owe the moſt, in money, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots, and purpoſes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Anth. I pray you, good Baſſanio, let me know it;
And, if it ſtand, as you yourſelf ſtill do,
Within the eye of honour, be aſſur'd,
My purſe, my perſon, my extreameſt means,
Lye all unlock'd to your occaſions.

Baſſ. In my ſchool-days, when I had loſt one ſhaft,
I ſhot his fellow of the ſelf-ſame flight
The ſelf-ſame way, with more adviſed watch,
To find the other forth; and by advent'ring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,

an infinite deal of nothing —— the greateſt part of his diſcourſe is *not any thing*. TYRWHITT.

The firſt and ſecond folio read, by an apparent error of the preſs:

It is that any thing now.

Mr. Steevens's explanation of the old reading is ſupported by a paſſage in *Othello*:

"Can any thing be made of this?" MALONE.

Becauſe

Becauſe what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and like a wilful youth[3],
That which I owe is loſt: but if you pleaſe
To ſhoot another arrow that ſelf way
Which you did ſhoot the firſt, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully reſt debtor for the firſt.

Anth. You know me well: and herein ſpend but time,
To wind about my love with circumſtance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making queſtion of my uttermoſt,
Than if you had made waſte of all I have:
Then do but ſay to me what I ſhould do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And am I preſt unto it[4]: therefore, ſpeak.

Baſſ. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And ſhe is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wond'rous virtues; ſometimes from her eyes[5]
I did

[3] —— *like a* WILFUL *youth,*] This does not at all agree with what he had before promiſed, that what followed ſhould be *pure innocence.* For *wilfulneſs* is not quite ſo *pure*.. We ſhould read WITLESS, i. e. heedleſs; and this agrees exactly to that to which he compares his caſe, of a ſchool-boy; who, for want of *adviſed watch*, loſt his firſt arrow, and ſent another after it with more attention. But *wilful* agrees not at all with it. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton confounds the time paſt and preſent. He has formerly loſt his money like a *wilful* youth, he nows borrows more in *pure innocence*, without diſguiſing his former fault, or his preſent deſigns. JOHNSON.

[4] preſt *unto it*:] *Preſt* may not here ſignify *impreſs'd*, as into military ſervice, but *ready*. *Pret.* Fr. So, in *Cæſar and Pompey*, 1607:

" What muſt be, muſt be, Cæſar's *preſt* for all."

Again, in *Hans Beer-pot*, &c. 1618:

" ——————your good word
" Is ever *preſt* to do an honeſt man good."

I could add twenty more inſtances of the word being uſed with this ſignification. STEEVENS.

[5] —ſometimes *from her eyes*] So all the editions; but it certainly ought to be, *ſometime*, i. e. *formerly*, *ſome time ago*, at a

I did receive fair ſpeechleſs meſſages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalu'd
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coaſt
Renowned ſuitors: and her ſunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her ſeat of Belmont, Colchos' ſtrand,
And many Jaſons come in queſt of her.
O my Anthonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind preſages me ſuch thrift,
That I ſhould queſtionleſs be fortunate.

Anth. Thou know'ſt, that all my fortunes are at ſea;
Nor have I money, nor commodity
To raiſe a preſent ſum: Therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That ſhall be rack'd, even to the uttermoſt,
To furniſh thee to Belmont, to fair Portia,
Go, preſently enquire, and ſo will I,
Where money is; and I no queſtion make,
To have it of my truſt, or for my ſake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Portia's Houſe at Belmont,

Enter Portia and Neriſſa.

Por. By my troth, Neriſſa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, ſweet madam, if your miſeries were in the ſame abundance as your good for-

certain time: and it appears by the ſubſequent ſcene, that Baſſanio was at Belmont with the Marquis de Montferrat, and ſaw Portia in her father's life time. THEOBALD.

It is ſtrange, Mr. Theobald did not know, that in old Engliſh, *ſometimes* is ſynonymous with *formerly*. Nothing is more frequent in title-pages, than "*ſometimes* fellow of ſuch a college."

FARMER.

tunes

tunes are: And yet, for aught I ſee, they are as ſick, that ſurfeit with too much, as they that ſtarve with nothing: It is no mean happineſs therefore, to be ſeated in the mean; [4] ſuperfluity comes ſooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good ſentences, and well pronounc'd

Ner. They would be better, if well follow'd.

Por. If to do, were as eaſy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor mens cottages, princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own inſtructions: I can eaſier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may deviſe laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: ſuch a hare is madneſs the youth, to ſkip o'er the meſhes of good counſel the cripple. [5] But this reaſoning is not in the faſhion to chuſe me a huſband:—O me, the word chuſe! I may neither chuſe whom I would, nor refuſe whom I diſlike; ſo is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father:—Is it not hard, Neriſſa, that I cannot chuſe one, nor refuſe none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inſpirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath deviſed in theſe three cheſts, of gold, ſilver, and lead, (whereof who chuſes his meaning, chuſes you) will no doubt, never be choſen by any rightly, but one who you ſhall rightly love. But what warmth is there in you affection towards any of theſe princely ſuitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou nam'ſt them, I will deſcribe them; and, according to my deſcription, level at my affection.

[4] *Superfluity* comes *ſooner* by *white hairs,*] i. e. Superfluity ſooner *acquires* white hairs; becomes old. We ſtill ſay, How did he *come by* it? MALONE.

[5] *But this reaſoning is not in the faſhion,*] Folio.—But this *reaſon* is not *in faſhion.* MALONE.

Ner. Firſt, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt[6], indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horſe; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can ſhoe him himſelf: I am much afraid my lady his mother play'd falſe with a ſmith.

Ner. Then, there is the county Palatine[7].

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who ſhould ſay, *An if you will not have me, chuſe:* he hears merry tales, and ſmiles not: I fear, he will prove the weeping philoſopher when he grows old, being ſo full of unmannerly ſadneſs in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of theſe. God defend me from theſe two!

Ner. How ſay you by the French lord, Monſieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him paſs for a man. In truth, I know it is a ſin to be a mocker; But, he! why, he hath a horſe better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man: if a throſtle ſing, he falls ſtrait a capering; he will fence with his own ſhadow: if I ſhould marry him, I ſhould marry twenty huſbands: If he ſhould deſpiſe me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madneſs, I ſhall never requite him.

[6] *Ay that's a* colt, *indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horſe*;] *Colt* is uſed for a witleſs, heady, gay youngſter, whence the phraſe uſed of an old man too juvenile, that he ſtill retains his *colt's tooth*. See *Hen.* VIII. See alſo vol. ii. p. 432. JOHNSON.

[7] —*there is the county Palatine.*] I am always inclined to believe, that Shakſpeare has more alluſions to particular facts and perſons than his readers commonly ſuppoſe. The count here mentioned was, perhaps, Albertus a Laſco, a Poliſh Palatine, who viſited England in our author's life-time, was eagerly careſſed, and ſplendidly entertained; but running in debt, at laſt ſtole away, and endeavoured to repair his fortune by enchantment. JOHNSON.

Ner. What ſay you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know, I ſay nothing to him; for he underſtands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian[8]; and you will come into the court and ſwear, that I have a poor penny-worth in the Engliſh. He is a proper man's picture; But, alas! who can converſe with a dumb ſhow? How oddly he is ſuited! I think, he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hoſe in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottiſh lord[9], his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Engliſhman, and ſwore he would pay him again, when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his ſurety[1], and ſeal'd under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German[2], the duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is ſober; and moſt vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is beſt, he is a little worſe than a man; and when he is worſt, he is little better than a beaſt:

[8] ——*he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian*;] A ſatire on the ignorance of the young Engliſh travellers in our author's time. WARBURTON.

[9] ——*Scottiſh lord*,] Scottiſh, which is in the quarto, was omitted in the firſt folio, for fear of giving offence to king James's countrymen. THEOBALD.

[1] *I think, the Frenchman became his ſurety*,] Alluding to the conſtant aſſiſtance, or rather conſtant promiſes of aſſiſtance, that the French gave the Scots in their quarrels with the Engliſh. This alliance is here humorouſly ſatirized. WARBURTON.

[2] *How like you the young German*, &c.] In Shakſpeare's time the duke of Bavaria viſited London, and was made knight of the garter.

Perhaps in this enumeration of Portia's ſuitors, there may be ſome covert alluſion to thoſe of queen Elizabeth. JOHNSON.

an

an the worſt fall that ever fell, I hope, I ſhall make ſhift to go without him.

Ner. If he ſhould offer to chuſe, and chuſe the right caſket, you ſhould refuſe to perform your father's will, if you ſhould refuſe to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worſt, I pray thee, ſet a deep glaſs of Rheniſh wine on the contrary caſket; for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will chuſe it. I will do any thing, Neriſſa, ere I will be marry'd to a ſpunge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of theſe lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations: which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more ſuit; unleſs you may be won by ſome other ſort than your father's impoſition, depending on the caſkets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaſte as Diana, unleſs I be obtained by the manner of my father's will: I am glad this parcel of wooers are ſo very reaſonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very abſence, and [3] I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a ſcholar, and a ſoldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Baſſanio; as I think, ſo he was call'd.

Ner. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my fooliſh eyes look'd upon, was the beſt deſerving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praiſe.—[7] How now! what news?

[3] — *and I pray God grant them a fair departure.*] The folio reads:
——and *I wiſh them* a fair, &c.

[7] The alteration was probably made in conſequence of the ſtat. 3 Jac. I. cap. 21. MALONE.

[4] *How now what news?*] Theſe words are not in the folio. MALONE.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The four ſtrangers ſeek for you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince, his maſter, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with ſo good heart as I can bid the other four farewel, I ſhould be glad of his approach: if he have the condition[1] of a ſaint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he ſhould ſhrive me than wive me. Come, Neriſſa. Sirrah, go before:—Whiles we ſhut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A publick Place in Venice.

Enter Baſſanio and Shylock.

Shy. Three thouſand ducats,—well.

Baſſ. Ay, ſir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Baſſ. For the which, as I told you, Anthonio ſhall be bound.

Shy. Anthonio ſhall become bound,—well.

Baſſ. May you ſtead me? Will you pleaſure me? Shall I know your anſwer?

Shy. Three thouſand ducats, for three months, and Anthonio bound.

Baſſ. Your anſwer to that.

Shy. Anthonio is a good man.

Baſſ. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no;—my meaning, in ſaying he is a good man, is, to have you underſtand me, that he is ſufficient: yet his means are in ſuppoſition: he hath an argoſy bound to Tripolis, another to

[1] condition] *temper, qualities.* See vol. i. p. 195. MALONE.

the

the Indies; I underſtand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,—and other ventures he hath, ſquander'd abroad: But ſhips are but boards, ſailors but men: there be land rats, and water rats, water thieves, and land thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: The man is, notwithſtanding, ſufficient:—three thouſand ducats;—I think, I may take his bond.

Baſſ. Be aſſur'd you may.

Shy. I will be aſſur'd, I may; and, that I may be aſſur'd,
I will bethink me: May I ſpeak with Anthonio?

Baſſ. If it pleaſe you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to ſmell pork; to eat of the [2] habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into: I will buy with you, ſell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and ſo following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter Anthonio.

Baſſ. This is ſignior Anthonio.

Shy. [*Aſide.*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a chriſtian:
But more, for that, in low ſimplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of uſance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip [3],

[2] *The habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into.*] Perhaps there is no character through all Shakſpeare, drawn with more ſpirit, and juſt diſcrimination, than Shylock's. His language, alluſions, and ideas, are every where ſo appropriate to a Jew, that Shylock might be exhibited for an examplar of that peculiar people. HENLEY.

[3] *If I can catch him once upon the hip.*] This, Dr. Johnſon obſerves, is a phraſe taken from the practice of wreſtlers, and (he might have added) is an alluſion to the angel's thus laying hold on Jacob when he wreſtled with him. See Gen. xxxii. xxiv, &c. HENLEY.

I will

I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our ſacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants moſt do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift[4],
Which he calls intereſt: Curſed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Baſſ. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my preſent ſtore;
And, by the near gueſs of my memory,
I cannot inſtantly raiſe up the groſs
Of full three thouſand ducats: What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furniſh me: But ſoft; How many months
Do you deſire?—Reſt you fair, good ſignior;
[*To Anth.*
Your worſhip was the laſt man in our mouths.

Anth. Shylock, albeit, I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of exceſs,
Yet, to ſupply the ripe wants of my friend[5],
I'll break a cuſtom: Is he yet poſſeſs'd,
How much you would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thouſand ducats.

Anth. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot,—three months, you told me ſo.
Well then, your bond; and let me ſee,——But hear you;
Methoughts, you ſaid, you neither lend nor borrow,
Upon advantage.

Anth. I do never uſe it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's ſheep,
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wiſe mother wrought in his behalf)
The third poſſeſſor; ay, he was the third.

[4] *well won*] The folio reads well *worn*. MALONE.

[5] —*the* ripe wants *of my friend*,] *Ripe wants* are wants *come to the height*, wants that can have no longer delay. Perhaps we might read, *rife wants*, wants that come thick upon him. JOHNSON.

Anth.

Anth. And what of him? did he take intereſt?

Shy. No, not take intereſt; not, as you would ſay,
Directly intereſt: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himſelf were compromis'd,
That all the eanlings[6] which were ſtreak'd, and py'd,
Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,
In the end of autumn turned to the rams:
And when the work of generation was
Between theſe woolly breeders in the act,
The ſkilful ſhepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind[7],
He ſtuck them up before the fulſome ewes[8];
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and thoſe were Jacob's.

6 —*the* eanlings] Lambs juſt dropt: from *ean*, *eniti*.
MUSGRAVE.

7 —*of* kind,] i. e. of nature. So, Turbervile, in his book of *Falconry*, 1575, p. 127:
"So great is the curteſy of *kind*, as ſhe ever ſeeketh to recompenſe any defect of hers with ſome other better benefit."
Again, in Drayton's *Mooncalf:*
"————nothing doth ſo pleaſe her mind,
"As to ſee mares and horſes *do their kind.*"
COLLINS.

8 —— *the* fulſome *ewes*;] *Fulſome*, I believe in this inſtance, means laſcivious, obſcene. The ſame epithet is beſtowed on the night, in *Acolaſtus his After-Witte*. By S. N. 1600:
"Why ſhines not Phœbus in the *fulſome* night?"
In the play of *Muleaſſes the Turk*, Madam *Fulſome* a *Bawd* is introduced. The word, however, ſometimes ſignifies offenſive in ſmell. So, in Chapman's verſion of the 17th *Book of the Odyſſey:*
"—and fill'd his *fulſome* ſcrip, &c."
It is likewiſe uſed by Shakſpeare in *K. John*, to expreſs ſome quality offenſive to nature:
"And ſtop this gap of breath with *fulſome* duſt."
Again, in Thomas Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587:
"Having a ſtrong ſent and *fulſome* ſmell, which neither men nor beaſtes take delight to ſmell unto."
Again, ibid:
"Boxe is naturally dry, juiceleſſe, *fulſomely* and loathſomely ſmelling." STEEVENS.

This

This was a way to thrive [9], and he was bleſt;
And thrift is bleſſing, if men ſteal it not.

Anth. This was a venture, ſir, that Jacob ſerv'd for;
A thing not in his power to bring to paſs,
But ſway'd, and faſhion'd, by the hand of heaven.
Was this inſerted to make intereſt good?
Or is your gold, and ſilver, ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as faſt:—
But note me, ſignior.

Anth. Mark you this, Baſſanio,
The devil can cite ſcripture for his purpoſe [1].
An evil ſoul, producing holy witneſs,
Is like a villain with a ſmiling cheek;

9 *This was a way to thrive*, &c.] So, in the ancient ſong of *Gernutus the Jew of Venice:*

" His wife muſt lend a ſhilling,
" For every weeke a penny,
" Yet bring a pledge that is double worth,
" If that you will have any.
" And ſee, likewiſe, you keepe your day,
" Or elſe you loſe it all:
" This was the living of the wife,
" Her *cow* ſhe did it call."

Her *cow*, &c. ſeems to have ſuggeſted to Shakſpeare Shylock's argument for uſury. PERCY.

1 ——*can cite ſcripture for his purpoſe*——
O, what a goodly outſide falſhood *hath!*]

But this is not true, that falſhood hath always a goodly outſide. Nor does this take in the force of the ſpeaker's ſentiment; who would obſerve that that falſhood which quotes ſcripture for its purpoſe, has a goodly outſide. We ſhould therefore read:

O what a goodly outſide's falſhood hath!

i. e. *his* falſhood, Shylock's. WARBURTON.

I wiſh any copy would give me authority to range and read the lines thus:

O, what a godly *outſide falſhood hath!*
An evil ſoul producing holy witneſs,
Is like a villain with a ſmiling cheek;
Or *goodly apple rotten at the heart.*

Yet there is no difficulty in the preſent reading. *Falſehood*, which as *truth* means *honeſty*, is taken here for *treachery* and *knavery*, does not ſtand for *falſhood* in general, but for the diſhoneſty now operating. JOHNSON.

A goodly

A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outſide falſhood hath!

Shy. Three thouſand ducats,—'tis a good round ſum.
Three months from twelve, then let me ſee the rate.

Anth. Well, Shylock, ſhall we be beholden to you?

Shy. Signior Anthonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies, and my uſances[2]:
Still have I borne it with a patient ſhrug[3];
For ſufferance is the badge of all our tribe:
You call me—miſbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And ſpit[4] upon my Jewiſh gaberdine,

[2] ——*my* uſances:] *Uſe* and *Uſance* are both words anciently employ'd for *uſury*. So, in the *Engliſh Traveller*, 1633:

"Give me my *uſe*, give me my principal."

Again,

"A toy; the main about five hundred pounds,
"And the *uſe* fifty." STEEVENS.

The author of THE REMARKS aſks, whether Mr. Steevens is not miſtaken in ſaying that *uſe* and *uſance* were anciently employed for *uſury*. "*Uſe* and *uſance*, (he adds) mean nothing more than *intereſt*; and the former word is ſtill uſed by country people in the ſame ſenſe." That Mr. Steevens however is right reſpecting the word in the text, will appear from the following quotation. "I knowe a gentleman borne to five hundred pounde lande, did never receyve above a thouſand pound of nete money, and within certeyne yeres ronnynge ſtil upon uſurie and double uſurie, the merchants termyng it *uſance* and *double uſance*. By a more clenly name he did owe to maſter uſurer five thouſand pound at the laſt borowyng. but one thouſande pounde at firſt, ſo that his land was clean gone, beynge five hundreth poundes inherytance for one thouſand pound in money, and the uſurie of the ſame money for ſo fewe yeres, and the man now beggeth." *Wylſon on Uſurye*, 1572, p. 32. EDITOR.

[3] *Still I have borne it with a patient ſhrug*;] So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"I learn'd in Florence how to kiſs my hand,
"*Heave up my ſhoulders* when they call me dogge."

MALONE.

[4] *And* ſpit—] The old copies always read *ſpet*, which ſpelling is followed by *Milton*:

"——— the womb
"Of Stygian darkneſs *ſpets* her thickeſt gloom."

STEEVENS.

And

And all for uſe of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help:
Go to then; you come to me, and you ſay,
Shylock, we would have monies; You ſay ſo;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you ſpurn a ſtranger cur
Over your threſhold; monies is your ſuit.
What ſhould I ſay to you? Should I not ſay,
Hath a dog money? is it poſſible,
A cur can lend three thouſand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whiſpering humbleneſs,
Say this,—*Fair Sir, you ſpit on me on Wedneſday laſt;*
You ſpurn'd me ſuch a day; another time
You call'd me—dog; and for theſe courteſies
I'll lend you thus much monies.

Anth. I am as like to call thee ſo again,
To ſpit on thee again, to ſpurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; (for when did friendſhip take
A breed of barren metal of his friend[5]?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou may'ſt with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you ſtorm?
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the ſhames that you have ſtain'd me with,

[5] *A* breed *of* barren *metal of his friend?*] A *breed*, that is intereſt money bred from the principal. By the epithet *barren*, the author would inſtruct us in the argument on which the advocates againſt uſury went, which is this, that money is a *barren* thing, and cannot, like corn and cattle, multiply itſelf. And to ſet off the abſurdity of this kind of uſury, he put *breed* and *barren* in oppoſition. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton very truly interprets this paſſage. Old Meres ſays, "Uſurie and encreaſe by gold and ſilver is unlawful, becauſe againſt nature; nature hath made them *ſterill* and *barren*, and uſurie makes them *procreative*." FARMER.

The quarto, 1600, printed for J. Heyes, reads—a breed *for*—. STEEVENS.

Supply your preſent wants, and take no doit
Of uſance for my monies, and you'll not hear me;
This is kind I offer.

Anth. This were kindneſs.

Shy. This kindneſs will I ſhow:—
Go with me to a notary, ſeal me there
Your ſingle bond; and, in a merry ſport,
If you repay me not on ſuch a day,
In ſuch a place, ſuch ſum, or ſums as are
Expreſs'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair fleſh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaſeth [5] me.

Anth. Content, in faith; I'll ſeal to ſuch a bond,
And ſay, there is much kindneſs in the Jew.

Baſſ. You ſhall not ſeal to ſuch a bond for me,
I'll rather [6] dwell in my neceſſity.

Anth. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;
Within theſe two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of the bond [7].

Shy. O father Abraham, what theſe Chriſtians are;
Whoſe own hard dealings teaches them ſuſpect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
If he ſhould break his day, what ſhould I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's fleſh, taken from a man,
Is not ſo eſtimable, profitable neither,
As fleſh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I ſay,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendſhip:
If he will take it, ſo; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

Anth. Yes, Shylock, I will ſeal unto this bond.

[5] Folio——*it* pleaſeth me. MALONE.

[6] —*dwell in my neceſſity.*] To *dwell* ſeems in this place to mean the ſame as to *continue*. To *abide* has both the ſenſes of *habitation* and *continuance*. JOHNSON.

[7] The value of *the* bond.] Folio—*this* bond. MALONE.

Shy.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purſe the ducats ſtrait;
See to my houſe, left in the fearful guard[7]
Of an unthrifty knave; and preſently
I will be with you. [*Exit.*

Anth. Hie thee, gentle Jew.—
This Hebrew will turn Chriſtian; he grows kind.

Baſſ. I like not fair terms[8], and a villain's mind.

Anth. Come on; in this there can be no diſmay,
My ſhips come home a month before the day.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Belmont.

Enter the Prince of Morocco, and three or four followers accordingly; with Portia, Neriſſa and her train. Flouriſh Cornets.

Mor. Miſlike me not for my complexion,
The ſhadow'd livery of the burniſh'd ſun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the faireſt creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire ſcarce thaws the iſicles,
And let us make inciſion for your love,
To prove whoſe blood is reddeſt, his, or mine[9].
I tell

[7] ——*left in the* FEARFUL *guard*, &c.] *Fearful guard*, is a guard that is not to be truſted, but gives cauſe of fear. To *fear* was anciently to *give* as well as *feel terrours*. JOHNSON.
So, in *Hen.* IV. P. I.
" A mighty and a *fearful* head they are." STEEVENS.

[8] *I like not fair terms*,] Kind words, good language. JOHNSON.

[9] *To prove whoſe blood is reddeſt, his, or mine.*] To underſtand how the tawney prince, whoſe ſavage dignity is very well ſup-

I tell thee, lady, this aſpect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant [1]; by my love, I ſwear,
The beſt regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to ſteal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not ſolely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Beſides, the lottery of my deſtiny
Bars me the right of voluntary chuſing:
But, if my father had not ſcanted me,
[2] And hedg'd me by his will, to yield myſelf
His wife, who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourſelf, renowned prince, then ſtood as fair,
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caſkets,
To try my fortune. By this ſcimitar,—
That ſlew the Sophy [3], and a Perſian prince,
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,—
I would out-ſtare the ſterneſt eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart moſt daring on the earth,

ported, means to recommend himſelf by this challenge, it muſt be remembered that *red* blood is a traditionary ſign of courage: Thus Macbeth calls one of his frighted ſoldiers, a *lilly liver'd* lown; again, in this play, Cowards are ſaid to *have livers as white as milk*; and an effeminate and timorous man is termed a *milkſop*. JOHNSON.

[1] *Hath* fear'd the *valiant*;] i. e. *terrify'd*. See vol. ii. p. 33. STEEVENS.

[2] *And hedg'd me by his wit*—] I ſuppoſe we may ſafely read: *and hedg'd me by his* will. Confined me by his will. JOHNSON.

[3] *That ſlew the Sophy*, &c.] Shakſpeare ſeldom eſcapes well when he is entangled with geography. The prince of Morocco muſt have travelled far to kill the Sophy of Perſia. JOHNSON.

It were well, if Shakſpeare had never *entangled* himſelf *with geography* worſe than in the preſent caſe. If the prince of Morocco be ſuppoſed to have ſerved in the army of ſultan *Soliman* (*the ſecond*, for inſtance), I ſee no *geographical* objection to his having killed the Sophi of Perſia. See *D'Herbelot* in *Soliman Ben Selim*. TYRWHITT.

Pluck

Pluck the young ſucking cubs from the ſhe-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady: But, alas the while!
If Hercules, and Lichas, play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page [4];
And ſo may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miſs that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You muſt take your chance;
And either not attempt to chuſe at all,
Or ſwear, before you chuſe,—if you chuſe wrong,
Never to ſpeak to lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd [5].

Mor. Nor will not; come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. Firſt forward to the temple; after dinner
Your hazard ſhall me made.

Mor. Good fortune then! [*Cornets.*
To make be bleſt, or curſed'ſt among men.
[*Exeunt.*

[4] *So is Alcides beaten by his* rage;] Though the whole ſet of editions concur in this reading, it is corrupt at bottom. Let us look into the poet's drift, and the hiſtory of the perſons mentioned in the context. If Hercules, (ſays he) and Lichas were to play at dice for the deciſion of their ſuperiority, Lichas, the weaker man, might have the better caſt of the two. But how then is Alcides beaten by his *rage?* The poet means no more, than, if Lichas had the better throw, ſo might Hercules himſelf be beaten by Lichas. And who was he, but a poor unfortunate ſervant of Hercules, that unknowingly brought his maſter the envenomed ſhirt, dipt in the blood of the Centaur Neſſus; and was thrown headlong into the ſea for his pains; this one circumſtance of Lichas's quality known, ſufficiently aſcertains the emendation I have ſubſtituted, *page* inſtead of *rage.* THEOBALD.

[5] *Therefore be advis'd.*] Therefore be not precipitant; conſider well what you are to do. *Advis'd* is the word oppoſite to *raſh.* JOHNSON.

SCENE II.

A Street in Venice.

Enter Launcelot [6] *Gobbo.*

Laun. Certainly, my conſcience will ſerve me to run from this Jew my maſter: The fiend is at mine elbow; and tempts me, ſaying to me, *Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo; good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, uſe your legs, take the ſtart, run away:* My conſcience ſays,—*no; take heed honeſt Launcelot; take heed, honeſt Gobbo;* or, as aforeſaid, *honeſt Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; ſcorn running with thy heels* [7]: Well, the moſt courageous fiend bids me pack; *via!* ſays the fiend; *away!* ſays the fiend, *for the heavens; rouſe up a brave mind,* ſays the fiend, *and run.* Well, my conſcience, hanging about the neck of my heart, ſays very wiſely to me,—*my honeſt friend Launcelot, being an honeſt man's ſon,*—or rather an honeſt woman's

[6] The old copies read—*Enter the Clown alone*; and throughout the play this character is called the *Clown* at moſt of his *entrances* or *exits*. STEEVENS.

[7] Scorn running *with thy heels*:] Launcelot was deſigned for a wag, but perhaps not for an abſurd one. We may therefore ſuppoſe, no ſuch expreſſion would have been put in his mouth, as our author had cenſured in another character. When Piſtol ſays, "he hears with ears," Sir Hugh Evans very properly is made to exclaim, "The tevil and his tam! what phraſe is this, *he hears with ears?* why it is affectations." To talk of *running with one's heels*, has ſcarce leſs of abſurdity. It has been ſuggeſted, that we ſhould read and point the paſſage as follows: "Do not run; ſcorn running; *withe* thy heels:" i. e. connect them with a *withe*, (a band made of oſiers) as the legs of cattle are hampered in ſome countries to prevent their ſtraggling far from home. The Iriſhman in *Sir John Oldcaſtle* petitions to be hanged in a *withe*; and Chapman has the following paſſage:

"——— There let him lie
"Till I, of cut-up oſiers, did imply,
"A *with* a fathom long, with which his feete
"I made together in a ſure league meete.

STEEVENS.

ſon;

ſon;—for, indeed, my father did ſomething ſmack, ſomething grow to, he had a kind of taſte;—— well, my conſcience ſays,—*Launcelot, budge not*; *budge*, ſays the fiend; *budge not*, ſays my conſcience: Conſcience, ſay I, you counſel well; fiend, ſay I, you counſel well: to be rul'd by my conſcience, I ſhould ſtay with the Jew my maſter, who, God bleſs the mark, is a kind of a devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I ſhould be rul'd by the fiend, who, ſaving your reverence, is the devil himſelf: Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and in my conſcience, my conſcience is but a kind of hard conſcience, to offer to counſel me to ſtay with the Jew: the fiend gives the more friendly counſel; I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter old Gobbo, his father, with a baſket.

Gob. Maſter, young man, you, I pray you; which is the way to maſter Jew's?

Laun. [*aſide.*] O heavens, this is my true begotten father! who, being more than ſand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not:—I will try concluſions[8] with him.

Gob. Maſter young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to maſter Jew's?

[8] *Try concluſions*] —So the old quarto. The firſt folio, by a mere blunder, reads, try *confuſions*, which, becauſe it makes a kind of paultry jeſt, has been copied by all the editors. JOHNSON.

To *try concluſions* is to try experiments. So, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611:

" ——————ſince favour
" Cannot attain thy love, I'll *try concluſions*."

Again, in the *Lancaſhire Witches*, 1634:

" Nay then I'll *try concluſions*:
" Mare, Mare, ſee thou be,
" And where I point thee, carry me." STEEVENS.

Laun. [9] Turn up on your right hand, at the nex turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's houſe.

Gob. By God's ſonties[1], 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young maſter Launcelot?—Mark me now, [*aſide.*] now will I raiſe the waters?—Talk you of young maſter Launcelot?

Gob. No maſter, ſir, but a poor man's ſon; his father, though I ſay it, is an honeſt exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young maſter Launcelot?

Gob. Your worſhip's friend, and Launcelot, ſir[2].

[9] *Turn up on your right hand*, &c.] This arch and perplexed direction to puzzle the enquirer, ſeems to imitate that of Syrus to Demea in the *Brothers* of Terence:

" ——— *ubi eas præterieris,*
" *Ad* ſiniſtram *hac* recta *platea*: *ubi ad Dianæ veneris,*
" *Ito ad* dextram: *prius quam ad portam venias*, &c.

WARBURTON

[1] *God's ſonties,*] I know not exactly of what oath this is a corruption. I meet with *God's ſanty* in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1635:

Again, in *The longer thou liveſt the more Fool thou art*, a comedy, bl. l. without date:

" *Gods ſainte*, this is a goodly book indeed."

Perhaps it was once cuſtomary to ſwear by the *ſanté*, i. e. *health*, of the Supreme Being, or by his ſaints. Oaths of ſuch a turn are not unfrequent among our ancient writers. All, however, ſeem to have been ſo thoroughly convinced of the crime of prophane ſwearing that they were content to diſguiſe their meaning by abbrevations which were permitted ſilently to terminate in irremediable corruptions. STEEVENS.

[2] Your worſhip's friend and *Launcelot*, ſir.] Dr. Farmer is of opinion we ſhould read *Gobbo* inſtead of *Launcelot*. It may be inferred from the name of *Gobbo* that Shakſpeare deſigned this character to be repreſented with a *hump back*. STEEVENS.

Laun.

Laun. But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beſeech you; Talk you of young maſter Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't pleaſe your maſterſhip?

Laun. Ergo, maſter Launcelot, talk not of maſter Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and deſtinies, and ſuch odd ſayings, the ſiſters three, and ſuch branches of learning,) is, indeed, deceaſed; or as you would ſay, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very ſtaff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-poſt, a ſtaff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, (God reſt his ſoul!) alive, or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, ſir, I am ſand-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wiſe father, that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your ſon: Give me your bleſſing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's ſon may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, ſir, ſtand up; I am ſure, you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your bleſſing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your ſon that is, your child that ſhall be.

Gob. I cannot think, you are my ſon.

Laun. I know not, what I ſhall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and, I am ſure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be ſworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art my own fleſh and blood. Lord worſhipp'd might he be! what a beard haſt

haſt thou got! thou haſt got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my thill-horſe has on his tail [2].

Laun. It ſhould ſeem then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am ſure, he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I laſt ſaw him.

Gob. Lord, how thou art chang'd! How doſt thou and thy maſter agree? I have brought him a preſent; How agree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have ſet up my reſt to run away, ſo I will not reſt 'till I have run ſome ground: my maſter's a very Jew; Give him a preſent! give him a halter: I am famiſh'd in his ſervice; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your preſent to one maſter Baſſanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I ſerve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man; to him father; for I am a Jew, if I ſerve the Jew any longer.

Enter Baſſanio, with Leonardo, and a follower or two more.

Baſſ. You may do ſo;—but let it be ſo haſted, that ſupper be ready at the fartheſt by five of the clock: See theſe letters deliver'd; put the liveries to making; and deſire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

Laun. To him, father.

[2] ——*my* thill-horſe] *Thill* or *fill*, means the ſhafts of a cart or waggon. So, in *A Woman never Vex'd*, 1632:

" ——— I will
" Give you the fore-horſe place, and I will be
" I' the *fills*."

Again, in *Fortune by Land and Sea*, 1655, by Tho. Heywood and W. Rowley: "——acquaint you with Jock the fore-horſe, and Fibb the *fil-horſe*, &c. STEEVENS.

The two firſt folios read *phil*-horſe. So alſo the word is ſpelled in the two inſtances produced by Mr. Steveens. MALONE.

Gob.

Gob. God bleſs your worſhip!

Baſſ. Gramercy; Would'ſt thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my ſon, ſir, a poor boy,——

Laun. Not a poor boy, ſir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, ſir, as my father ſhall ſpecify,——

Gob. He hath a great infection, ſir, as one would ſay, to ſerve——

Laun. Indeed, the ſhort and the long is, I ſerve the Jew, and I have a deſire, as my father ſhall ſpecify,——

Gob. His maſter and he, (ſaving your worſhip's reverence) are ſcarce cater-couſins:

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cauſe me, as my father, being I hope an old man, ſhall frutify unto you,——

Gob. I have here a diſh of doves, that I would beſtow upon your worſhip; and my ſuit is,——

Laun. In very brief, the ſuit is impertinent to myſelf, as your worſhip ſhall know by this honeſt old man; and, though I ſay it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

Baſſ. One ſpeak for both;—What would you?

Laun. Serve you, ſir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, ſir.

Baſſ. I know thee well, thou haſt obtain'd thy ſuit:
Shylock, thy maſter, ſpoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee; if it be preferment,
To leave a rich Jew's ſervice to become
The follower of ſo poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my maſter Shylock and you, ſir; you have the grace of God, ſir, and he hath enough.

Baſſ. Thou ſpeak'ſt it well: Go, father, with thy ſon:
Take leave of thy old maſter, and enquire
My lodging out:—give him a livery
[*To his followers.*

More

More guarded [3] than his fellows: ſee it done.

Laun. Father, in:—I cannot get a ſervice, no;—I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—— [4] Well, [*Looking*

[3] ——*more* guarded] i. e. more ornamented. See vol. ii. p. 85. 278. STEEVENS.

[4] *Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to ſwear upon a book,*] The poſition of the words make the ſentence ſomewhat obſcure: their natural order ſhould be this: *Well, if any man in Italy, which doth offer to ſwear upon a book, have a fairer table, I ſhall have good luck.* And the humour of the paſſage ſeems this: Launcelot, a joker, and deſignedly a blunderer, ſays the reverſe of what he ſhould do: which is, *That if* no *man in Italy who would offer to take his oath upon it, hath a fairer table than he, he ſhall have good fortune.* The banter may, partly, be on *chiromancy* in general: but it is very much in character for Launcelot, who is a hungry ſerving-man, to conſider his table before his line of life, or any other points of fortune. THEOBALD.

—*fairer table,*] The chiromantic term for the lines of the hand. So, Ben Jonſon in his *Maſk of Gipſies*, to the lady Elizabeth Hatton:

" *Miſtreſs of a* fairer table,
" *Hath not hiſtory nor fable.*"

—*which doth offer to ſwear upon a book*, &c.] This nonſenſe ſeems to have taken its riſe from the accident of a loſt line in tranſcribing the play for the preſs; ſo that the paſſage, for the future, ſhould be printed thus,—*Well, if any man in Italy, have a fairer table, which doth* ******* *offer to ſwear upon a book, I ſhall have good fortune.* It is impoſſible to find, again, the loſt line: but the loſt ſenſe is eaſy enough——*If any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth* [promiſe luck, I am miſtaken. I durſt almoſt] *offer to* ſwear upon a book, I ſhall have good fortune. WARBURTON.

Mr. Theobald's note is as obſcure as the paſſage. It may be read more than once before the complication of ignorance can be completely diſentangled. Table is the palm expanded. What Mr. Theobald's conceives it to be, cannot eaſily be diſcovered, but he thinks it ſomewhat that promiſes a full belly.

Dr. Warburton underſtood the word, but puzzles himſelf with no great ſucceſs in the purſuit of the meaning. The whole matter is this: Launcelot congratulates himſelf upon his dexterity and good fortune, and, in the height of his rapture, inſpects his hand, and congratulates himſelf upon the felicities in his table. The act of expanding his hand puts him in mind of the action in which the palm is ſhewn, by raiſing it to lay it on the book, in judicial atteſtations. *Well*, ſays he, *if any man in Italy*

have

[*Looking on his palm*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to ſwear upon a book, I ſhall have good fortune.—Go to, here's a ſimple line of life! here's a ſmall trifle of wives: alas, fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows, and nine maids, is a ſimple coming-in for one man: and then, to 'ſcape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with

have a fairer table, that doth offer to ſwear upon a book——Here he ſtops with an abruptneſs very common, and proceeds to particulars. JOHNSON.

Without examining the expoſitions of this paſſage given by the three learned annotators, I ſhall briefly ſet down what appears to me to be the whole meaning of it. Launcelot, applauding himſelf for his ſucceſs with Baſſanio, and looking into the palm of his hand, which by fortune-tellers is called *the table*, breaks out in the following reflection: *Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table; which doth offer to ſwear upon a book, I ſhall have good fortune*—i. e. a table, *which doth* (not only *promiſe*, but) *offer to ſwear* (and to ſwear *upon a book* too) THAT *I ſhall have good fortune*—— (He omits the concluſion of the ſentence which might have been) *I am much miſtaken*; or, *I'll be hanged*, &c.

TYRWHITT.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation appears to me perfectly juſt. In ſupport of it, it ſhould be remembered, that *which* is frequently uſed by our author, and his contemporaries, for the perſonal pronoun, *who*. It is ſtill ſo uſed in our Liturgy.

The whole difficulty of this paſſage, has, I believe, ariſen from the omiſſion of the particle *no*. The words, *I ſhall have good fortune*, are not, I believe, connected with what goes before, but with what follows; and begin a new ſentence. The author, I think, meant that Launcelot, after this abrupt ſpeech—*Well if any man* that *offers to ſwear upon a book, has a fairer table than mine*—[I am much miſtaken—] ſhould proceed in the ſame manner in which he began:—"I ſhall have *no* good fortune; go to; here's a *ſimple* line of life, &c."

So before:

"I cannot get a ſervice, *no*;
"I have *ne'er* a tongue in my head——."

And afterwards:

"Alas! fifteen wives is *nothing*."

The Nurſe, in *Romeo and Juliet*, expreſſes herſelf exactly in the ſame ſtyle: Well you have made a *ſimple* choice; you know *not* how to chooſe a man; Romeo! *no, not he*;—he is *not* the flower of courteſy;—go thy ways, wench, &c." MALONE.

the

the edge of a feather-bed [5];—here are ſimple 'ſcapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, ſhe's a good wench for this geer.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt Launcelot and old Gobbo.*

Baſſ. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this;
Theſe things being bought, and orderly beſtow'd,
Return in haſte, for I do feaſt to night
My beſt-eſteem'd acquaintance; hie thee, go.

Leon. My beſt endeavours ſhall be done herein.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where is your maſter?

Leon. Yonder, ſir, he walks. [*Exit Leonardo.*

Gra. Signior Baſſanio,——

Baſſ. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a ſuit to you.

Baſſ. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You muſt not deny me; I muſt go with you to Belmont.

Baſſ. Why, then you muſt;—But hear thee, Gratiano;
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—
Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in ſuch eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they ſhew
Something too liberal [6];—pray thee, take pain
To allay with ſome cold drops of modeſty

[5] *in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed*;] A cant phraſe to ſignify the danger of marrying.——A certain French writer uſes the ſame kind of figure, "*O mon Ami, j'aimerois mieux être tombée ſur la point d'un Oreiller, & m' être rompû le Cou.*"— WARBURTON.

[6] *Something too liberal*;] Liberal I have already ſhewn to be mean, groſs, coarſe, licentious. JOHNSON.

Thy

Thy ſkipping ſpirit; leſt, through thy wild behaviour,
I be miſconſtru'd in the place I go to,
And loſe my hopes.

Gra. Signior Baſſanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a ſober habit,
Talk with reſpect, and ſwear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is ſaying, hood mine eyes [7]
Thus with my hat, and ſigh, and ſay, amen;
Uſe all the obſervance of civility,
Like one well ſtudied in a ſad oſtent [8]
To pleaſe his grandam, never truſt me more.

Baſſ. Well, we ſhall ſee your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to night; you ſhall not gage me
By what we do to-night.

Baſſ. No, that were pity;
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldeſt ſuit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpoſe merriment: But fare you well,
I have ſome buſineſs.

Gra. And I muſt to Lorenzo, and the reſt;
But we will viſit you at ſupper-time. [*Exeunt.*

[7] ——hood *mine eyes*] Alluding to the manner of covering a hawk's eyes. So, in the *Tragedy of Cræſus*, 1604:

"And like a *hooded* hawk, &c. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*ſad oſtent*] Grave appearance; ſhew of ſtaid and ſerious behaviour. JOHNSON.

Oſtent is a word very commonly uſed for *ſhow* among the old dramatic writers. So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:

"——you in thoſe times
"Did not affect *oſtent*."

Again, in Chapman's tranſlation of *Homer*, edit. 1598, b. 6:

"——did bloodie vapours raine
"For *ſad oſtent*, &c." STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Shylock's houſe.

Enter Jeſſica and Launcelot.

Jeſ. I am ſorry, thou wilt leave my father ſo;
Our houſe is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didſt rob it of ſome taſte of tediouſneſs:
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, ſoon at ſupper ſhalt thou ſee
Lorenzo, who is thy new maſter's gueſt:
Give him this letter; do it ſecretly,
And ſo farewel; I would not have my father
See me talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue.—Moſt beautiful pagan,—moſt ſweet Jew! if a Chriſtian do not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceiv'd: but, adieu! theſe fooliſh drops do ſomewhat drown my manly ſpirit; adieu! [*Exit.*

Jeſ. Farewel, good Launcelot.—
Alack, what heinous ſin is it in me,
To be aſham'd to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promiſe, I ſhall end this ſtrife;
Become a Chriſtian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The Street.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, and Salanio.

Lor. Nay, we will ſlink away in ſupper-time;
Diſguiſe us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Sal.

Sal. We have not ſpoke us yet of torch-bearers [9].

Sala. 'Tis vile, unleſs it may be quaintly ordered;
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock; we have two hours
To furniſh us:—

Enter Launcelot, with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An it ſhall pleaſe you to break up this [1], it ſhall ſeem to ſignify.

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on,
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, ſir.

Lor. Whither goeſt thou?

Laun. Marry, ſir, to bid my old maſter the Jew to ſup to night with my new maſter the Chriſtian.

Lor. Hold here, take this:—tell gentle Jeſſica,
I will not fail her;—Speak it privately; go.—
Gentlemen,
Will you prepare you for this maſque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer. [*Exit Laun.*

Sal. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it ſtraight.

Sala. And ſo will I.

Lor. Meet me, and Gratiano,
At Gratiano's lodging ſome hour hence.

Sal. 'Tis good we do ſo. [*Exeunt Salar. and Salan.*

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jeſſica?

Lor. I muſt needs tell thee all: ſhe hath directed,
How I muſt take her from her father's houſe;

[9] —*torch-bearers.*] See the note in *Romeo* and *Juliet*, act i. ſc. 4. We have not *ſpoke us yet*, &c. i. e. *we have not yet beſpoke us*, &c. Thus the old copies. It may, however, mean, we have not as yet conſulted on the ſubject of torch-bearers. Mr. Pope reads—"ſpoke *as* yet." STEEVENS.

[1] —to break up *this*,] To *break up* was a term in carving. See vol. ii. p. 447. STEEVENS.

What gold, and jewels, ſhe is furniſh'd with;
What page's ſuit ſhe hath in readineſs.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's ſake:
And never dare misfortune croſs her foot,
Unleſs ſhe do it under this excuſe,—
That ſhe is iſſue to a faithleſs Jew.
Come, go with me; peruſe this, as thou goeſt:
Fair Jeſſica ſhall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Shylock's houſe.

Enter Shylock, and Launcelot.

Shy. Well, thou ſhalt ſee, thy eyes ſhall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Baſſanio:—
What, Jeſſica!—thou ſhalt not gormandize,
As thou haſt done with me;—What, Jeſſica!—
And ſleep and ſnore, and rend apparel out;
Why, Jeſſica, I ſay!

Laun. Why, Jeſſica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worſhip was wont to tell me, that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jeſſica.

Jeſ. Call you? What is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to ſupper, Jeſſica;
There are my keys:—But wherefore ſhould I go;
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate[2], to feed upon

[2] ——— *to feed upon*
The prodigal Chriſtian.]

Shylock forgets his reſolution. In a former ſcene he declares he will neither *eat*, *drink*, nor *pray* with Chriſtians. Of this circumſtance the poet was aware, and meant only to heighten the malignity of the character, by making him depart from his moſt ſettled reſolve, for the proſecution of his revenge. STEEVENS.

The

The prodigal Chriſtian.—Jeſſica, my girl,
Look to my houſe:—I am right loath to go;
There is ſome ill a brewing towards my reſt,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beſeech you, ſir, go; my young maſter doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conſpired together,—I will not ſay, you ſhall ſee a maſque; but if you do, [3] then it was not for nothing that my noſe fell a bleeding on Black-Monday laſt, at ſix o'clock i'the morning, falling out that year on Aſh-Wedneſday was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What! are there maſques? Hear you me, Jeſſica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum [4],

[3] ——*then it was not for nothing that my noſe fell a bleeding on* Black-Monday *laſt*;] "*Black-Monday* is a moveable day; it is *Eaſter-Monday*, and was ſo called on this occaſion: In the 34th of Edward III. (1360) the 14th of April, and the morrow after Eaſter-day, king Edward, with his hoſt, lay before the city of Paris; which day was full dark of miſt and hail, and ſo bitter cold, that many men died on their horſes' backs with the cold. Wherefore, unto this day, it hath been called the *Blacke-Monday*." Stowe, p. 264—6. GREY.

It appears from a paſſage in Lodge's *Roſalynde*, 1592, that ſome ſuperſtitious belief was annexed to the accident of *bleeding at the noſe*: "As he ſtood gazing, *his noſe on a ſudden bled*, which made him conjecture it was ſome friend of his." STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Ducheſs of Malfy*, 1640, act i. ſc. 2:

"How ſuperſtitiouſly we mind our evils?
"The throwing downe ſalt, or croſſing of a hare,
"*Bleeding at noſe*, the ſtumbling of a horſe,
"Or ſinging of a creket, are of power
"To daunt whole man in us."

Again, act i. ſc. 3:

My noſe bleeds. One that was ſuperſtitious would count this ominous, when it merely comes by chance. EDITOR.

[4] *Lock up my doors, and when you hear the drum,*
And the vile ſqueaking of the wry-neck'd fife—]
Primâ nocte domum claude; neque in vias
Sub cantu querulæ deſpice tibiæ. *Hor.* Lib. iii. Od. 7.
MALONE.

And the vile ſqueaking [5] of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the caſements then,
Nor thruſt your head into the publick ſtreet,
To gaze on Chriſtian fools with varniſh'd faces:
But ſtop my houſe's ears, I mean, my caſements;
Let not the ſound of ſhallow foppery enter
My ſober houſe.—By Jacob's ſtaff, I ſwear,
I have no mind of feaſting forth to night:
But I will go.—Go you before me, ſirrah;
Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, ſir.
Miſtreſs, look out at window, for all this;
There will come a Chriſtian by [6],
Will be worth a Jeweſs' eye. [*Exit. Laun.*

Shy. What ſays that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jeſ. His words were, Farewel, miſtreſs; nothing elſe.

Shy. The patch is kind enough [7]; but a huge feeder,
Snail-ſlow in profit, and he ſleeps by day
More than the wild cat; drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him; and part with him

5 —*the vile* ſqueaking] The folio and one of the quartos read *ſquealing*. STEEVENS.

6 *There will come a Chriſtian by*
Will be worth a Jeweſs eye.]
It's worth a Jew's eye, is a proverbial phraſe. WHALLEY.

7 *The* patch *is kind enough*;] This term came into uſe from the name of a celebrated fool. This I learn from Wilſon's *Art of Rhetorique*, 1553: "A word-making, called of the Grecians Onomatopeia, is when we make words of our own mind, ſuch as be derived from the nature of things—As to call one *Patche*, or Cowlſon, whom we ſee to do a thing fooliſhly; becauſe theſe two in their times were notable fools."

Probably the dreſs which the celebrated *Patch* wore, was in alluſion to his name, patched or particoloured. Hence the ſtage fool has ever ſince been exhibited in a motley coat. In Rowley's *When you ſee me you know me*, or *Hiſt. of K. Henry* VIII. 1632, Cardinal Woolſey's fool *Patch* is introduced. Perhaps he was the original *Patch* of whom Wilſon ſpeaks. MALONE.

To

To one that I would have him help to waſte
His borrow'd purſe.—Well, Jeſſica, go in;
Perhaps, I will return immediately;
Do, as I bid you,
Shut the doors after you: Faſt bind, faſt find;
A proverb never ſtale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

Jeſ. Farewel; and if my fortune be not croſt,
I have a father, you a daughter, loſt.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

The Street.

Enter Gratiano, and Salanio, in maſquerade.

Gra. This is the pent-houſe, under which Lorenzo
Deſir'd us to make ſtand.

Sal. His hour is almoſt paſt.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Sal. O, ten times faſter Venus' pigeons fly
To ſeal love's bonds new made, than they are wont,
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds: Who riſeth from a feaſt,
With that keen appetite that he ſits down?
Where is the horſe, that doth untread again
His tedious meaſures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them firſt? all things that are,
Are with more ſpirit chaſed than enjoy'd.
How like a younker[8], or a prodigal,

The

[8] *a younker,*] All the old copies read *a younger.* STEEVENS.

How like a younker or a prodigal,
The ſkarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the ſtrumpet wind!
How like a prodigal doth ſhe return;
With over-weather'd ribbs and ragged ſails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the ſtrumpet wind!]

The ſkarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the ſtrumpet wind!
How like a prodigal doth ſhe return[9];
With over weather'd ribs[1], and ragged ſails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the ſtrumpet wind!

Enter Lorenzo.

Sal. Here comes Lorenzo;—more of this hereafter.
Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you ſhall pleaſe to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew;—Ho! who's within?

Jeſſica above, in boy's cloaths.

Jeſ. Who are you? tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll ſwear that I do know your tongue,
Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Mr. Gray (dropping the particularity of alluſion to the parable of the prodigal) ſeems to have caught from this paſſage the imagery of the following:

"Fair laughs the morn, and ſoft the zephyr blows,
"While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
"In gallant trim the gilded veſſel goes;
"Youth on the Prow, and Pleaſure at the helm;
"Regardleſs of the ſweeping whirlwind's ſway,
"That huſh'd in grim repoſe, expects his evening-prey."

The *grim-repoſe* however, was ſuggeſted by Thomſon's

"— deep fermenting tempeſt brew'd
"In the *grim* evening ſky. HENLEY.

9 *doth* ſhe *return*;] Surely the bark ought to be of the *maſculine* gender, otherwiſe the alluſion wants ſomewhat of propriety. This indiſcriminate uſe of the perſonal for the neuter, at leaſt obſcures the paſſage. A ſhip, however, is commonly ſpoken of in the feminine gender. STEEVENS.

1 With over *weather'd* ribs,] The firſt and ſecond folio read With over *wither'd* ribs. MALONE.

Jeſ. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;
For who love I ſo much? and now who knows,
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witneſs that thou art.

Jeſ. Here, catch this caſket; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much aſham'd of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot ſee
The pretty follies that themſelves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himſelf would bluſh
To ſee me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Deſcend, for you muſt be my torch-bearer.

Jeſ. What, muſt I hold a candle to my ſhames?
They in themſelves, good ſooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of diſcovery, love;
And I ſhould be obſcur'd.

Lor. So are you, ſweet,
Even in the lovely garniſh of a boy.
But come at once;
For the cloſe night doth play the run-away,
And we are ſtaid for at Baſſanio's feaſt.

Jeſ. I will make faſt the doors, and gild myſelf
With ſome more ducats, and be with you ſtraight.
[*Exit. from above.*

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile[2], and no Jew.

Lor. Beſhrew me, but I love her heartily:
For ſhe is wiſe, if I can judge of her:
And fair ſhe is, if that mine eyes be true;

[2] —— *a* Gentile, *and no Jew.*] A jeſt ariſing from the ambiguity of *Gentile*, which ſignifies both a *Heathen*, and *one well born*. JOHNSON.

So at the concluſion of the firſt part of *Hieronimo*, &c. 1605:

" —— So, good night kind *gentles*,
" For I hope there's never a *Jew* among you all."

Again, in *Swetnam Arraign'd*, 1620:

" Joſeph the *Jew* was a better *Gentile* far." STEEVENS.

A Gentile, *and no Jew.*] Dr. Johnſon rightly explains this. There is an old book by one Ellis, entitled, " The *Gentile Sinner*, or *England's brave Gentleman*." FARMER.

And true ſhe is, as ſhe hath prov'd herſelf;
And therefore, like herſelf, wiſe, fair, and true,
Shall ſhe be placed in my conſtant ſoul.

Enter Jeſſica, below.

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away;
Our maſquing mates by this time for us ſtay.
[*Exit. with Jeſſica, &c.*

Enter Anthonio.

Anth. Who's there?
Gra. Signior Anthonio?
Anth. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the reſt?
'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all ſtay for you:—
No maſque to night; the wind is come about,
Baſſanio preſently will go aboard:
I have ſent twenty out to ſeek for you.
Gra. I am glad on't; I deſire no more delight,
Than to be under ſail, and gone to night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Belmont.

Enter Portia, with the Prince of Morocco, and both their trains.

Por. Go, draw aſide the curtains, and diſcover
The ſeveral caſkets to this noble prince:—
Now make your choice.
Mor. The firſt, of gold, who this inſcription bears;—
Who chuſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire.
The ſecond, ſilver, which this promiſe carries;—
Who chuſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt[3];—

[3] —*as blunt*;] That is, as groſs as the dull metal. JOHNSON.

Who

Who chuſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.
How ſhall I know if I do chuſe the right?
Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince;
If you chuſe that, then I am yours withal.
Mor. Some god direct my judgment! Let me ſee,
I will ſurvey the inſcriptions back again:
What ſays this leaden caſket?
Who chuſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.
Muſt give—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This caſket threatens: Men, that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind ſtoops not to ſhows of droſs;
I'll then nor give, nor hazard, ought for lead.
What ſays the ſilver with her virgin hue?
Who chuſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves.
As much as he deſerves?—Pauſe there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'ſt rated by thy eſtimation,
Thou doſt deſerve enough; and yet enough
May not extend ſo far as to the lady;
And yet to be afeard of my deſerving,
Were but a weak diſabling of myſelf.
As much as I deſerve!—Why that's the lady:
I do in birth deſerve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But, more than theſe, in love I do deſerve.
What if I ſtray'd no farther, but choſe here?—
Let's ſee once more this ſaying grav'd in gold.
Who chuſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire.
Why, that's the lady; all the world deſires her:
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiſs this ſhrine, this mortal breathing ſaint.
The Hyrcanian deſerts, and the vaſty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as thorough-fares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia;
The watry kingdom, whoſe ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To ſtop the foreign ſpirits; but they come,

As o'er a brook, to ſee fair Portia.
One of theſe three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like, that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation,
To think ſo baſe a thought; it were too groſs
To rib her cerecloth in the obſcure grave.
Or ſhall I think, in ſilver ſhe's immur'd,
Being ten times under-valu'd to try'd gold?
O ſinful thought! Never ſo rich a gem
Was ſet in worſe than gold. They have in England
A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold; but that's inſculp'd upon[4];
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lyes all within.——Deliver me the key;
Here do I chuſe, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There, take it, prince, and if my form lye there,
Then I am yours. [*Unlocking the gold caſket.*

Mor. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion death, within whoſe empty eye
There is a written ſcroll? I'll read the writing.

All that gliſters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath ſold,
But my outſide to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold[5].

4 inſculp'd *upon*;] To *inſculp* is to engrave. So, in *Woman never Vex'd*, 1632:

"———in golden text
Shall be *inſculp'd*———" STEEVENS.

The meaning is that the figure of the angel is raiſed or embоſſed on the coin, not engraved on it. M. C. T.

5 *Gilded* wood *may worms infold.*] In all the old editions this line is written thus:

Gilded timber do worms infold.

From which Mr. Rowe and all the following editors have made:

Gilded wood may worms infold.

A line not bad in itſelf, but not ſo applicable to the occaſion as that which, I believe, Shakſpeare wrote:

Gilded tombs *do worms infold.*

A tomb is the proper repoſitory of a *death's-head.* JOHNSON.

Had

Had you been as wiſe as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your anſwer had not been inſcrol'd[6]*:*
Fare you well; your ſuit is cold.

Mor. Cold, indeed; and labour loſt
Then, farewel, heat; and, welcome, froſt.—
Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus loſers part. [*Exit.*
Por. A gentle riddance:——Draw the curtains, go;——
Let all of his complexion chuſe me ſo[7]. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Venice.

Enter Salarino and Salanio.

Sal. Why man, I ſaw Baſſanio under ſail;
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ſhip, I am ſure, Lorenzo is not.
Sala. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke;
Who went with him to ſearch Baſſanio's ſhip.
Sal. He came too late, the ſhip was under ſail:
But there the duke was given to underſtand,
That in a gondola were ſeen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jeſſica;

[6] *Your anſwer had not been inſcrol'd:*] Since there is an anſwer *inſcrol'd* or written in every caſket, I believe for *your* we ſhould read *this*. When the words were written y^r and y^s, the miſtake was eaſy. JOHNSON.

[7] *Chuſe me ſo.*] The old quarto edition of 1600 has no diſtribution of acts, but proceeds from the beginning to the end in an unbroken tenour. This play therefore having been probably divided without authority by the publiſhers of the firſt folio, lies open to a new regulation, if any more commodious diviſion can be propoſed. The ſtory is itſelf ſo wildly incredible, and the changes of the ſcene ſo frequent and capricious, that the probability of action does not deſerve much care; yet it may be proper to obſerve, that, by concluding the ſecond act here, time is given for Baſſanio's paſſage to Belmont. JOHNSON.

Beſides,

Beſides, Anthonio certify'd the duke,
They were not with Baſſanio in his ſhip.

Sala. I never heard a paſſion ſo confus'd,
So ſtrange, outrageous, and ſo variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the ſtreets:
My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!
Fled with a Chriſtian?—O my Chriſtian ducats!—
Juſtice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A ſealed bag, two ſealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats ſtol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels; two ſtones, two rich and precious ſtones,
Stol'n by my daughter!—Juſtice! find the girl!
She hath the ſtones upon her, and the ducats!

Sal. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying,—his ſtones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Sala. Let good Anthonio look he keep his day,
Or he ſhall pay for this.

Sal. Marry, well remember'd;
I reaſon'd with a Frenchman yeſterday [8];
Who told me,—in the narrow ſeas, that part
The French and Engliſh, there miſcarried
A veſſel of our country, richly fraught:
I thought upon Anthonio, when he told me;
And wiſh'd in ſilence that it were not his.

Sala. You were beſt to tell Anthonio what you hear;
Yet do not ſuddenly, for it may grieve him.

Sal. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth,
I ſaw Baſſanio and Anthonio part:
Baſſanio told him, he would make ſome ſpeed
Of his return; he anſwer'd,—*Do not ſo,*

[8] *I reaſon'd with a Frenchman yeſterday;*] i. e. I converſed. So, in *King John:*

"Our griefs, and not our manners *reaſon* now."

Again, in Chapman's tranſlation of the fourth book of the *Odyſſey:*

"The morning ſhall yield time to you and me,
"To do what fits, and reaſon mutually." See vol. i. p. 162. STEEVENS.

[9] *Slubber not buſineſs for my ſake, Baſſanio,*
But ſtay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in [1] *your mind of love:*
Be merry; and employ your chiefeſt thoughts
To courtſhip, and ſuch fair oſtents of love
As ſhall conveniently become you there:
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous ſenſible
He wrung Baſſanio's hand, and ſo they parted.

Sala. I think, he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go, and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heavineſs [2]

With

9 Slubber *not*] To *ſlubber* is to do any thing careleſly, imperfectly. So, in Naſh's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599.

" ——they *ſlubber'd* thee over ſo negligently."

STEEVENS.

[1] —*your mind of love:*] So all the copies, but I ſuſpect ſome corruption. JOHNSON.

This imaginary corruption is removed by only putting a comma after *mind*. LANGTON.

Of love, is an adjuration ſometimes uſed by Shakſpeare. So, *Merry Wives*, act ii. ſc. 7:

" *Quick* ——deſires you to ſend her your little page, of *all* " *loves:*" i. e. ſhe deſires you to ſend him *by all means*.

Your mind of love may, however, in this inſtance, mean—*your loving mind*. So, in the *Tragedie of Crœſus*, 1604: " A *mind of treaſon* is a *treaſonable mind*.

" Thoſe that ſpeak freely, have no *mind of treaſon*."

STEEVENS.

[2] ——EMBRACED *heavineſs*] This unmeaning epithet would make me chooſe rather to read:

ENRACED heavineſs,

from the French *enraciner*, accreſcere, inveteraſcere. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

" *I could not have owed her a more* ROOTED *love*."

And, again, in *Otbello*:

" *With one of an* INGRAFT *infirmity*." WARBURTON.

Of Dr. Warburton's correction it is only neceſſary to obſerve, that it has produced a new word, which cannot be received without neceſſity. When I thought the paſſage corrupted, it ſeemed

to

With ſome delight or other.

Sal. Do we ſo. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Belmont.

Enter Neriſſa, with a Servant.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain ſtraight;
The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election preſently.

Enter Arragon, his train; Portia with hers. Flouriſh of cornets.

Por. Behold, there ſtand the caſkets, noble prince:
If you chuſe that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight ſhall our nuptial rites be ſolemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more ſpeech, my lord,
You muſt be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to obſerve three things:
Firſt, never to unfold to any one
Which caſket 'twas I choſe; next, if I fail
Of the right caſket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; laſtly
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To theſe injunctions every one doth ſwear,
That comes to hazard for my worthleſs ſelf.

to me not improbable that Shakſpeare had written *entranced heavineſs*, muſing, abſtracted, moping melancholy. But I know not why any great efforts ſhould be made to change a word which has no uncommodious or unuſual ſenſe. We ſay of a man now, *that he* hugs *his ſorrows*, and why might not Anthonio *embrace heavineſs?* JOHNSON.

So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, ſc. i:

"You *embrace* your charge too willingly."

Again, in this play of the *Merchant of Venice*, act iii. ſc. 2:

"——doubtful thoughts and raſh-*embrac'd* deſpair.

STEEVENS.

Ar.

Ar. And ſo have I addreſt me[3]: Fortune now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, ſilver, and baſe lead.
Who chuſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath:
You ſhall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
What ſays the golden cheſt? ha! let me ſee:—
Who chuſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire.
What many men deſire,—That many may be meant
Of the fool multitude, that chuſe by ſhow,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force[4] and road of caſualty.
I will not chuſe what many men deſire,
Becauſe I will not jump with common ſpirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou ſilver treaſure-houſe;
Tell me once more what title thou doſt bear:
Who chuſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves;
And well ſaid too; For who ſhall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the ſtamp of merit? Let none preſume
To wear an undeſerved dignity.
O, that eſtates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then ſhould cover, that ſtand bare?
How many be commanded, that command?
How much low peaſantry would then be gleaned

[3] *And ſo have I addreſt me:*] To *addreſs* is to *prepare.* The meaning is, I have prepared myſelf by the ſame ceremonies.
STEEVENS.

I believe we ſhould read:
"And ſo have I. *Addreſs* me, Fortune, now,
"To my heart's hope!"
So, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, act iii. ſcene the laſt, Falſtaff ſays,
"——I will then *addreſs me to* my appointment."
TYRWHITT.

[4] —*in the force*] i. e. the power. STEEVENS.

From

From the true ſeed of honour[5]? and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varniſh'd[6]? Well, but to my choice:
Who chuſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves:
I will aſſume deſert;—Give me a key for this,
And inſtantly unlock my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pauſe for that which you find there.

[5] *How much low pleaſantry would then be glean'd*
From the true ſeed of honour?]

The meaning is, *How much meanneſs would be found among the great, and how much greatneſs among the mean.* But ſince men are always ſaid to *glean* corn though they may *pick* chaff, the ſentence had been more agreeable to the common manner of ſpeech if it had been written thus:

How much low peaſantry would then be pick'd
From the true ſeed of honour? how much honour
Glean'd *from the chaff?* JOHNSON.

[6] ——— *how much honour*
Pickt *from the* chaff *and ruin of the times,*
To be new varniſh'd?—]

This confuſion and mixture of the *metaphors*, makes me think that Shakſpeare wrote,

To be new vanned.———

i. e. winnow'd, purged, from the French word, *vanner*; which is derived from the Latin *vannus*, *ventilabrum*, the *fan* uſed for winnowing the chaff from the corn. This alteration reſtores the metaphor to its integrity: and our poet frequently uſes the ſame thought. So, in the ſecond Part of *Hen.* IV:

We ſhall be winnow'd *with ſo rough a wind,*
That even our corn *ſhall ſeem as light as* chaff.

WARBURTON.

Shakſpeare is perpetually violating the integrity of his metaphors, and the emendation propoſed ſeems to me to be as faulty as unneceſſary; for what is already *ſelected from the chaff* needs not be new *vanned*. I wonder Dr. Warburton did not think of changing the word *ruin* into *rowing*, which in ſome counties of England, is uſed to ſignify the ſecond and inferior crop of graſs which is cut in autumn.

So, in one of our old pieces, of which I forgot to ſet down the name when I tranſcribed the following paſſage:

" —when we had taken the firſt crop, you might have then been bold to eat the *rowens*." The word occurs, however, both in the notes on *Tuſſer*, and in *Mortimer*. STEEVENS.

As

Ar. What's here, the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Preſenting me a ſchedule? I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia?
How much unlike my hopes, and my deſervings?
Who chuſeth me, ſhall have as much as he deſerves.
Did I deſerve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deſerts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are diſtinct offices,
And of oppoſed natures.

Ar. What is here?

The fire ſeven times tried this;
Seven times try'd that judgment is,
That did never chuſe amiſs:
Some there be, that ſhadows kiſs;
Such have but a ſhadow's bliſs:
There be fools alive, I wis[7],
Silver'd o'er; and ſo was this.
Take what wife you will to bed[8],
I will ever be your head:
So be gone, ſir, you are ſped.

Ar. Still more fool I ſhall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.—
Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth[9]. [*Exit.*

[7] —*I* wis,] I know. *Wiſſen*, German. So, in Shakſpeare's *Hen.* VI:

"I *wis* your grandame had no worſer match."

Again, in the comedy of king *Cambyſes:*

"Yea I *wis* ſhall you, and that with all ſpeed."

Aſcham and *Waller* both uſe the word. STEEVENS.

[8] *Take what wife you will to bed,*] Perhaps the poet had forgotten that he who miſſed Portia was never to marry any woman. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*to bear my* wroth.] The old editions read—"to bear my *wroath.*" *Wroath* is uſed in ſome of the old books for *misfortune*; and is often ſpelt like *ruth*, which at preſent ſignifies only *pity*, or *ſorrow for the miſeries of another.* The modern editors read—my *wrath.* STEEVENS.

Por. Thus hath the candle ſing'd the moth.
O theſe deliberate fools! when they do chuſe,
They have the wiſdom by their wit to loſe.
Ner. The ancient ſaying is no hereſy;—
Hanging and wiving goes by deſtiny.
Por. Come, draw the curtain, Neriſſa.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Where is my lady?
Por. Here; what would my lord?
Ser. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To ſignify the approaching of his lord:
From whom he bringeth ſenſible regreets[2];
To wit, beſides commends, and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not ſeen
So likely an ambaſſador of love;
A day in April never came ſo ſweet,
To ſhow how coſtly ſummer was at hand,
As this fore-ſpurrer comes before his lord.
Por. No more, I pray thee; I am half afeard,
Thou wilt ſay anon, he is ſome kin to thee,
Thou ſpend'ſt ſuch high-day wit in praiſing him.—
Come, come, Neriſſa; for I long to ſee
Quick Cupid's poſt, that comes ſo mannerly.
Ner. Baſſanio, lord love, if thy will it be!

[*Exeunt.*

[2] ——regreets;] i. e. ſalutations. So, in *King John*, a. iii. ſc. 1.

"Unyoke this ſeizure, and this kind *regreet*."

STEEVENS.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Street in Venice.

Enter Salanio and Salarino.

Sala. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Sal. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Anthonio hath a ſhip of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow ſeas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcaſſes of many a tall ſhip lie buried, as they ſay, if my goſſip report be an honeſt woman of her word.

Sala. I would ſhe were as lying a goſſip in that, as ever knapt ginger[3], or made her neighbours believe ſhe wept for the death of a third huſband: But it is true,—without any ſlips of prolixity, or croſſing the plain high-way of talk,—that the good Anthonio, the honeſt Anthonio,——O that I had a title good enough to keep his name in company!—

Sal. Come the full ſtop.

Sala. Ha,—what ſay'ſt thou?—Why the end is, he hath loſt a ſhip.

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his loſſes!

Sala. Let me ſay amen betimes, leſt the devil croſs thy prayer; for here he comes in the likeneſs of a Jew.—

Enter Shylock.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none ſo well, none ſo well as you, of my daughter's flight.

[3] —knapt *ginger*;] To knap is to break ſhort. The word occurs in the *Pſalms*. STEEVENS.

Sal. That's certain, I, for my part, knew the taylor that made the wings ſhe flew withal.

Sala. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own fleſh and blood to rebel!

Sala. Out upon it, old carrion rebels it at theſe years?

Shy. I ſay, my daughter is my fleſh and blood.

Sal. There is more difference between thy fleſh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rheniſh:—But tell us, do you hear, whether Anthonio have had any loſs at ſea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal [1], who dare ſcarce ſhow his head on the Rialto;—a beggar that us'd to come ſo ſmug upon the mart; let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me uſurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Chriſtian courteſy;—let him look to his bond.

Sal. Why, I am ſure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his fleſh; What's that good for?

[1] ——*a bankrupt, a prodigal,*] This is ſpoke of Anthonio. But why a prodigal? his friend Baſſanio indeed had been too liberal; and with this name the Jew honours him when he is going to ſup with him:

——*I'll go in hate to feed upon*
The *prodigal* Chriſtian——

But Anthonio was a plain, reſerved, parſimonious merchant; be aſſured therefore we ſhould read,——*a bankrupt* FOR *a prodigal*, i. e. he is become bankrupt by ſupplying the extravagancies of his friend Baſſanio. WARBURTON.

There is no need of alteration. There could be, in Shylock's opinion, no prodigality more culpable than ſuch liberality as that by which a man expoſes himſelf to ruin for his friend. JOHNSON.

Shy. To bait fiſh withal: if it will feed nothing elſe, it will feed my revenge. He hath diſgrac'd me, and hinder'd me of half a million; laugh'd at my loſſes, mock'd at my gains, ſcorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reaſon! I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands; organs, dimenſions, ſenſes, affections, paſſions? fed with the ſame food, hurt with the ſame weapons, ſubject to the ſame diſeaſes, heal'd by the ſame means, warm'd and cool'd by the ſame winter and ſummer, as a Chriſtian is? [2] if you prick us do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poiſon us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, ſhall we not revenge; if we are like you in the reſt, we will reſemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Chriſtian, what is his humility? revenge: If a Chriſtian wrong a Jew, what ſhould his ſufferance be by Chriſtian example? why, revenge. The villainy, you teach me, I will execute; and it ſhall go hard, but I will better the inſtruction.

Enter a ſervant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my maſter Anthonio is at his houſe, and deſires to ſpeak with you both.

Sal. We have been up and down to ſeek him.

Enter Tubal.

Sala. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be match'd, unleſs the devil himſelf turn Jew.

[*Exeunt Sal. and Salan.*

Shy. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? Haſt thou found my daughter?

[2] *If you prick us do we not bleed?*] Are not Jews made of the ſame materials as Chriſtians, ſays Shylock; thus in Plutarch's life of Cæſar, p. 140. 4to. v. iv. "Cæſar does not conſider that his ſubjects are mortal, and bleed when they are pricked," "ὡδὲ ἀπὸ τῶν τραυμάτων λογίσεσθαι Καῖσαρ εἰ θνητῶν μὲν ἄρχει." S. W.

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, coſt me two thouſand ducats in Frankfort! the curſe never fell upon our nation 'till now; I never felt it 'till now:—two thouſand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels. I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would ſhe were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? Why, ſo:—and I know not what's ſpent in the ſearch: Why, thou loſs upon loſs! the thief gone with ſo much, and ſo much to find the thief; and no ſatisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck ſtirring, but what lights o' my ſhoulders; no ſighs but o' my breathing; no tear, but o' my ſhedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; Anthonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an argoſy caſt away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God:—Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I ſpoke with ſome of the ſailors that eſcaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news good news: ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter ſpent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourſcore ducats.

Shy. Thou ſtick'ſt a dagger in me:—I ſhall never ſee my gold again: Fourſcore ducats at a ſitting! fourſcore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Anthonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that ſwear he cannot chuſe but break.

Shy. I am glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub.

Tub. One of them ſhew'd me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou tortureſt me, Tubal: it was my turquoiſe; I had it of Leah, when I was a batchelor [6]: I would not have given it for a wilderneſs of monkies.

Tub. But Anthonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, beſpeak him a fortnight be-

[6] ——*it was my turquoiſe, I had it of Leah, when I was a batchelor:*] A *turquoiſe* is a precious ſtone found in the veins of the mountains on the confines of Perſia to the eaſt, ſubject to the Tartars. As Shylock had been married long enough to have a daughter grown up, it is plain he did not value this turquoiſe on account of the money for which he might hope to ſell it, but merely in reſpect of the imaginary virtues formerly aſcribed to the ſtone. It was ſaid of the Turkey-ſtone, that it faded or brightened in its colour, as the health of the wearer increaſed or grew leſs. To this B. Jonſon refers, in his *Sejanus*:

" And true as *Turkiſe* in my dear lord's ring,
" Look well, or ill with him."

Again, in the *Muſes Elyſium*, by Drayton:

" The *turkeſſe*, which who haps to wear,
" Is often kept from peril."

Again, Edward Fenton in *Secrete Wonders of Nature*, b. l. 4to, 1569. " The *Turkeys* doth move when there is any perill prepared to him that weareth it." P. 51. b.

But *Leah* (if we may believe Thomas Nicols, ſometimes of Jeſus College in Cambridge, in his *Lapidary*, &c.) might have preſented *Shylock* with his *Turquoiſe* for a better reaſon; as this ſtone " is likewiſe ſaid to take away all enmity, and to reconcile man and wife."

Other ſuperſtitious qualities are imputed to it, all of which were either monitory or preſervative to the wearer.

The ſame quality was ſuppoſed to be reſident in coral. So, in the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

" You may ſay jet will take up a ſtraw, amber will make one fat,
" *Coral* will look pale *when you be ſick*, and chryſtal will ſtanch blood."

Thus Holinſhed, ſpeaking of the death of *K. John*, " And when the king ſuſpected them (the pears) to be poiſoned indeed, by reaſon that ſuch *pretious ſtones* as he had about him caſt forth a certain ſweat as it were bewraeing the poiſon," &c. STEEVENS.

fore: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will: Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our ſynagogue; go, good Tubal; at our ſynagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Belmont.

Enter Baſſanio, Portia, Gratiano, and attendants.

The caſkets are ſet out.

Por. I pray you, tarry; pauſe a day or two,
Before you hazard; for in chuſing wrong,
I loſe your company; therefore, forbear a while:
There's ſomething tells me, (but it is not love)
I would not loſe you; and you know yourſelf,
Hate counſels not in ſuch a quality:
But leſt you ſhould not underſtand me well,
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought)
I would detain you here ſome month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to chuſe right, but I am then forſworn;
So will I never be: ſo you may miſs me;
But if you do, you'll make me wiſh a ſin,
That I had been forſworn. Beſhrew your eyes,
They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,——
Mine own, I would ſay; but if mine, then yours,
And ſo all yours: Oh! theſe naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights;
And ſo, though yours, not yours.——Prove it ſo[7],
Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I[8].

I

[7] *And ſo though yours, not yours—Prove it ſo,*] It may be more grammatically read:

And ſo though yours I'm *not yours.* JOHNSON.

[8] *Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.*] This line is very obſcure. The form of the expreſſion alludes to what ſhe had ſaid of being forſworn.

I ſpeak too long; but 'tis to peize the time[9];
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To ſtay you from election.

Baſſ. Let me chuſe;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Baſſanio? then confeſs
What treaſon there is mingled with your love.

Baſſ. None, but that ugly treaſon of miſtruſt,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween ſnow and fire, as treaſon and my love.

Por. Ay, but, I fear, you ſpeak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do ſpeak any thing.

Baſſ. Promiſe me life, and I'll confeſs the truth.

forſworn. After ſome ſtruggle, ſhe reſolves to keep her oath: and then ſays, *Let fortune go to hell for it.* For what! not for telling or favouring Baſſanio, which was the temptation ſhe then lay under; for fortune had taken no oath. And, ſurely, for the more favouring a man of merit, fortune did not deſerve (conſidering how rarely ſhe tranſgreſſes this way) ſo ſevere a ſentence. Much leſs could the ſpeaker, who favour'd Baſſanio, think ſo. The meaning then muſt be, *Let fortune rather go to hell for not favouring Baſſanio, than I for favouring him.* So looſely does our author ſometimes uſe his pronouns—*not I*, does not ſignify *Let not I go to hell*; for then it ſhould be *Let not me.* But it is a diſtinct ſentence of itſelf: and is a very common proverbial ſpeech, ſignifying, I will have nothing to do with it. Which if the Oxford editor had conſidered, he might have ſpared his pains in changing *I* into *me.* WARBURTON.

The meaning is, "If the worſt I fear ſhould happen, and it ſhould prove in the event, that I, who am juſtly yours by the free donation I have made you of myſelf, ſhould yet not be yours in conſequence of an unlucky choice, let fortune go to hell for robbing you of your juſt due, not I for violating my oath.

REVISAL.

9 —— *to* peize *the time*;] Thus the old copies. To *peize* is from *peſer*, Fr. So, in *K. Richard* III:

"Leſt leaden ſlumber *peize* me down to-morrow."

To *peize the time*, therefore, is *to retard it by hanging weights upon it.* All the modern editors read, without authority,—*piece.*

STEEVENS.

To *peize*, is to *weigh*, or *ballance*; and figuratively, *to keep in ſuſpence*, to *delay.* HENLEY.

Por.

Por. Well then, confeſs and live.

Baſſ. Confeſs, and love,
Had been the very ſum of my confeſſion:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me anſwers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caſkets.

Por. Away then: I am lock'd in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.—
Neriſſa, and the reſt, ſtand all aloof.—
Let muſick ſound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he loſe, he makes a ſwan-like end,
Fading in muſic: that the compariſon
May ſtand more proper, my eye ſhall be the ſtream,
And wat'ry death-bed for him: He may win;
And what is muſick then? then muſick is
Even as the flouriſh when true ſubjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: ſuch it is,
As are thoſe dulcet ſounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And ſummon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no leſs preſence[1], but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the ſea-monſter: I ſtand for ſacrifice,
The reſt aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared viſages, come forth to view
The iſſue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live:—With much much more diſmay[2]
I view the fight, than thou that mak'ſt the fray.

[*Muſick within,*

[1] *With no leſs preſence,*] With the ſame *dignity of mein.* JOHNSON.

[2] *Live thou, I live:—With much much more diſmay*
I view the fight, than thou that mak'ſt the fray.]
One of the quartos reads:
Live then, I live with much more diſmay
To view the fight, than &c.
The folio, 1623, thus,
Live thou, I live with much more diſmay
I view the fight, than &c.
The other quartos give the preſent reading. JOHNSON.

A ſong, whilſt Baſſanio comments on the caſkets to himſelf.

Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nouriſhed?

Reply [3].

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring fancy's knell.
I'll begin it,——Ding dong, bell.
All. *Ding, dong, bell.*

Baſſ. —So may the outward ſhows [4] be leaſt themſelves;
The world is ſtill deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But, being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voice [5],
Obſcures the ſhow of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but ſome ſober brow
Will bleſs it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the groſſneſs with fair ornament?
There is no vice ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whoſe hearts are all as falſe
As ſtairs of ſand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;
Who, inward ſearch'd, have livers white as milk?
And theſe aſſume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,

[3] *Reply.*] Theſe words, *reply, reply*, were in all the late editions, except ſir T. Hanmer's, put as a verſe in the ſong, but in all the old copies ſtand as a marginal direction. JOHNSON.

[4] *So may the outward ſhows*] He begins abruptly, the firſt part of the argument has paſſed in his mind. JOHNSON.

[5] —*gracious voice,*] Pleaſing; winning favour. JOHNSON.

And

And you ſhall ſee 'tis purchas'd by the weight[6];
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lighteſt that wear moſt of it:
So are thoſe criſped[7] ſnaky golden locks,
Which make ſuch wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon ſuppoſed fairneſs, often known
To be the dowry of a ſecond head,
The ſcull that bred them, in the ſepulchre[8].
Thus ornament is but the guiled ſhore[9]
To a moſt dangerous ſea; the beauteous ſcarf
Veiling an Indian beauty[1]; in a word,
The ſeeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wiſeſt. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meager lead,
Which rather threatneſt, than doſt promiſe aught,
Thy plainneſs moves me more than eloquence[2],
And here chooſe I; Joy be the conſequence!

Por.

6 ——*by the weight*;] That is, *artificial beauty* is purchaſed ſo; as falſe hair, &c. STEEVENS.

7 —criſped—] i. e. curled. See vol. i. p. 100. STEEVENS.

8 —*in the ſepulchre.*] See a note on *Timon of Athens*, act iv. ſc. 3. Shakſpeare has likewiſe ſatirized this yet prevailing faſhion in *Love's Labour's Loſt*. STEEVENS.

9 ——*the* guiled *ſhore*] i. e. the *treacherous* ſhore. I ſhould not have thought the word wanted explanation, but that ſome of our modern editors have rejected it, and read *gilded*. *Guiled* is the reading of all the ancient copies. STEEVENS.

1 *Indian beauty*;] Sir Tho. Hanmer reads:

——*Indian dowdy*. JOHNSON.

2 *Thy* paleneſs *moves me more than eloquence*,] Baſſanio is diſpleaſed at the golden *caſket* for its *gaudineſs*, and the ſilver one for it paleneſs; but what! is he charmed with the leaden one for having the very ſame quality that diſpleaſed him in the ſilver? The poet certainly wrote:

Thy plainneſs *moves me more than eloquence*:

This characterizes the lead from the ſilver, which *paleneſs* does not, they being both *pale*. Beſides, there is a beauty in the antitheſis between *plainneſs* and *eloquence*; between *paleneſs* and *eloquence*

Por. How all the other paſſions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and raſh-embrac'd deſpair,
And ſhudd'ring fear and green-ey'd jealouſy.
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecſtaſy,
In meaſure rain thy joy[3], ſcant this exceſs.
I feel too much thy bleſſing, make it leſs,
For fear I ſurfeit! [*Opening the leaden caſket.*

Baſſ.

quence none. So it is ſaid before of the *leaden caſket*:

This third, dull lead, with warning all is blunt.

WARBURTON.

It may be that Dr. Warburton has altered the wrong word, if any alteration be neceſſary. I would rather give the character of *ſilver*,

" ——— Thou *ſtale*, and common drudge
" 'Tween man and man." ———

The *paleneſs* of *lead* is for ever alluded to.

" Diane declining, *pale* as any *ledde*."

Says *Stephen Hawes*. In *Fairfax's Taſſo*, we have

" The lord Tancredie, *pale* with rage as *lead*,"

Again, Sackville, in his *Legend of the Duke of Buckingham*:

" Now *pale* as *lead*, now cold as any ſtone."

And in the old ballad of the *King and the Beggar*:

" ———She bluſhed ſcarlet red,
" Then ſtraight again, as *pale as lead*."

As to the antitheſis, Shakſpeare has already made it in the *Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

" When (ſays Theſeus) I have ſeen great clerks look *pale*,
" I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
" Of ſaucy and audacious *eloquence*." FARMER.

[3] *In meaſure rain thy joy,* ——] The firſt quarto edition reads:

In meaſure range *thy joy*.

The folio, and one of the quartos:

In meaſure raine *thy joy*.

I once believ'd Shakſpeare meant:

In meaſure rein *thy joy*.

The words *rain* and *rein* were not in theſe times diſtinguiſhed by regular orthography. There is no difficulty in the preſent reading only, where the copies vary, ſome ſuſpicion of error is always raiſed. JOHNSON.

I believe Shakſpeare alluded to the well-known proverb, *It cannot rain, but it pours*.

So, in the *Laws of Candy*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" ——pour not too faſt joys on me,
" But ſprinkle them ſo gently, I may ſtand them."

Mr.

Baſſ. What find I here?
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demy-god
Hath come ſo near creation? Move theſe eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are ſever'd lips,
Parted with ſugar breath; ſo ſweet a bar
Should ſunder ſuch ſweet friends: here in her hairs
The painter plays the ſpider; and hath woven
A golden meſh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faſter than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes,—
How could he ſee to do them? having made one,
Methinks, it ſhould have power to ſteal both his,
And leave itſelf unfurniſh'd [5]: Yet look, how far
The ſubſtance of my praiſe doth wrong this ſhadow
In underprizing it, ſo far this ſhadow
Doth limp behind the ſubſtance.—Here's the ſcroll,
The continent and ſummary of my fortune.

You that chuſe not by the view,
Chance as fair, and chuſe as true!

Mr. Tollet is of opinion that *rein* is the true word, as it better agrees with the context; and more eſpecially on account of the following paſſage in *Coriolanus*, which approaches very near to the preſent reading:

"——being once chaf'd, he cannot
"Be *rein'd* again to temperance."

So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, act v. ſc. 2.

"*Rein* thy tongue." STEEVENS.

[4] *Fair Portia's* counterfeit?] *Counterfeit*, which is at preſent uſed only in a bad ſenſe, anciently ſignified a *likeneſs*, a *reſemblance*, without comprehending any idea of fraud. So, in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604: "I will ſee if I can agree with this ſtranger, for the drawing of my daughter's *counterfeit*." STEEVENS.

[5] *Methinks it ſhould have pow'r to ſteal both his,*
And leave itſelf unfurniſh'd:——]

I know not how *unfiniſh'd* has intruded without notice into the later editions, as the quartos and folio have *unfurniſh'd*, which ſir Tho. Hanmer has received. Perhaps it might be:

And leave himſelf *unfurniſh'd.* JOHNSON.

Since

Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and ſeek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliſs,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiſs.

A gentle ſcroll;—Fair lady, by your leave;
[*Kiſſing her.*
I come by note, to give, and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applauſe, and univerſal ſhout
Giddy in ſpirit, ſtill gazing, in a doubt
Whether thoſe [6] peals of praiſe be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, ſtand I, even ſo;
As doubtful whether what I ſee be true,
Until confirm'd, ſign'd, ratify'd by you.

Por. You ſee me, lord Baſſanio, where I ſtand,
Such as I am: though, for my ſelf alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wiſh,
To wiſh myſelf much better; yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myſelf;
A thouſand times more fair, ten thouſand times
More rich; that to ſtand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full ſum of me
Is ſum of ſomething [7]; which, to term in groſs,

Is

[6] *Peals*] The ſecond 4to reads, *pearles* of praiſe. JOHNSON.
This reading may be the true one. So, in Whetſtone's *Arbour of Virtue*, 1576:
"The *pearles of praiſe* that deck a noble name."
Again, in R. C's verſes in praiſe of the ſame authors *Rock of Regard:*
"But that that bears the *pearle of praiſe* away."
STEEVENS.

[7] *Is* SUM *of ſomething*;—] We ſhould read, SOME *of ſomething*, i. e. only a piece, or part only of an imperfect account; which ſhe explains only in the following line. WARBURTON.

Thus

Is an unleſſon'd girl, unſchool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, ſhe is not yet ſo old
But ſhe may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred ſo dull but ſhe can learn;
Happieſt of all, is, that her gentle ſpirit
Commits itſelf to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myſelf, and what is mine, to you, and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair manſion, maſter of my ſervants,
Queen o'er myſelf; and even now, but now,
This houſe, theſe ſervants, and this ſame myſelf,
Are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, loſe or give away,
Let it preſage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Baſſ. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood ſpeaks to you in my veins:
And there is ſuch confuſion in my powers,
As after ſome oration fairly ſpoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleaſed multitude;
Where every ſomething, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, ſave of joy,
Expreſt, and not expreſt: But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to ſay, Baſſanio's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have ſtood by, and ſeen our wiſhes proſper,
To cry, good joy; Good joy, my lord, and lady!

Gra. My lord Baſſanio, and my gentle lady,
I wiſh you all the joy that you can wiſh;

Thus one of the quartos. The folio reads:

Is ſum of nothing.———

The purport of the reading in the text ſeems to be this:

———the full *ſum* of me

Is ſum of nothing, i. e. is not entirely ideal, but amounts to as much as can be found in—*an unleſſon'd girl*, &c. STEEVENS.

For

For, I am ſure, you can wiſh none[9] from me:
And, when your honours mean to ſolemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beſeech you,
Even at that time I may be marry'd too.

Baſſ. With all my heart, ſo thou canſt get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordſhip; you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as ſwift as yours:
You ſaw the miſtreſs, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermiſſion[1]
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune ſtood upon the caſket there;
And ſo did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here, until I ſweat again;
And ſwearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love; at laſt,—if promiſe laſt,—
I got a promiſe of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Atchiev'd her miſtreſs.

Por. Is this true Neriſſa?

Ner. Madam, it is, ſo you ſtand pleas'd withal.

Baſſ. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, 'faith, my lord.

Baſſ. Our feaſt ſhall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gra. W'ell play with them, the firſt boy, for a thouſand ducats.

Ner. What, and ſtake down?

Gra. No; we ſhall ne'er win at that ſport, and ſtake down.——
But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?
What, and my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

[9] ——*you can wiſh none from me:*] That is, none *away from* me; none that I ſhall loſe, if you gain it. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*for* intermiſſion—] *Intermiſſion* is *pauſe, intervening time, delay.* So, in *Macbeth:*

" ——gentle heaven
Cut ſhort all *intermiſſion!*" STEEVENS.

Enter Lorenzo, Jeſſica, and Salerio.

Baſſ. Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new intereſt here
Have power to bid you welcome:—By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord;
They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour:—For my part, my lord,
My purpoſe was not to have ſeen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way
He did intreat me, paſt all ſaying nay,
To come with him along.

Sale. I did, my lord,
And I have reaſon for it. Signior Anthonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives Baſſanio a letter.*

Baſſ. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

Sale. Not ſick, my lord, unleſs it be in mind;
Nor well, unleſs in mind: his letter there
Will ſhew you his eſtate.

Gra. Neriſſa, cheer yon' ſtranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio; What's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Anthonio?
I know, he will be glad of our ſucceſs;
We are the Jaſons, we have won the fleece.

Sale. Would you had won the fleece that he hath loſt!

Por. There are ſome ſhrewd contents in yon' ſame paper,
That ſteals the colour from Baſſanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; elſe nothing in the world
Could turn ſo much the conſtitution
Of any conſtant man. What, worſe and worſe?—
With leave, Baſſanio; I am half yourſelf,

And

And I muſt freely have the half of any thing
That this ſame paper brings you.
Baſſ. O ſweet Portia,
Here are a few of th' unpleaſant'ſt words,
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did firſt impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myſelf at nothing, you ſhall ſee
How much I was a braggart: When I told you
My ſtate was nothing, I ſhould then have told you
That I was worſe than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myſelf to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his meer enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Iſſuing life-blood.—But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Liſbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one veſſel 'ſcape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?
Sale. Not one, my lord.
Beſides, it ſhould appear, that if he had
The preſent money to diſcharge the Jew,
He would not take it: Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the ſhape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the duke at morning, and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the ſtate,
If they deny him juſtice: twenty merchants,
The duke himſelf, and the magnificoes
Of greateſt port, have all perſuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of juſtice, and his bond.

Jeſ. When I was with him, I have heard him ſwear,
To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Anthonio's fleſh,
Than twenty times the value of the ſum
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Anthonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble?

Baſſ. The deareſt friend to me, the kindeſt man,
The beſt condition'd and unweary'd ſpirit
In doing courteſies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What ſum owes he the Jew?

Baſſ. For me, three thouſand ducats.

Por. What, no more?
Pay him ſix thouſand, and deface the bond;
Double ſix thouſand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this deſcription
Shall loſe a hair thorough Baſſanio's fault.
Firſt, go with me to church, and call me wife;
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never ſhall you lie by Portia's ſide
With an unquiet ſoul. You ſhall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
When it is paid bring your true friend along:
My maid Neriſſa, and myſelf, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away;
For you ſhall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, ſhew a merry cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Baſſ. [reads.] *Sweet Baſſanio, my ſhips have all miſcarry'd, my creditors grow cruel, my eſtate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and ſince, in paying it, it is impoſſible I ſhould live, all debts are cleared between you and me, if I might but ſee you at my death: notwithſtanding,*

ing, uſe your pleaſure: if your love do not perſuade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O love, diſpatch all buſineſs, and be gone.
Baſſ. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haſte: but, 'till I come again,
No bed ſhall e'er be guilty of my ſtay,
No reſt be interpoſer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street in Venice.

Enter Shylock, Salanio, Anthonio, and the Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him;——Tell not me of mercy;——
This is the fool that lent out money gratis;—
Gaoler, look to him.
Anth. Hear me yet, good Shylock.
Shy. I'll have my bond; ſpeak not againſt my bond;
I have ſworn an oath, that I will have my bond:
Thou call'dſt me dog, before thou had'ſt a cauſe;
But, ſince I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke ſhall grant me juſtice I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art [3] ſo fond
To come abroad with him at his requeſt.
Anth. I pray thee hear me ſpeak.
Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee ſpeak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore ſpeak no more.
I'll not be made a ſoft and dull-ey'd fool [4],
To ſhake the head, relent, and ſigh, and yield

[3] ——*ſo fond*] i. e. ſo fooliſh. See vol. ii. p. 148. STEVEENS.

[4] ——dull-ey'd *fool,*] This epithet *dull-ey'd* is beſtow'd on *melancholy* in *Pericles Prince of Tyre.* STEEVENS.

Jeſ. When I was with him, I have heard him ſwear,
To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Anthonio's fleſh,
Than twenty times the value of the ſum
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
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The beſt condition'd and unweary'd ſpirit
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Shall loſe a hair thorough Baſſanio's fault.
Firſt, go with me to church, and call me wife;
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never ſhall you lie by Portia's ſide
With an unquiet ſoul. You ſhall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
When it is paid bring your true friend along:
My maid Neriſſa, and myſelf, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away;
For you ſhall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, ſhew a merry cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Baſſ. [reads.] *Sweet Baſſanio, my ſhips have all miſcarry'd, my creditors grow cruel, my eſtate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and ſince, in paying it, it is impoſſible I ſhould live, all debts are cleared between you and me, if I might but ſee you at my death: notwithſtanding,*

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Thou call'dſt me dog, before thou had'ſt a cauſe;
But, ſince I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke ſhall grant me juſtice I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art [3] ſo fond
To come abroad with him at his requeſt.
Anth. I pray thee hear me ſpeak.
Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee ſpeak:
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To Chriſtian interceſſors. Follow not;
I'll have no ſpeaking; I will have my bond.
[*Exit. Shylock.*

Sal. It is the moſt impenetrable cur,
That ever kept with men.

Anth. Let him alone;
I'll follow him no more with bootleſs prayers.
He ſeeks my life; his reaſon well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me,
Therefore he hates me.

Sola. I am ſure, the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Anth. The duke cannot deny the courſe of law[5],
For the commodity that ſtrangers have
With us in Venice; if it be deny'd,
Will much impeach the juſtice of the ſtate;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Conſiſteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
Theſe griefs and loſſes have ſo 'bated me,
That I ſhall hardly ſpare a pound of fleſh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.——
Well, gaoler, on:——Pray God, Baſſanio come
To ſee me pay his debt, and then I care not!
[*Exeunt.*

[5] *The duke cannot deny* &c.—] As the reaſon here given ſeems a little perplex'd, it may be proper to explain it. If, ſays he, the duke ſtop the courſe of law it will be attended with this inconvenience, that ſtranger merchants, by whom the wealth and power of this city is ſupported, will cry out of injuſtice. For the known ſtated law being their guide and ſecurity, they will never bear to have the current of it ſtopped on any pretence of equity whatſoever. WARBURTON.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Belmont.

Enter Portia, Neriſſa, Lorenzo, Jeſſica, and Balthazar.

Lor. Madam, although I ſpeak it in your preſence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears moſt ſtrongly
In bearing thus the abſence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you ſhew this honour,
How true a gentleman you ſend relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your huſband,
I know, you would be prouder of the work,
Than cuſtomary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor ſhall not now: for in companions
That do converſe and waſte the time together,
Whoſe ſouls do bear an equal yoke of love[6],
There muſt needs be a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of ſpirit[7];
Which

[6] *Whoſe ſouls do bear an* equal *yoke*, &c.] The folio 1623, reads *egal*, which I believe in Shakſpeare's time was commonly uſed for *equal*. So it was in Chaucer's:

"I will preſume hym ſo to dignifie
"Yet be not *egall*." Prol. to the *Remedy of Love*.

Again, in *Gorboduc*:

"Sith all as one do bear you *egall* faith." STEEVENS.

[7] *Of lineaments, of manners*, &c.—] The wrong pointing has made this fine ſentiment nonſenſe. As implying that friendſhip could not only make a ſimilitude of manners, but of *faces*. The true ſenſe is, *lineaments of manners*, i. e. form of the *manners*, which, ſays the ſpeaker, muſt needs be proportionate.

WARBURTON.

The poet only means to ſay, *that correſponding proportions of body and mind are neceſſary for thoſe who ſpend their time together*. So, in *K. Henry* IV. Part II:

"*Dol.* Why doth the prince love him ſo then?
"*Fal.* Becauſe *their legs are both of a bigneſs*, &c."

Every one will allow that the friend of a toper ſhould have a

Which makes me think, that this Anthonio,
Being the boſom lover of my lord,
Muſt needs be like my lord: If it be ſo,
How little is the coſt I have beſtow'd,
In purchaſing the ſemblance of my ſoul
From out the ſtate of helliſh cruelty?
This comes too near the praiſing of myſelf[8];
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.——
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The huſbandry and manage of my houſe,
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a ſecret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Neriſſa here,
Until her huſband and my lord's return:
There is a monaſtery two miles off,

ſtrong head, and the intimate of a ſportſman ſuch an athletic conſtitution as will enable him to acquit himſelf with reputation in the exerciſes of the field. The word *lineaments* was uſed with great laxity by our ancient writers. In The learned and true Aſſertion of the Original, Life, &c. of King Arthur, tranſlated from the Latin of John Leland, 1582, it is uſed for the human frame in general. Speaking of the removal of that prince's bones, —he calls them *Arthur's* lineaments *three times tranſlated*; and again, *all the* lineaments *of them remaining in that moſt ſtately tomb, ſaving the ſhin bones of the king and queen*, &c.

Again, in Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617: "Nature had ſo curiouſly performed his charge in the *lineaments* of his body, &c."

Again, in Chapman's tranſlation of the twenty-third book of *Homer's Iliad:*

"——— ſo over labour'd were
"His goodly *lineaments* with chaſe of Hector, &c."

STEEVENS.

[8] *This comes too near* &c.] In former editions:
This comes too near the praiſing of myſelf;
Therefore no more of it; here *other things,*
Lorenzo, I commit, &c.
Portia finding the reflections ſhe had made came too near ſelf-praiſe, begins to chide herſelf for it; ſays, She'll ſay no more of that ſort; but call a new ſubject. The regulation I have made in the text was likewiſe preſcrib'd by Dr. Thirlby.

THEOBALD.

And

And there we will abide. I do desire you,
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts, and happy hours attend on you!

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.—
[*Exeunt Jessica, and Lorenzo.*
Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still: Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man,
[9] In speed to Padua; see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the traject[1], to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice: waste no time in words,

9 *In speed to* Mantua:] Thus all the old copies; and thus all the modern editors implicitly after them. But 'tis evident to any diligent reader, that we must restore, as I have done. *In speed to Padua:* for it was there, and not at *Mantua*, Bellario liv'd. So afterwards;—*A messenger, with letters from the* Doctor, *now come from* Padua—And again, *Come you from* Padua, *from Bellario?*—And again, *It comes from* Padua, *from Bellario.*—Besides, *Padua*, not *Mantua*, is the place of education for the civil law in Italy. THEOBALD.

1 *Unto the traject,*] The old copies concur in reading, *Unto the tranect*, which appears to be derived from *tranare*, and was probably a word current in the time of our author, though I can produce no example of it. STEEVENS.

But

But get thee gone; I ſhall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient ſpeed.

[*Exit.*

Por. Come on, Neriſſa; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of: we'll ſee our huſbands
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they ſee us?

Por. They ſhall, Neriſſa; but in ſuch a habit,
That they ſhall think we are accompliſhed
With what we lack[2]. I'll hold thee any wager
When we are both apparell'd[3] like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And ſpeak, between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing ſteps
Into a manly ſtride; and ſpeak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies ſought my love,
Which I denying, they fell ſick and dy'd;
I could not do with all;—then I'll repent,
And wiſh, for all that, that I had not kill'd them:
And twenty of theſe puny lies I'll tell,
That men ſhall ſwear, I have diſcontinued ſchool
Above a twelvemonth:—I have within my mind
A thouſand raw tricks of theſe bragging jacks,
Which I will practiſe.

Ner. Why, ſhall we turn to men?

Por. Fie! what a queſtion's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter?
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which ſtays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haſte away,
For we muſt meaſure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*

[2] *With what we* lack,] The firſt folio reads
With *that* we lack. MALONE.

[3] *When we are both* apparell'd, &c.] The folio has "——*acouterer'd.*" MALONE.

SCENE V.

Enter Launcelot and Jeſſica.

Laun. Yes, truly:—for, look you, the ſins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promiſe you, I fear you[4]. I was always plain with you, and ſo now I ſpeak my agitation of the matter: Therefore be of good cheer; for, truly, I think, you are damn'd. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of a baſtard hope neither.

Jeſ. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jeſ. That were a kind of baſtard hope, indeed; ſo the ſins of my mother ſhall be viſited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I ſhun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother[5]: well, you are gone both ways.

Jeſ. I ſhall be ſaved by my huſband[6]; he hath made me a Chriſtian.

4 ——— *therefore I promiſe you I fear you.*] I ſuſpect *for* has been inadvertently omitted; and we ſhould read—I fear *for* you. MALONE.

5 *Thus when I ſhun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother:*] Alluding to the well-known line of a modern Latin poet, Philippe Gualtier, in his poem entitled *L'Alexandreis:*

"Incidis in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim."

MALONE.

Shakſpeare might have met with a tranſlation of this line in many places. Among others in "A Dialogue between *Cuſtom and Veretie*, concerning the uſe and abuſe of Dauncing and Minſtrelſie." bl. l. no date:

"While *illa* they do ſeem to ſhun,
"In *Charibd* they do fall," &c. STEEVENS.

6 *I ſhall be ſaved by my huſband,*] From St. Paul:

"The unbelieving wife is ſanctified by the huſband."

HENLEY.

Laun.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Chriſtians enough before; e'en as many as could well live one by another: This making of Chriſtians will raiſe the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we ſhall not ſhortly have a raſher on the coals for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jeſ. I'll tell my huſband, Launcelot, what you ſay; here he comes.

Lor. I ſhall grow jealous of you ſhortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jeſ. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out: he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, becauſe I am a Jew's daughter: and he ſays, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Chriſtians, you raiſe the price of pork.

Lor. I ſhall anſwer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much[4], that the Moor ſhould be more than reaſon: but if ſhe be leſs than an honeſt woman, ſhe is, indeed, more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the beſt grace of wit will ſhortly turn into ſilence! and diſcourſe grow commendable in none only but parrots—Go in, ſirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, ſir; they have all ſtomachs

[4] *It is much that the* Moor *ſhould be* more, *&c.*] This reminds us of the quibbling epigram of Milton, which has the ſame kind of humour to boaſt of:

"*Galli* ex concubitu gravidam te *Pontia Mori*,
Quis bene *moratam morigeram*que negat?

So, in the *Fair Maid of the Weſt*, 1615:

"And for you *Moors* thus much I mean to ſay,
"I'll ſee if *more* I eat the *more* I may." STEEVENS.

Lor.

Lor. Goodly lord[5], what a wit-ſnapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, ſir; only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, ſir?

Laun. Not ſo, ſir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occaſion! wilt thou ſhew the whole wealth of thy wit in an inſtant? I pray thee, underſtand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, ſerve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, ſir, it ſhall be ſerv'd in; for the meat, ſir; it ſhall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, ſir, why, let it be as humours and conceits ſhall govern. [*Exit Launcelot.*

Lor. O dear diſcretion, how his words are ſuited[6]!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; And I do know
A many fools, that ſtand in better place,
Garniſh'd like him, that for a trickſy word
Defy the matter. How cheer'ſt thou, Jeſſica?
And now, good ſweet, ſay thy opinion,
How doſt thou like the lord Baſſanio's wife?

Jeſ. Paſt all expreſſing: it is very meet,
The lord Baſſanio live an upright life;
For, having ſuch a bleſſing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, it
Is reaſon he ſhould never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods ſhould play ſome heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there muſt be ſomething elſe

[5] *Goodly lord,*] Surely this ſhould be corrected *Good lord!* as it is in Theobald's edition. TYRWHITT.

[6] *How his words are ſuited!*] I believe the meaning is: What a *ſeries* or *ſuite* of *words* he has independent of meaning; how one word draws on another without relation to the matter. JOHNSON.

Pawn'd

Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.
Lor. Even ſuch a huſband
Haſt thou of me, as ſhe is for a wife.
Jeſ. Nay, but aſk my opinion too of that.
Lor. I will anon; firſt, let us go to dinner.
Jeſ. Nay, let me praiſe you, while I have a ſtomach.
Lor. No, pray thee, let it ſerve for table-talk;
Then, howſo'er thou ſpeak'ſt, 'mong other things
I ſhall digeſt it.
Jeſ. Well, I'll ſet you forth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Senate-houſe in Venice.

Enter the Duke, the Senators; Anthonio, Baſſanio, Gratiano, and others.

Duke. What, is Anthonio here?
Anth. Ready, ſo pleaſe your grace.
Duke. I am ſorry for thee; thou art come to anſwer
A ſtony adverſary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
Anth. I have heard,
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous courſe; but ſince he ſtands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach[7], I do oppoſe
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd

7 ——*his* envy's *reach,*] *Envy* in this place means *hatred* or *malice.* So, in Reynolds's *God's Revenge againſt Murder*, 1621: "——he never looks on her (his wife) with affection, but *envy.*" p. 109. edit. 1679. STEEVENS.

To

To ſuffer, with a quietneſs of ſpirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Sal. He's ready at the door: he comes my lord.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him ſtand before our face.—
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think ſo too,
That thou but lead'ſt this faſhion of thy malice
To the laſt hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt ſhew thy mercy, and remorſe, more ſtrange
Than is thy ſtrange apparent [8] cruelty:
And, where [9] thou now exact'ſt the penalty,
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's fleſh)
Thou wilt not only loſe the forfeiture,
But touch'd with human gentleneſs and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his loſſes,
That have of late ſo huddled on his back;
[1] Enough to preſs a royal merchant down,

And

[8] *apparent*] That is, *ſeeming*; not real. JOHNSON.

[9] *where* for *whereas*. JOHNSON.

[1] *Enough to preſs a royal merchant down,*] We are not to imagine the word *royal* to be only a ranting ſounding epithet. It is uſed with great propriety, and ſhews the poet well acquainted with the hiſtory of the people whom he here brings upon the ſtage. For when the French and the Venetians, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, had won Conſtantinople, the French under the emperor Henry, endeavoured to extend their conqueſts into the provinces of the Grecian empire on the Terra Firma; while the Venetians, who were maſters of the ſea, gave liberty to any ſubjects of the republic, who would fit out veſſels, to make themſelves maſters of the iſles of the Archipelago, and other maritime places; and to enjoy their conqueſts in ſovereignty; only doing homage to the republic for their ſeveral principalities By virtue of this licence, the Sanudos, the Juſtiniani, the Grimaldi, the Summaripos, and others, all Venetian *merchants*, erected principalities in ſeveral places of the Archipelago, (which their deſcendants

And pluck commiſeration of his ſtate
From braſſy boſoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From ſtubborn Turks, and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courteſy.
We all expect a gentle anſwer, Jew.

Shy. I have poſſeſs'd your grace of what I purpoſe;
And by our holy ſabbath have I ſworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll aſk me, why I rather chooſe to have
A weight of carrion fleſh, than to receive
Three thouſand ducats: I'll not anſwer that[z]:
But, ſay, it is my humour; Is it anſwer'd?

deſcendants enjoyed for many generations) and thereby became truly and properly *royal merchants*. Which indeed was the title generally given them all over Europe. Hence, the moſt eminent of our own merchants (while publick ſpirit reſided amongſt them, and before it was aped by faction) were called *royal merchants*.

WARBURTON.

This epithet was in our poet's time more ſtriking and better underſtood, becauſe Greſham was then commonly dignified with the title of the *royal merchant*. JOHNSON.

Even the pulpit did not diſdain the uſe of this phraſe. I have now before me "The *Merchant Royal* a Sermon, preached at Whitehall, before the king's majeſtie, at the nuptialls of the right honourable the Lord Hay and his lady, upon the twelfe day laſt, being Jan. 6, 1607." STEEVENS.

[z] ——*I'll* NOT *anſwer that:*
But, ſay, it is my humour; ——]
This Jew is the ſtrangeſt fellow. He is aſked a queſtion; ſays he will not anſwer it; in the very next line ſays, he has anſwered it, and then ſpends the ten following lines to juſtify and explain his anſwer. Who can doubt then, but we ſhould read:
——*I'll* NOW *anſwer that,*
BY SAYING, *'tis my humour*. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has miſtaken the ſenſe. The Jew being aſked a queſtion which the law does not require him to anſwer, ſtands upon his right, and refuſes; but afterwards gratifies his own malignity by ſuch anſwers as he knows will aggravate the pain of the enquirer. I will not anſwer, ſays he, as to a legal or ſerious queſtion, but ſince you want an anſwer, will this ſerve you?

JOHNSON.

What

What if my houſe be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thouſand ducats
To have it ban'd? What, are you anſwer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig[3];
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe ſings i' the noſe,
Cannot contain their urine; For affections[4],
Maſters

[3] ——— *a gaping pig*;] So in Webſter's *Dutcheſs of Malfy*, 1623:

"He could not abide to ſee a *pig's head gaping*;
"I thought your grace would find him out a Jew."

Again, in the *Maſtive*, &c. or, *A Collection of Epigrams and Satires*:

"Darkas cannot endure to ſee a cat,
"A breaſt of mutton, or a *pig's head gaping*."
STEEVENS.

Some men there are, love not a *gaping pig*;
Some that are mad, *&c.*]

By a *gaping* pig, Shakſpeare, I believe, meant a pig prepared for the table; for in that ſtate is the epithet, *gaping*, moſt applicable to this animal. A paſſage in one of Naſhe's pamphlets, (which, perhaps, furniſhed our author with his inſtance) may ſerve to confirm the obſervation: "The cauſes conducting unto wrath are as diverſe as the actions of a man's life. Some will take on like a madman, if they ſee a *pig come to the table*. Sotericus the ſurgeon was cholerick at the ſight of ſturgeon, &c."

Pierce Pennyleſs his Supplication to the Devil, 1595. MALONE.

[4] *Cannot contain their urine*, &c.] Mr. Rowe reads:

Cannot contain their urine for affection.
Maſterleſs paſſion *ſways it to the mood*
Of what it likes, or loaths.

Maſterleſs paſſion Mr. Pope has ſince copied. I don't know what word there is to which this relative *it* is to be referred. Dr. Thirlby would thus adjuſt the paſſage:

Cannot contain their urine; *for affection*,
Maſter *of paſſion*, *ſways* it, *&c.*

And then *it* is govern'd of *paſſion*: and the two old quartos and folios read——Maſters *of paſſion*, &c.

It may be objected, that *affection* and *paſſion* mean the ſame thing. But I obſerve, the writers of our author's age made a diſtinction: as Jonſon in Sejanus:

"——— *He hath ſtudied*
"Affection's paſſions, *knows their ſprings and ends*."

And then, in this place, *affection* will ſtand for that *ſympathy* or *antipathy*

x A Brawns head with an Orange in his Mouth was formerly standing a Christmas dish at the tables of the great & may still be seen in the Windows of the principal ~~sot~~ venders of Brawn at that Season Sit.

Maſters of paſſion, ſway it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loaths: Now, for your anſwer:
As there is no firm reaſon to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmleſs neceſſary cat;

Why

antipathy of ſoul, by which we are provok'd to ſhew a *liking* or *diſguſt* in the working of our *paſſions*. THEOBALD.

Maſterleſs paſſion ſways it to the mood] The two old quartos and folio read:

MASTERS OF *paſſion*.

And this is certainly right. He is ſpeaking of the power of ſound over the human affections, and concludes, very naturally, that the *maſters of paſſion* (for ſo he finely calls the muſicians) ſway the paſſions or affections as they pleaſe. Alluding to what the ancients tell us of the feats that Timotheus and other muſicians worked by the power of muſic. Can any thing be more natural?

WARBURTON.

Does not the verb *ſway*, which governs the two nominative caſes *affection* and *maſters*, require that both ſhould be plural, and conſequently direct us to read thus?

For *affections*, *maſters* of paſſion ſway it, &c.

Sir JOHN HAWKINS.

That *affections* and *paſſions* anciently had different ſignifications, may be known from the following inſtance in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616:

"His heart was fuller of *paſſions* than his eyes of *affections*."

Affections, as uſed by Shylock, ſeem to ſignify *imaginations*, or *prejudices*. In *Othello*, act i. is a paſſage ſomewhat ſimilar. "And though we have here a ſubſtitute of moſt allowed ſufficiency, yet *opinion*, a *ſovereign miſtreſs of effects*, throws a more ſafe voice on you." STEEVENS.

As for *affection*, thoſe that know how to operate upon the paſſions of men, rule it by making it operate in obedience to the notes which pleaſe or diſguſt it. JOHNSON.

Of this much-controverted paſſage, my opinion was formerly very different from what it is at preſent. *Sways*, the reading of the old copies, I conceived could not agree with *maſters* as a ſubſtantive; but very ſoon after my former note on this ſubject was printed, I found that this was not only our author's uſual phraſeology, but the common language of the times. There is therefore, I think, no other alteration neceſſary here, but that which has been made in almoſt every page of theſe plays; the reducing the ſubſtantive and the verb to concord, and reading *ſway*.

Cannot contain their urine for *affection*,

(for

5 Why he, a woollen bag-pipe; but of force
Muſt yield to ſuch inevitable ſhame,
As to offend himſelf, being offended;

So

(for ſo the old copies all read, not *affections*, as the word has been printed in the modern editions, in order to connect it with the following line) I believe, means only—Cannot contain, &c. on account of their being *affected* by the noiſe of the bag-pipe. In the next line, which appears to me to be put in appoſition with that preceding, *it* may refer either to *paſſion* or *affection*. The maſters of paſſion, thoſe who know how to operate on the paſſion of men, rule it, [or rule the ſympathetick feeling] by making it operate &c. as Dr. Johnſon has already explained the words.

MALONE.

The author of THE REMARKS ſays, that the reading of all the old editions is

And others, when the bag-pipe ſings i' th' noſe,
Cannot contain their urine for *affection*.
Maſters of paſſion ſways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loaths.

And he explains the paſſage thus: "*ſome men when they hear the ſound of a bag-pipe, are* ſo affected therewith *that they cannot retain their urine. For thoſe things which are maſters over paſſion, make it like or loath whatever they will.*" EDITOR.

5 *Why he, a woollen* bag-pipe;—] This incident Shakſpeare ſeems to have taken from J. C. Scaliger's *Exot. Exercit.* againſt Cardan. A book that our author was well read in, and much indebted for a great deal of his phyſics: it being then much in vogue, and indeed is excellent, though now long ſince forgot. In his 344 *Exercit.* ſect. 6. he has theſe words: *Narrabo nunc tibi jocoſam* Sympathiam *Reguli Vaſconis equitis. Is dum viveret, audito phormingis ſono, urinam illico facere cogebatur.*"—And to make this jocular ſtory ſtill more ridiculous, Shakſpeare, I ſuppoſe, tranſlated *phorminx* by *bag-pipes*. But what I would chiefly obſerve from hence is this, that as Scaliger uſes the word *Sympathiam*, which ſignifies, and ſo he interprets it, *communem* AFFECTIONEM *duabus rebus*, ſo Shakſpeare tranſlates it by AFFECTION:

Cannot contain their urine for AFFECTION.

Which ſhews the truth of the preceding emendation of the text according to the old copies; which have a full ſtop at *affection*, and read *Maſters of paſſion*. WARBURTON.

In an old tranſlation from the French of Peter de Loier, intitled *A Treatiſe of Spectres, or ſtrange Sights, Viſions*, &c. we have this identical ſtory from Scaliger; and what is ſtill more, a marginal note gives us in all probability the very fact alluded to, as well as the *word* of Shakſpeare. "Another gentleman of

So can I give no reaſon, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,
I bear Anthonio, that I follow thus
A loſing ſuit againſt him. Are you anſwer'd?

Baſſ. This is no anſwer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuſe the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to pleaſe thee with my anſwers.

Baſſ. Do all men kill the thing they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Baſſ. Every offence is not a hate at firſt.

Shy. What, would'ſt thou have a ſerpent ſting thee twice?

Anth. I pray you, think you queſtion [6] with the Jew:

this quality lived of late in Devon, neere Exceſter, who could not endure the playing on a *bag-pipe*." We may juſtly add, as ſome obſervation has been made upon it, that *affection* in the ſenſe of *ſympathy*, was formerly *technical*; and ſo uſed by lord Bacon, ſir K. Digby, and many other writers. FARMER.

Woollen bag-bipe;] As all the editors agree with complete uniformity in this reading, I can hardly forbear to imagine that they underſtood it. But I never ſaw a *woollen bag-pipe*, nor can well conceive it. I ſuppoſe the authour wrote *wooden* bag-pipe, meaning that the bag was of leather, and the pipe of *wood*.

JOHNSON.

This paſſage is clear from all difficulty, if we read *ſwelling* or *ſwollen bag-pipe*, which, that we ſhould, I have not the leaſt doubt.

Sir JOHN HAWKINS.

Woollen is uſed as a term of contempt in *Coriolanus*, who ſays, act iii. ſc. 2. his mother uſed to call the plebeians *woollen* vaſſals; and yet I think the ſame epithet hardly applicable to the bag-pipe. A paſſage on *Turbervile's Epitaphes*, p. 13. ſupports the emendation propoſed:

"Firſt came the ruſtick forth
"With pipe and *puffed* bag.

This inſtance was pointed out to me by Dr. Farmer.

STEEVENS.

[6] —*you* queſtion &c.] To queſtion is to converſe. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"—in the loſs of *queſtion*—" i. e. converſation that leads to nothing. To *reaſon* had anciently the ſame meaning. See vol. ii. p. 69. STEEVENS.

You may as well go ſtand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his uſual height;
You may as well uſe queſtion with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noiſe,
When they are fretted with the guſts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing moſt hard,
As ſeek to ſoften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewiſh heart:—Therefore, I do beſeech you,
Make no more offers, uſe no farther means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Baſſ. For thy three thouſand ducats here is ſix.

Shy. If every ducat in ſix thouſand ducats
Were in ſix parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

Duke. How ſhalt thou hope for mercy rend'ring none?

Shy. What judgment ſhall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd ſlave[7],
Which, like your aſſes, and your dogs and mules,
You uſe in abject and in ſlaviſh parts,
Becauſe you bought them:—Shall I ſay to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why ſweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as ſoft as yours, and let their palates
Be ſeaſon'd with ſuch viands? you will anſwer,
The ſlaves are ours:—So do I anſwer you:
The pound of fleſh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I ſtand for judgment: anſwer, ſhall I have it?

[7] *many a purchas'd ſlave,*] This argument, conſidered as uſed to the particular perſons, ſeems concluſive. I ſee not how Venetians or Engliſhmen, while they practiſe the purchaſe and ſale of ſlaves, can much enforce or demand the law of *doing to others as we would that they ſhould do to us.* JOHNSON.

Duke. Upon my power, I may diſmiſs this court,
Unleſs Bellario, a learned doctor [8],
Whom I have ſent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Sala. My lord, here ſtays without
A meſſenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; Call the meſſenger.

Baſſ. Good cheer, Anthonio! What, man? courage yet!
The Jew ſhall have my fleſh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou ſhalt loſe for me one drop of blood.

Anth. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meeteſt for death; the weakeſt kind of fruit
Drops earlieſt to the ground, and ſo let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Baſſanio,
Than to live ſtill, and write mine epitaph.

Enter Neriſſa, dreſs'd like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both my lord; Bellario greets your grace.

Baſſ. Why doſt thou whet thy knife ſo earneſtly?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gra. [9] Not on thy ſoal, but on thy ſoul, harſh Jew,
Thou mak'ſt thy knife keen: but no metal can,
No,

[8] ——*Bellario, a learned doctor,*
Whom I have ſent for——]
The doctor and the court are here ſomewhat unſkilfully brought together. That the duke would, on ſuch an occaſion, conſult a doctor of great reputation, is not unlikely; but how ſhould this be foreknown by Portia? JOHNSON.

I do not ſee any neceſſity for ſuppoſing that *this* was *foreknown by Portia.* She conſults Bellario as an eminent lawyer, and her relation. If the Duke had not conſulted him, the only difference would have been, that ſhe would have come into court as an advocate perhaps, inſtead of a judge. TYRWHITT.

[9] *Not on thy ſoal, but on thy ſoul, harſh Jew,*] This loſt jingle Mr. Theobald found again; but knew not what to make of it when

No, not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenneſs
Of thy ſharp envy [1]. Can no prayers pierce thee?
Shy. No, none that thou haſt wit enough to make.
Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable [2] dog!
And for thy life let juſtice be accus'd.
Thou almoſt mak'ſt me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That ſouls of animals infuſe themſelves
Into the trunks of men: thy curriſh ſpirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human ſlaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell ſoul fleet,
And, whilſt thou lay'ſt in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itſelf in thee; for thy deſires
Are wolfiſh, bloody, ſtarv'd and ravenous.
Shy. 'Till thou can'ſt rail the ſeal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'ſt thy lungs to ſpeak ſo loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
[3] To cureleſs ruin.—I ſtand here for law.
Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court: ———
Where is he?
Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your anſwer, whether you'll admit him.
Duke. With all my heart:—ſome three or four of you,
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—
Mean time, the court ſhall hear Bellario's letter.

when he had it, as apppears by his paraphraſe, *Though thou thinkeſt th t thou art whetting thy knife on the ſoal of thy ſhoe, yet it is upon thy ſoul, thy immortal part.* Abſurd! the conceit is, that his ſoul was ſo hard that it had given an edge to his knife.
WARBURTON.

[1] *Of thy ſharp* envy.] *Envy* again, in this place, ſignifies *hatred* or *malice*. STEEVENS.

[2] ——inexorable *dog*;] All the copies read—*inexecrable*. The emendation in the 3d fol. STEEVENS.

[3] To *cureleſs* ruin.—] Both the folios read, To *endleſs* ruin. MALONE.

I do not think Mr. Theobald deserving of so severe a censure tho he might have better expressed his meaning which I suppose was that the purpose for Q. which which he was whetting his knife on the soal of his shoe would give an incurable wound to his own soul S.A.

Your grace ſhall underſtand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very ſick: but at the inſtant that your meſſenger came, in loving viſitation was with me a young doctor of Rome, his name is Balthaſar: I acquainted him with the cauſe in controverſy between the Jew aud Anthonio the merchant: we turn'd o'er many books together: he is furniſh'd with my opinion; which, better'd with his own learning, (the greatneſs whereof I cannot enough commend) comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's requeſt in my ſtead. I beſeech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend eſtimation; for I never knew ſo young a body with ſo old an head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whoſe trial ſhall better publiſh his commendation.

Enter Portia, dreſs'd like a doctor of laws.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes;
And here, I take it is the doctor come.—
Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?
Por. I did, my lord.
Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this preſent queſtion in the court?
Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cauſe.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?
Duke. Anthonio and old Shylock, both ſtand forth.
Por. Is your name Shylock?
Shy. Shylock is my name.
Por. Of a ſtrange nature is the ſuit you follow;
Yet in ſuch rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you [3], as you do proceed.—

[3] *Cannot* impugn *you,*] To impugn is to oppoſe, to controvert. So, in the *Tragedy of Darius*, 1603:

"Yet though my heart would fain *impugn* my word."

Again:

"If any preſs t' *impugn* what I impart." STEEVENS.

You

You ſtand within his danger[4], do you not?

[*To Anth.*

Anth. Ay, ſo he ſays.

Por. Do you confeſs the bond?

Anth. I do.

Por. Then muſt the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulſion muſt I, tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bleſs'd;
It bleſſeth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His ſcepter ſhews the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majeſty,
Wherein doth ſit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this ſcepter'd ſway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to god himſelf;
And earthly power doth then ſhew likeſt God's,
When mercy ſeaſons juſtice: Therefore, Jew,
Though juſtice be thy plea, conſider this,—
That[5], in the courſe of juſtice, none of us
Should ſee ſalvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that ſame prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have ſpoke this much,
To mitigate the juſtice of thy plea;

[4] *You ſtand* within his danger,] So, in the *Corvyſor's Play*, among the collection of Whitſun Myſteries repreſented at Cheſter. See MS. Harl. 1013, p. 106:

" Two detters ſome tyme there were
" Oughten money to an uſurere,
" The one was *in his daungere*
" Fyve hundred poundes tolde." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*in the courſe of juſtice, none of us*
Should ſee ſalvation:]

Portia referring the *Jew* to the Chriſtian doctrine of ſalvation, and the Lord's Prayer, is a little out of character.

BLACKSTONE.

Which

Which if thou follow, this ſtrict court of Venice
Muſt needs give ſentence 'gainſt the merchant there.
Shy. [6] My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to diſcharge the money?
Baſſ. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the ſum: if that will not ſuffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not ſuffice, it muſt appear
That malice bears down truth [7]. And I beſeech you,
Wreſt once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.
Por. It muſt not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree eſtabliſhed:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the ſame example,
Will ruſh into the ſtate: it cannot be.
Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!—
O wiſe young judge, how do I honour thee!
Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
Shy. Here 'tis, moſt reverend doctor, here it is.
Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my ſoul?
No, not for Venice.
Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of fleſh, to be by him cut off

[6] *My deeds upon my head!*] An imprecation adopted from that of the Jews to Pilate: "His blood be on us, and our children!" HENLEY.

[7] *Malice bears down truth.*] Malice oppreſſes honeſty; a *true man* in old language is an *honeſt man*. We now call the jury *good men and true*. JOHNSON.

Neareſt

Neareſt the merchant's heart:—Be merciful;
Take thrice the money; bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.—
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your expoſition
Hath been moſt ſound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deſerving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my ſoul I ſwear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I ſtay here on my bond.
Anth. Moſt heartily I do beſeech the court
To give the judgement.
Por. Why then, thus it is.
You muſt prepare your boſom for his knife.
Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpoſe of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true: O wiſe and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou then thy looks!
Por. Therefore lay bare your boſom.
Shy. Ay, his breaſt:
So ſays the bond;—Doth it not, noble judge?—
Neareſt his heart, thoſe are the very words.
Por. It is ſo. Are there balance here, to weigh
The fleſh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by ſome ſurgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To ſtop his wound, leſt he do bleed to death.
Shy. Is it ſo nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not ſo expreſs'd; But what of that?
'Twere good, you do ſo much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to ſay?
Anth. But little; I am arm'd and well prepar'd.—
Give me your hand, Baſſanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;

For

For herein fortune ſhews herſelf more kind
Than is her cuſtom: it is ſtill her uſe,
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of ſuch miſery doth ſhe cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the proceſs of Anthonio's end,
Say, how I lov'd you, ſpeak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Baſſanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you ſhould loſe your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it inſtantly with all my heart.

Baſſ. Anthonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itſelf;
But life itſelf, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me eſteem'd above thy life:
I would loſe all, ay, ſacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If ſhe were by to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I proteſt, I love;
I would ſhe were in heaven, ſo ſhe could
Intreat ſome power to change this curriſh Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wiſh would make elſe an unquiet houſe.

Shy. Theſe be the Chriſtian huſbands: I have a daughter;
Would, any of the ſtock of Barrabas[5]

[5] ——the ſtock of *Barrabas*,] The name of this robber is differently ſpelt as well as accented in the *New Teſtament*; [Μὴ τοῦτον, ἀλλὰ τὸν Βαραββᾶν ἦν δὲ ὁ Βαραββᾶς λῃστής,] but Shakſpeare ſeems to have followed the pronounciation uſual to the theatre, Barabbas being ſounded Barabas throughout Marlow's *Jew of Malta*. Our poet might otherwiſe have written:

"Would any of Barrabas' ſtock had been
"Her huſband, rather than a Chriſtian! STEEVENS.

Had

Had been her huſband, rather than a Chriſtian!
[*Aſide.*
We triſle time; I pray thee purſue ſentence.
Por. A pound of that ſame merchant's fleſh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shy. Moſt rightful judge!
Por. And you muſt cut this fleſh from off his breaſt;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Shy. Moſt learned judge!—A ſentence; come, prepare.
Por. Tarry a little;—there is ſomething elſe.—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expreſsly are, a pound of fleſh:
Then take thy bond, take thou the pound of fleſh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou doſt ſhed
One drop of Chriſtian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiſcate
Unto the ſtate of Venice.
Gra. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew;—O learned judge!
Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thyſelf ſhalt ſee the act:
For, as thou urgeſt juſtice, be aſſur'd,
Thou ſhalt have juſtice, more than thou deſir'ſt.
Gra. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learned judge!
Shy. I take this offer then [6];—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Chriſtian go.
Baſſ. Here is the money.
Por. Soft;
The Jew ſhall have all juſtice;—ſoft!—no haſte;—
He ſhall have nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

[6] *I take this* offer *then.*] Perhaps we ſhould read—*his*, i. e. Baſſanio's, who offers *twice* the ſum, &c. STEEVENS.

Por.

Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the fleſh[7].
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou leſs nor more,
But juſt a pound of fleſh: if thou tak'ſt more,
Or leſs, than a juſt pound,—be it but ſo much
As makes it light, or heavy in the ſubſtance,
Or the diviſion of the twentieth part
Of one poor ſcruple; nay, if the ſcale turn
But in the eſtimation of a hair,—
Thou dieſt, and all thy goods are confiſcate.

Gra. A ſecond Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pauſe? take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Baſſ. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court;
He ſhall have merely juſtice and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, ſtill ſay I; a ſecond Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Por. Thou ſhalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be ſo taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why then the devil give him good of it!
I'll ſtay no longer queſtion.

Por. Tarry, Jew;
The law hath yet another hold on you.

7 *Therefore prepare thee to cut off the fleſh.*] This judgment is related by *Gracian*, the celebrated Spaniſh jeſuit, in his *Hero*, with a reflexion at the concluſion of it. "—Compite con la del Salomon la promptitud de aquel gran Turco. Pretendia un Judio cortar una onca de carne a un Chriſtiano, pena ſobre uſura. Inſiſta en ello con igul terqueria a ſu Principe que perfidia a ſu Dios. Mando el gran Juez traer peſa, y cuchillo; comitole el deguello ſi cortava mas ni menos. *Y fue dar agudo corte a la lid, y al mundo milagro del ingenio.*" El Heroe de Lorenzo Gracian. Primor. 3.

Gregorio Leti, in his *Life of Sixtus* V. has a ſimilar ſtory. The papacy of Sixtus began in 1583. He died Aug. 29, 1590. The reader will find an extract from *Farnworth's Tranſlation*, at the concluſion of the play. STEEVENS.

It

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—
If it be prov'd againſt an alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts,
He ſeek the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainſt the which he doth contrive,
Shall ſeize on half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the ſtate;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainſt all other voice.
In which predicament, I ſay, thou ſtand'ſt:
For it appears by manifeſt proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou haſt contriv'd againſt the very life
Of the defendant; and thou haſt incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg, that thou may'ſt have leave to hang thyſelf:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the ſtate,
Thou haſt not left the value of a cord?
Therefore, thou muſt be hang'd at the ſtate's charge.

Duke. That thou may'ſt ſee the difference of our ſpirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou aſk it:
For half thy wealth, it is Anthonio's;
The other half comes to the general ſtate,
Which humbleneſs may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the ſtate; not for Anthonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:
You take my houſe, when you do take the prop
That doth ſuſtain my houſe; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Anthonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing elſe, for God's ſake.

Anth. So pleaſe my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;

I am

I am content[8], ſo he will let me have
The other half in uſe,—to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman,
That lately ſtole his daughter.
Two things provided more,—That, for this favour,
He preſently become a Chriſtian;
The other that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies poſſeſs'd,
Unto his ſon Lorenzo, and his daughter.

Duke. He ſhall do this; or elſe I do recant
The pardon, that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what doſt thou ſay?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well; ſend the deed after me,
And I will ſign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In chriſtening thou ſhalt have two godfathers;
Had I been judge, thou ſhould have had ten more[9],
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit Shylock.*

[8] *I am content*, &c.] The terms propoſed have been miſunderſtood. Anthonio declares, that as the duke quits one half of the forfeiture, he is likewiſe content to abate his claim, and deſires not the property but the *uſe* or produce only of the half, and that only for the Jew's life, unleſs we read, as perhaps is right, *upon my death.* JOHNSON.

Anthonio tells the duke that if he will abate the fine for the ſtate's half, he (Anthonio) will be contented to take the other, *in truſt*, after Shylock's death, to render it to his daughter's huſband. That is, it was, during Shylock's life to remain *at intereſt* in Anthonio's hands, and Shylock was to enjoy the produce of it. REMARKS.

[9] ——*thou ſhould'ſt have had* ten *more*,] i. e. a jury of *twelve* men, to condemn thee to be hanged. THEOBALD.

So, in *The Devil is an Aſs*, by Ben Jonſon:

" ——————I will leave you
" To your godfathers in law. Let *twelve men* work."
STEEVENS.

Duke.

Duke. Sir, I intreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do deſire your grace of pardon [1];
I muſt away this night to Padua,
And it is meet, I preſently ſet forth.

Duke. I am ſorry, that your leiſure ſerves you not.
Anthonio, gratify this gentleman;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exit Duke, and his train.*

Baſſ. Moſt worthy gentleman, I and my friend,
Have by your wiſdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thouſand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Anth. And ſtand indebted, over and above,
In love and ſervice to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid, that is well ſatisfy'd!
And I, delivering you, am ſatisfy'd,
And therein doth account myſelf well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again;
I wiſh you well, and ſo I take my leave.

Baſſ. Dear ſir, of force I muſt attempt you further;
Take ſome remembrance of us, for a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You preſs me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your ſake;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:—
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love ſhall not deny me this.

[1] ——*grace of pardon*;] Thus the old copies: the modern editors read, leſs harſhly, but without authority, ——*your grace's pardon*. The ſame kind of expreſſion occurs in Othello —*I humbly do beſeech you* of *your pardon*.

In the notes to *As You Like It*, and *The Midſummer-Night's Dream*, I have given repeated inſtance of this phraſeology.

STEEVENS.

Your *grace's pardon*, was found in a copy of no authority, the 4to. of 1637. MALONE.

Baſſ. This ring, good ſir,—alas, it is a triſle;
I will not ſhame myſelf to give you this.
Por. I will have nothing elſe but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.
Baſſ. There's more depends on this, than on the value.
The deareſt ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.
Por. I ſee, ſir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me firſt to beg; and now methinks,
You teach me how a beggar ſhould be anſwer'd.
Baſſ. Good ſir, this ring was given me by my wife.
And, when ſhe put it on, ſhe made me vow,
That I ſhould neither ſell, nor give, nor loſe it.
Por. That 'ſcuſe ſerves many men to ſave their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deſerv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!
[*Exit with Neriſſa.*
Anth. My lord Baſſanio, let him have the ring;
Let his deſervings, and my love withal,
Be valu'd 'gainſt your wife's commandement.
Baſſ. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou can'ſt,
Unto Anthonio's houſe:—away, make haſte.
Come, you and I will thither preſently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: Come Anthonio. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Portia and Neriſſa.

Por. Enquire the Jew's houſe out, give him this deed,
And let him ſign it; we'll away to-night,
And be a day before our huſbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair ſir, you are well o'erta'en:
My lord Baſſanio, upon more advice [2],
Hath ſent you here this ring; and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.
Por. That cannot be:
This ring I do accept moſt thankfully,
And ſo, I pray you, tell him: Furthermore,
I pray you, ſhew my youth old Shylock's houſe.
Gra. That will I do.
Ner. Sir, I would ſpeak with you:—
I'll ſee if I can get my huſband's ring, [*To Por.*
Which I did make him ſwear to keep for ever.
Por. Thou may'ſt, I warrant: We ſhall have old ſwearing,
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll out-face them, and out-ſwear them too.
Away, make haſte; thou know'ſt where I will tarry.
Ner. Come, good ſir, will you ſhew me to this houſe? [*Exeunt.*

[2]—*upon more* advice,] i. e. more *reflection*. STEEVENS.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Belmont. A grove, or green place, before Portia's houſe.

Enter Lorenzo, and Jeſſica.

Lor. The moon ſhines bright:—[3] In ſuch a night as this,
When the ſweet wind did gently kiſs the trees,
And they did make no noiſe; in ſuch a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan wall [4],
And ſigh'd his ſoul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Creſſid lay that night,
Jeſ. In ſuch a night.
Did Thiſbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And ſaw the lion's ſhadow ere himſelf,
And ran diſmay'd away.
Lor. In ſuch a night,

[3] — *In ſuch a night as this,*] The ſeveral ſpeeches in the *Merchant of Venice*, act v. ſc. 1. beginning with theſe words, &c. are imitated in the old Comedy of *Wily Beguiled*: which though not aſcertaining the exact date of that play, prove it to have been written after Shakſpeare's.

In ſuch a night did Paris win his love.
Lelia. In ſuch a night, Æneas prov'd unkind.
Sophoſ. In ſuch a night, did Troilus court his dear.
Lelia. In ſuch a night, fair Phillis was betray'd.
Orig. of the Drama, vol. iii. p. 365. WHALLEY.

[4] *Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan wall,*] This image is from Chaucer's *Troilus and Creſſeide*, 5 B. 666 and 1142:

" Upon the *wallis* faſt eke would he walke,
" And on the Grekis hoſt he would yſe, &c.
" The daie goth faſt, and after that came eve
" And yet came not to Troïlus Creſſeide,
" He lokith forth, by hedge, by tre, by greve,
" And ferre his heade *ovir the walle* he leide, &c.

Again, *ibid*:

" And up and doune by weſt and eke by eſt,
" *Upon the wallis* made he many a went." STEEVENS.

Stood

Stood Dido with a willow in her hand [5]
Upon the wild ſea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jeſ. In ſuch a night [6],
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æſon.

Lor. In ſuch a night,
Did Jeſſica ſteal from the wealthy Jew;
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jeſ. And in ſuch a night,
Did young Lorenzo ſwear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her ſoul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. And in ſuch a night,
Did pretty Jeſſica, like a little ſhrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jeſ. I would out-night you, did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter a Servant.

Lor. Who comes ſo faſt in ſilence of the night?

Ser. A friend.

Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?

Serv. Stephano is my name; and I bring word,
My miſtreſs will before the break of day

[5] *In ſuch a night, ſtood Dido with a willow in her hand*] This paſſage contains a ſmall inſtance out of many that might be brought to prove that Shakſpeare was no reader of the claſſicks. STEEVENS.

[6] *In ſuch a night*, &c.] So, Gower, ſpeaking of Medea:

" Thus it befell upon a night
" Whann there was nought but ſterre light
" She was vaniſhed right as hir liſt,
" That no wight but herſelf wiſt:
" And that was at midnight tide,
" The world was ſtill on every ſide, &c.

Confeſſio Amantis, 1554. STEEVENS.

Be here at Belmont: ſhe doth ſtray about
By holy croſſes, where ſhe kneels and prays[7]
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Serv. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my maſter yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jeſſica,
And ceremoniouſly let us prepare
Some welcome for the miſtreſs of the houſe.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Sola, ſola, wo ha, ho, ſola, ſola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! did you ſee maſter Lorenzo, and miſtreſs Lorenzo! ſola, ſola!

Lor. Leave hollowing, man; here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him there's a poſt come from my maſter, with his horn full of good news; my maſter will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*

Lor. Sweet ſoul[8], let's in, and there expect their coming.

And

[7] ——*She doth ſtray about*
By holy croſſes,]
So, in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton:*
"But there are *Croſſes*, wife; here's one in Waltham,
"Another at the Abbey, and the third
"At Ceſton; and 'tis ominous to paſs
"Any of theſe without a Pater noſter."
and this is a reaſon aſſigned for the delay of a wedding.
STEEVENS.

[8] ——*ſweet ſoul.*] Theſe two words ſhould certainly be taken from the end of *Launcelot*'s ſpeech, and placed at the beginning of the following ſpeech of *Lorenzo*:
Sweet ſoul, let's in, &c.
Mr. Pope, I ſee, has corrected this blunder of the old edition, but he has changed *ſoule* into *love*, without any neceſſity.
TYRWHITT.

Sweet

And yet no matter;—Why ſhould we go in?
My friend Stephano, ſignify, I pray you,
Within the houſe, your miſtreſs is at hand;
And bring your muſick forth into the air.—
[*Exit Servant.*
How ſweet the moon-light ſleeps upon this bank!
Here will we ſit, and let the ſounds of muſick
Creep in our ears; ſoft ſtillneſs, and the night,
Become the touches of ſweet harmony.
Sit, Jeſſica: Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlay'd with pattens of bright gold [9];
There's not the ſmalleſt orb, which thou behold'ſt,
But in his motion like an angel ſings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims.
Such harmony is in immortal ſouls [1];

But,

Sweet *ſoul* was not an alteration made by Mr. Pope, but an arbitrary and unauthorized reading introduced by the editor of the ſecond folio. Mr. Rowe firſt regulated theſe ſpeeches in the manner recommended by Mr. Tyrwhitt, which appears to me to be clearly right. MALONE.

9 ——*with* PATTERNS *of bright gold*;] We ſhould read PATENS: a round broad plate of gold borne in heraldry. WARBURTON.

Pattens is the reading of the firſt folio, and *pattents* of the quarto. *Patterns* is printed firſt in the folio 1632. JOHNSON.

One of the quartos 1600 reads *pattens*, the other *pattents*. STEEVENS.

We ſhould read *patines*; from *patina*, LAT. A *patine* is the ſmall flat diſh or plate uſed with the chalice, in the adminiſtration of the euchariſt. In the time of popery, and probably in the following age, it was commonly made of gold. MALONE.

1 *Such harmony is in immortal* ſouls;] But the harmony here deſcribed is that of the ſpheres, ſo much celebrated by the ancients. He ſays, the *ſmalleſt orb ſings like an angel*; and then ſubjoins, *ſuch harmony is in immortal* ſouls: but the harmony of angels is not here meant, but of the orbs. Nor are we to think, that here the poet alludes to the notion, that each orb has its *intelligence* or *angel* to direct it; for then with no propriety could he ſay, the *orb ſung like an angel:* he ſhould rather have ſaid, the *angel in the orb ſung*. We muſt therefore correct the lines thus:

Such harmony is in immortal ſounds:

i. e. in the muſick of the ſpheres. WARBURTON.

But, whilſt this muddy veſture of decay
Doth groſly cloſe it in, we cannot hear it.—

Come,

This paſſage is obſcure. *Immortal ſounds* is a harſh combination of words, yet Milton uſes a parallel expreſſion;

Spiritus & rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes,
Nunc quoque ſidereis intercinit ipſe choreis
Immortale melos, *& inenarrabile carmen.*

It is proper to exhibit the lines as they ſtand in the copies of the firſt, ſecond, third, and fourth editions, without any variation, for a change has been ſilently made by Rowe, and adopted by all the ſucceeding editors:

Such harmony is in immortal ſouls,
But while this muddy veſture of decay
Doth groſly cloſe in it, *we cannot hear it.*

That the third is corrupt muſt be allowed, but it gives reaſon to ſuſpect that the original was:

Doth groſly cloſe it in.

Yet I know not whether from this any thing better can be produced than the received reading. Perhaps *harmony* is *the power of perceiving harmony*, as afterwards, *Muſick in the ſoul* is the quality of being *moved with concord of ſweet ſounds*. This will ſomewhat explain the old copies, but the ſentence is ſtill imperfect; which might be completed by reading:

Such harmony is in th' *immortal* ſoul,
But while this muddy veſture of decay
Doth groſly cloſe it in, *we cannot hear it.* JOHNSON.

Part of the difficulty of this paſſage was occaſioned by a wrong punctuation. There ſhould be a full point after *cherubims*, and no note of admiration after *ſouls*. "*Such harmony*, &c." is not an exclamation ariſing from the foregoing line—"So great is the harmony!" but a ſimile or illuſtration:——"of the *ſame kind* is the harmony."——The whole runs thus:

There is not one of the heavenly orbs but ſings as it moves, ſtill quiring to the Cherubims. Similar to the harmony they make, is that of immortal ſouls; (or in other words) *each of us have as perfect a harmony in our ſouls as the harmony of the ſpheres, inſomuch as we have the quality of being moved by ſweet ſounds*; (as he expreſſes it afterwards) *but our groſs terreſtrial part, which environs us, deadens the ſound, and prevents our hearing it.*

This ſaves all the confuſion which Dr. Warburton has introduced, who refers *ſouls* to *orbs*, and, not being able to reconcile them, changes the former to *ſounds*. "Doth cloſe *it* in," which Dr. Johnſon conjectures to have been the original reading, agrees with this explanation, and perhaps confirms it.

It,

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn[1];
With ſweeteſt touches pierce your miſtreſs' ear,
And draw her home with muſick[2].

Jeſ. I am never merry, when I hear ſweet muſick.
[*Muſick.*

Lor. The reaſon is, your ſpirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,

It, I apprehend, refers to *harmony*, and not to *ſouls*. There is, therefore, no need of Dr. Johnſon's propoſed alteration,—"in *th'* immortal *ſoul*."

Perhaps Shakſpeare, when he wrote this paſſage, had Sir Philip Sydney's elegant *Defence of Poeſie* in his thoughts:—"But if you be born ſo neare the *dull-making* cataract of *Nilus*, that you cannot *heare* the *planet-like muſick* of poetrie, if you have ſo earth-creeping a mind that it cannot lift itſelf up to look to the ſkie of poetrie, &c."

It may be objected that this *internal* harmony cannot be heard—but Shakſpeare is not always exact in his language—he confounds it with that external and artificial harmony which is capable of being heard.

My interpretation is ſtrengthened by the following paſſage in the ſecond part of *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602, by Marſton, who likewiſe ſuppoſes the harmony of *immortal ſouls* to be *of the ſame kind* with that of the ſpheres:

"———Heaven's tones
"Strike not ſuch harmony to *immortal ſouls*,
"As your accordance ſweets my breaſt withall."

MALONE.

The old reading *in* immortal ſouls is certainly right, and the whole line may be well explained by Hooker, in his *Eccleſiaſtical Polity*, B. v. "Touching muſical harmony whether by inſtrument or by voice, it being but high and low in ſounds in a due proportionable diſpoſition, ſuch notwithſtanding is the force thereof, and ſo pleaſing effects it hath in that very part of man which is moſt divine, that ſome have been thereby induced to think that the ſoul itſelf by nature is or hath in it harmony. For this quotation I am indebted to Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

—*cloſe* it *in*—] is the reading of the quarto. STEEVENS.

[1] ———*wake Diana with a hymn*;] Diana is the moon, who is in the next ſcene repreſented as ſleeping. JOHNSON.

[2] *And* draw *her* home *with* muſick.] Shakſpeare, was, I believe, here thinking of the cuſtom of accompanying the laſt waggon-load, at the end of harveſt, with ruſtick muſick. He again alludes to this yet common practice, in *As you like it*. MALONE.

Fetching

Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they perchance but hear a trumpet ſound,
Or any air of muſick touch their ears,
You ſhall perceive them make a mutual ſtand,
Their ſavage eyes turn'd to a modeſt gaze,
By the ſweet power of muſick: Therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, ſtones, and floods;
Since nought ſo ſtockiſh, hard, and full of rage,
But muſick for the time doth change his nature:
The man that hath no muſick in himſelf[2],

Nor

[2] *The man that hath no muſick in himſelf,*
Nor is not mov'd with concord of ſweet ſounds,]
The thought here is extremely fine: as if the being affected with muſick was the only harmony between the *internal* [*muſick in himſelf*] and the *external muſick* [*concord of ſweet ſounds*] which were mutually affected like uniſon ſtrings. This whole ſpeech could not chuſe but pleaſe an Engliſh audience, whoſe great paſſion, as well then as now, was *love of muſick*. *Jam verò video naturam* (ſays Eraſmus in praiſe of folly) *ut ſingulis nationibus, ac pene civitatibus, communem quandam inſeviſſe Philautiam: atque hinc fieri, ut* Britanni *prætor alia Formam*, muſicam, *& lautas Menſas propriè ſibi vindicent.* WARBURTON.

This paſſage, which is neither pregnant with phyſical or moral truth, nor poetically beautiful in an eminent degree, has conſtantly enjoyed the good fortune to be repeated by thoſe whoſe inhoſpitable memories would have refuſed to admit or retain any other ſentiment or deſcription of the ſame author, however exalted or juſt. The truth is, that it furniſhes the vacant fiddler with ſomething to ſay in defence of his profeſſion, and ſupplies the coxcomb in muſic, with an invective againſt ſuch as do not pretend to diſcover all the various powers of language in inarticulate ſounds.

Our ancient ſtatutes have often received their beſt comment by means of reference to the particular occaſion on which they were framed. Dr. Warburton has therefore properly accounted for Shakſpeare's ſeeming partiality to this amuſement. He might have added, that Peacham requires of his Gentleman ONLY to be able "to ſing his part ſure, and at firſt ſight, and withal to play the ſame on a viol or lute."

Let not, however, this capricious ſentiment of Shakſpeare deſcend to poſterity, unattended by the opinion of the late lord Cheſterfield on the ſame ſubject. In his 148th letter to his ſon,

who

Nor is not mov'd with concord of ſweet ſounds,
Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoils;
The motions of his ſpirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no ſuch man be truſted.—Mark the muſick.

Enter Portia, and Neriſſa, at a diſtance.

Por. That light we ſee, is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So ſhines a good deed in a naughty world.
Ner. When the moon ſhone, we did not ſee the candle.
Por. So doth the greater glory dim the leſs:
A ſubſtitute ſhines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his ſtate
Empties itſelf, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Muſick! hark! [*Muſick.*
Ner. It is your muſick, madam, of the houſe.
Por. Nothing is good, I ſee, without reſpect [3];
Methinks, it ſounds much ſweeter than by day.

who was then at Venice, his lordſhip, after having enumerated muſic among the *illiberal* pleaſures, adds——"if you love muſic, hear it; go to operas, concerts, and pay fiddlers to play to you; but I muſt inſiſt upon your neither piping nor fiddling yourſelf. It puts a gentleman in a very frivolous contemptible light; brings him into a great deal of bad company, and takes up a great deal of time, which might be much better employed. Few things would mortify me more, than to ſee you bearing a part in a concert, with a fiddle under your chin, or a pipe in your mouth." Again, Letter 153, "A taſte of ſculpture and painting is, in my mind, as becoming as a taſte of fiddling and piping is unbecoming a man of faſhion. The former is connected with hiſtory and poetry, the latter with nothing that I know of, but *bad company*." Again,——"Painting and ſculpture are very juſtly called liberal arts; a lively and ſtrong imagination, together with a juſt obſervation, being abſolutely neceſſary to excel in either; which, in my opinion, is by no means the caſe of muſic, though called a liberal art, and now in Italy placed above the other two; a proof of the decline of that country." *Ibidem.* STEEVENS.

[3] ——*without reſpect*;] Not abſolutely good, but relatively good as it is modified by circumſtances. JOHNSON.

Ner. Silence beſtows that virtue on it, madam.
Por. The crow doth ſing as ſweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if ſhe ſhould ſing by day,
When every gooſe is cackling, would be thought
No better a muſician than the wren.
How many things by ſeaſon ſeaſon'd are
To their right praiſe, and true perfection?—
Peace! how the moon ſleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd! [*Muſick ceaſes.*
Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.
Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckow,
By the bad voice.
Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.
Por. We have been praying for our huſbands' welfare,
Which ſpeed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?
Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a meſſenger before,
To ſignify their coming.
Por. Go in, Neriſſa,
Give order to my ſervants, that they take
No note at all of our being abſent hence;—
Nor you, Lorenzo; Jeſſica, nor you.
[*A tucket ſounds*[4].
Lor. Your huſband is at hand, I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.
Por. This night, methinks, is but the day-light ſick,
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the ſun is hid.

[4] *A* tucket] *Toccata*, Ital. a flouriſh on a trumpet. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Baſſanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their followers.

Baſſ. We ſhould hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in abſence of the ſun.
Por. Let me give light[5], but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy huſband,
And never be Baſſanio ſo for me;
But, God ſort all!—You are welcome home, my lord.
Baſſ. I thank you, madam: give welcome to my friend.—
This is the man, this is Anthonio,
To whom I am ſo infinitely bound.
Por. You ſhould in all ſenſe be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.
Anth. No more than I am well acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our houſe:
It muſt appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I ſcant this breathing courteſy[6].

[*Gratiano and Neriſſa ſeem to talk apart.*

[5] *Let me give light*, &c.] There is ſcarcely any word with which Shakſpeare ſo much delights to trifle as with *light*, in its various ſignifications. JOHNSON.

Moſt of the old dramatic writers are guilty of the ſame quibble. So Marſton in his *Inſatiate Counteſs*, 1613:

"By this bright *light* that is deriv'd from thee—
"So, ſir, you make me a very *light* creature."

Again, Middleton, in *A Mad World my Maſters*, 1608:

"—*more* lights—I call'd for *light*: here come in two are *light* enough for a whole houſe."

Again, in *Springes for Woodcocks*, a collection of epigrams, 1606:

"Lais of *lighter* metal is compos'd
"Than hath her *lightneſs* till of late diſclos'd;
"For *lighting* where ſhe *light* acceptance feels,
"Her fingers there prove *lighter* than her heels."

STEEVENS.

[6] ——*this* breathing *courteſy*.] *Breathing* for *verbal*. So, in *Timon of Athens*, a ſenator replies to Alcibiades, who had made a long ſpeech:

"You *breathe* in vain."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"Having ever ſeen in the prenominate crimes
"The youth you *breathe of*, guilty." MALONE.

Gra.

Gra. By yonder moon, I ſwear, you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, ſo much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already? what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That ſhe did give me; whoſe poeſy was
For all the world, like cutler's poetry[6]
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*

Ner. What talk you of the poeſy, or the value?
You ſwore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death;
And that it ſhould lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You ſhould have been reſpective[7], and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk!—but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth[8],—
A kind

[6] *Like cutler's poetry*;] Knives, as Sir John Hawkins obſerves, were formerly inſcribed by means of *aqua fortis* with ſhort ſentences in diſtich. In *Decker's Satyromaſtrix*, Sir Edward Vaughan ſays, "You ſhall ſwear by Phœbus, who is your poet's good lord and maſter, that hereafter you will not hire Horace to give you poeſies for rings, or handkerchers or *knives* which you underſtand not." EDITOR.

[7] —*have been* reſpective.] *Reſpective* has the ſame meaning as *reſpectful*. See *K. John*, act i. STEEVENS.

[8] ——— *a youth,*
A kind of boy; a little ſcrubbed *boy,*
No higher than thyſelf, the judge's clerk,
A prating boy, &c.]
It is certain from the words of the context and the tenor of the ſtory, that Gratiano does not here ſpeak contemptuouſly of the judge's clerk, who was no other than Neriſſa diſguiſed in man's cloaths. He only means to deſcribe the perſon and appearance of this ſuppoſed youth, which he does by inſinuating what ſeemed to be the preciſe time of his age: he repreſents him as having the look of a young ſtripling, of a boy beginning to advance towards puberty. I am therefore of opinion, that the poet wrote:

——a

A kind of boy; a little ſcrubbed boy,
No higher than thyſelf, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee;
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I muſt be plain with you,
To part ſo ſlightly with your wife's firſt gift;
A thing ſtuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted with faith unto your fleſh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him ſwear
Never to part with it; and here he ſtands:
I dare be ſworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world maſters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cauſe of grief;
An 'twere to me, I ſhould be mad at it.

Baſſ. Why, I were beſt to cut my left hand off,
And ſwear, I loſt the ring defending it. [*Aſide.*

Gra. My lord Baſſanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deſerv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took ſome pains in writing, he begg'd mine:

———a little *ſtubbed* boy.

In many counties it is a common provincialiſm, to call young birds not yet fledged *ſtubbed young ones*. But, what is more to our purpoſe, the author of *The Hiſtory and Antiquities of Glaſtonbury*, printed by Hearne, an antiquarian, and a plain unaffected writer, ſays, that "Saunders muſt be a *ſtubbed boy*, if not a man at the diſſolution of abbeys, &c." edit. 1722, Pref. Signat. n. 2. It therefore ſeems to have been a common expreſſion for *ſtripling*, the very idea which the ſpeaker means to convey. If the emendation be juſt here, we ſhould alſo correct Neriſſa's ſpeech which follows:

For that ſame *ſtubbed* boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, did lie with me laſt night.

WARTON.

I believe *ſcrubbed* and *ſtubbed* have a like meaning, and ſignify *ſtunted* or *ſhrub-like*. So, in P. Holland's tranſlation of Pliny's *Nat. Hiſt.* "——but ſuch will never prove fair trees, but *ſkrubs* only." STEEVENS.

And

And neither man, nor maſter, would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you received of me.

Baſſ. If I could add a lye unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you ſee my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. Even ſo void is your falſe heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I ſee the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,
'Till I again ſee mine.

Baſſ. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the ſtrength of your diſpleaſure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthineſs that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to[9] retain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there ſo much unreaſonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modeſty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony[1]?
Neriſſa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for't but ſome woman had the ring.

9 —*retain*—] The old copies concur in reading *contain*. JOHNSON.

1 *What man —— wanted the modeſty*
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?]
This is a very licentious expreſſion. The ſenſe is, *What man could have ſo little modeſty* or *wanted modeſty ſo much*, as to urge the demand of a thing kept on account in ſome ſort religious. JOHNSON.
Thus Calphurnia ſays to Julius Cæſar:
"Cæſar, I never ſtood on *ceremonies*." STEEVENS.

Baſſ.

Baſſ. No, by mine honour, madam, by my ſoul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Who did refuſe three thouſand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And ſuffer'd him to go diſpleas'd away;
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What ſhould I ſay, ſweet lady?
I was enforc'd to ſend it after him;
I was beſet with ſhame and courteſy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much beſmear it: Pardon me, good lady;
For, by theſe bleſſed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my houſe:
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did ſwear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my huſband's bed:
Know him I ſhall, I am well ſure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me, like Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,
I'll have that doctor for my bed-fellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you ſo: let me not take him then;
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Anth. I am the unhappy ſubject of theſe quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; You are welcome notwithſtanding.

Baſſ. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of theſe many friends,
I ſwear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I ſee myſelf,——

Por. Mark you but that!

In both mine eyes he doubly ſees himſelf:
In each eye, one:—ſwear by your double ſelf[2],
And there's an oath of credit.

Baſſ. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my ſoul I ſwear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Anth. I once did lend my body for his wealth[3];
Which, but for him that had your huſband's ring,
[*To Portia.*
Had quite miſcarry'd: I dare be bound again,
My ſoul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith adviſedly.

Por. Then you ſhall be his ſurety: Give him this;
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Anth. Here, lord Baſſanio; ſwear to keep this ring.

Baſſ. By heaven, it is the ſame I gave the doctor!

Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Baſſanio;
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that ſame ſcrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, laſt night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of high-ways
In ſummer, where the ways are fair enough:
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deſerv'd it?

Por. Speak not ſo groſsly.—You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leiſure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you ſhall find, that Portia was the doctor;
Neriſſa there, her clerk: Lorenzo, here
Shall witneſs, I ſet forth as ſoon as you,
And but even now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my houſe.—Anthonio, you are welcome;

[2] *Swear by your* double *ſelf,*] *Double* is here uſed for—*full of duplicity.* MALONE.

[3] ——*for his wealth;*] For his advantage; to obtain his happineſs. *Wealth* was, at that time, the term oppoſite to *adverſity*, or *calamity.* JOHNSON.

And I have better news in ſtore for you,
Than you expect: unſeal this letter ſoon;
There you ſhall find three of your argoſies
Are richly come to harbour ſuddenly:
You ſhall not know by what ſtrange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Anth. I am dumb.

Baſſ. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. Ay; but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unleſs he live until he be a man.

Baſſ. Sweet doctor, you ſhall be my bedfellow:
When I am abſent, then lie with my wife.

Anth. Sweet lady, you have given me life, and living;
For here I read for certain, that my ſhips
Are ſafely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo?
My clerk hath ſome good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—
There do I give to you, and Jeſſica,
From the rich Jew, a ſpecial deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies poſſeſs'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of ſtarved people.

Por. It is almoſt morning,
And yet, I am ſure, you are not ſatisfy'd
Of theſe events at full: Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will anſwer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be ſo: The firſt inter'gatory,
That my Neriſſa ſhall be ſworn on, is,
Whether till the next night ſhe had rather ſtay;
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:
But were the day come, I ſhould wiſh it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.

Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So ſore, as keeping ſafe Neriſſa's ring.

[*Exeunt omnes*[5].

[5] It has been lately diſcovered, that this fable is taken from a ſtory in the *Pecorone* of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, a novelliſt, who wrote in 1378. The ſtory has been publiſhed in Engliſh, and I have epitomized the tranſlation. The tranſlator is of opinion, that the choice of the caſkets is borrowed from a tale of *Boccace*, which I have likewiſe abridged, though I believe that Shakſpeare muſt have had ſome other novel in view. JOHNSON.

THERE lived at Florence, a merchant whoſe name was Bindo. He was rich, and had three ſons. Being near his end, he called for the two eldeſt, and left them heirs: to the youngeſt he left nothing. This youngeſt, whoſe name was Giannetto, went to his father, and ſaid, What has my father done? The father replied, Dear Giannetto, there is none to whom I wiſh better than to you. Go to Venice to your godfather, whoſe name is Anſaldo; he has no child, and has wrote to me often to ſend you thither to him. He is the richeſt merchant amongſt the Chriſtians: if you behave well, you will be certainly a rich man. The ſon anſwered, I am ready to do whatever my dear father ſhall command: upon which he gave him his benediction, and in a few days died.

Giannetto went to Anſaldo, and preſented the letter given by the father before his death. Anſaldo reading the letter, cried out, My deareſt godſon is welcome to my arms. He then aſked news of his father. Giannetto replied, He is dead. I am much grieved, replied Anſaldo, to hear of the death of Bindo; but the joy I feel, in ſeeing you, mitigates my ſorrow. He conducted him to his houſe, and gave orders to his ſervants, that Giannetto ſhould be obeyed, and ſerved with more attention than had been paid to himſelf. He then delivered him the keys of his ready money; and told him, Son, ſpend this money, keep a table, and make yourſelf known: remember, that the more you gain the good will of every body, the more you will be dear to me.

Giannetto now began to give entertainments. He was more obedient and courteous to Anſaldo, than if he had been an hundred times his father. Every body in Venice was fond of him. Anſaldo could think of nothing but him; ſo much was he pleaſed with his good manners and behaviour.

It happened, that two of his moſt intimate acquaintance deſigned to go with two ſhips to Alexandria, and told Giannetto, he would do well to take a voyage and ſee the world. I would go willingly, ſaid he, if my father Anſaldo will give leave. His

companions go to Anſaldo, and beg his permiſſion for Giannetto to go in the ſpring with them to Alexandria; and deſire him to provide him a ſhip. Anſaldo immediately procured a very fine ſhip, loaded it with merchandize, adorned it with ſtreamers, and furniſhed it with arms; and, as ſoon as it was ready, he gave orders to the captain and ſailors to do every thing that Giannetto commanded. It happened one morning early, that Giannetto ſaw a gulph, with a fine port, and aſked the captain how the port was called? He replied that place belongs to a widow lady, who has ruined many gentlemen. In what manner? ſays Giannetto. He anſwered, This lady is a fine and beautiful woman, and has made a law, that whoever arrives here is obliged to go to bed with her, and if he can have the enjoyment of her, he muſt take her for his wife, and be lord of all the country; but if he cannot enjoy her, he loſes every thing he has brought with him. Giannetto, after a little reflection, tells the captain to get into the port. He was obeyed; and in an inſtant they ſlide into the port ſo eaſily that the other ſhips perceived nothing.

The lady was ſoon informed of it, and ſent for Giannetto, who waited on her immediately. She, taking him by the hand, aſked him who he was? whence he came? and if he knew the cuſtom of the country? He anſwered, That the knowledge of that cuſtom was his only reaſon for coming. The lady paid him great honours, and ſent for barons, counts, and knights in great numbers, who were her ſubjects, to keep Giannetto company. Theſe nobles were highly delighted with the good breeding and manners of Giannetto; and all would have rejoiced to have him for their lord.

The night being come, the lady ſaid, it ſeems to be time to go to bed. Giannetto told the lady, he was entirely devoted to her ſervice; and immediately two damſels enter with wine and ſweetmeats. The lady intreats him to taſte the wine: he takes the ſweetmeats, and drinks ſome of the wine, which was prepared with ingredients to cauſe ſleep. He then goes into the bed, where he inſtantly falls aſleep, and never wakes till late in the morning, but the lady roſe with the ſun, and gave orders to unload the veſſel, which ſhe found full of rich merchandize. After nine o'clock the women ſervants go to the bed-ſide, order Giannetto to riſe and be gone, for he had loſt the ſhip. The lady gave him a horſe and money, and he leaves the place very melancholy, and goes to Venice. When he arrives, he dares not return home for ſhame: but at night goes to the houſe of a friend, who is ſurpriſed to ſee him, and inquires of him the cauſe of his return? He anſwers, his ſhip had ſtruck on a rock in the night, and was broke in pieces.

This friend, going one day to make a viſit to Anſaldo, found him very diſconſolate. I fear, ſays Anſaldo, ſo much, that this ſon of mine is dead, that I have no reſt. His friend told him, that

he had been ſhipwreck'd, and had loſt his all, but that he himſelf was ſafe. Anſaldo inſtantly gets up and runs to find him. My dear ſon, ſaid he, you need not fear my diſpleaſure; it is a common accident; trouble yourſelf no further. He takes him home, all the way telling him to be chearful and eaſy.

The news was ſoon known all over Venice, and every one was concerned for Giannetto. Some time after, his companions arriving from Alexandria very rich, demanded what was become of their friend, and having heard the ſtory, ran to ſee him, and rejoiced with him for his ſafety; telling him that next ſpring, he might gain as much as he had loſt the laſt. But Giannetto had no other thoughts than of his return to the lady; and was reſolved to marry her, or die. Anſaldo told him frequently, not to be caſt down. Giannetto ſaid, he ſhould never be happy, till he was at liberty to make another voyage. Anſaldo provided another ſhip of more value than the firſt. He again entered the port of Belmonte, and the lady looking on the port from her bed-chamber, and ſeeing the ſhip, aſked her maid, if ſhe knew the ſtreamers? the maid ſaid, it was the ſhip of the young man who arrived the laſt year. You are in the right, anſwered the lady; he muſt ſurely have a great regard for me, for never any one came a ſecond time: the maid ſaid, ſhe had never ſeen a more agreeable man. He went to the caſtle, and preſented himſelf to the lady; who, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw him embraced him, and the day was paſſed in joy and revels. Bed-time being come, the lady entreated him to go to reſt: when they were ſeated in the chamber, the two damſels enter with wine and ſweet-meats; and having eat and drank of them, they go to bed, and immediately Giannetto falls aſleep, the lady undreſſed, and lay down by his ſide; but he waked not the whole night. In the morning, the lady riſes, and gives orders to ſtrip the ſhip. He has a horſe and money given him, and away he goes, and never ſtops till he gets to Venice: and at night goes to the ſame friend, who with aſtoniſhment aſked him what was the matter? I am undone, ſays Giannetto. His friend anſwered, You are the cauſe of the ruin of Anſaldo, and your ſhame ought to be greater than the loſs you have ſuffered. Giannetto lived privately many days. At laſt he took the reſolution of ſeeing Anſaldo, who roſe from his chair, and running to embrace him, told him he was welcome: Giannetto with tears returned his embraces. Anſaldo heard his tale: do not grieve, my dear ſon, ſays he, we have ſtill enough: the ſea enriches ſome men, others it ruins.

Poor Giannetto's head was day and night full of the thoughts of his bad ſucceſs. When Anſaldo enquired what was the matter, he confeſſed, he could never be contented till he ſhould be in a condition to regain all that he loſt. When Anſaldo found him reſolved, he began to ſell every thing he had, to furniſh this other fine ſhip with merchandize: but, as he wanted ſtill ten thouſand

ducats,

ducats, he applied himſelf to a Jew at Meſtri, and borrowed them on condition, that if they were not paid on the feaſt of St. John in the next month of June, that the Jew might take a pound of fleſh from any part of his body he pleaſed. Anſaldo agreed, and the Jew had an obligation drawn, and witneſſed, with all the form and ceremony neceſſary; and then counted him the ten thouſand ducats of gold, with which Anſaldo bought what was ſtill wanting for the veſſel. This laſt ſhip was finer and better freighted than the other two, and his companions made ready for their voyage, with a deſign that whatever they gained ſhould be for their friend. When it was time to depart, Anſaldo told Giannetto, that ſince he well knew of the obligation to the Jew, he entreated, that if any misfortune happened, he would return to Venice, that he might ſee him before he died; and then he could leave the world with ſatisfaction: Giannetto promiſed to do every thing that he conceived might give him pleaſure. Anſaldo gave him his bleſſing, they took their leave, and the ſhips ſet out.

Giannetto had nothing in his head but to ſteal into Belmonte; and he prevailed with one of the ſailors in the night to ſail the veſſel into the port. It was told the lady that Giannetto was arrived in port. She ſaw from the window the veſſel, and immediately ſent for him.

Giannetto goes to the caſtle, the day is ſpent in joy and feaſting; and to honour him, a tournament is ordered, and many barons and knights tilted that day. Giannetto did wonders, ſo well did he underſtand the lance, and was ſo graceful a figure on horſeback: he pleaſed ſo much, that all were deſirous to have him for their lord.

The lady, when it was the uſual time, catching him by the hand, begged him to take his reſt. When he paſſed the door of the chamber, one of the damſels in a whiſper ſaid to him, Make a pretence to drink the liquor, but touch not one drop. The lady ſaid, I know you muſt be thirſty, I muſt have you drink before you go to bed: immediately two damſels entered the room, and preſented the wine. Who can refuſe wine from ſuch beautiful hands? cries Giannetto: at which the lady ſmiled. Giannetto takes the cup, and making as if he drank, pours the wine into his boſom. The lady thinking he had drank, ſays aſide to herſelf with great joy, You muſt go, young man, and bring another ſhip, for this is condemned. Giannetto went to bed, and began to ſnore as if he ſlept ſoundly. The lady perceiving this, laid herſelf down by his ſide. Giannetto loſes no time, but turning to the lady, embraces her, ſaying, Now am I in poſſeſſion of my utmoſt wiſhes. When Giannetto came out of his chamber, he was knighted, and placed in the chair of ſtate, had the ſceptre put into his hand, and was proclaimed ſovereign of the country, with great pomp and ſplendour; and when the lords and ladies were come to the caſtle, he married the lady in great ceremony.

Giannetto governed excellently, and cauſed juſtice to be adminiſtered

niſtered impartially. He continued ſome time in his happy ſtate, and never entertained a thought of poor Anſaldo, who had given his bond to the Jew for ten thouſand ducats. But one day, as he ſtood at the window of the palace with his bride, he ſaw a number of people paſs along the piazza, with lighted torches in their hands. What is the meaning of this? ſays he. The lady anſwered, they are artificers, going to make their offerings at the church of St. John, this day being his feſtival. Giannetto inſtantly recollected Anſaldo, gave a great ſigh, and turned pale. His lady enquired the cauſe of his ſudden change. He ſaid, he felt nothing. She continued to preſs with great earneſtneſs, till he was obliged to confeſs the cauſe of his uneaſineſs, that Anſaldo was engaged for the money, that the term was expired; and the grief he was in was leſt his father ſhould loſe his life for him: that if the ten thouſand ducats were not paid that day, he muſt loſe a pound of his fleſh. The lady told him to mount on horſeback, and go by land the neareſt way, to take ſome attendants, and an hundred thouſand ducats; and not to ſtop till he arrived at Venice; and if he was not dead, to endeavour to bring Anſaldo to her. Giannetto takes horſe with twenty attendants, and makes the beſt of his way to Venice.

The time being expired, the Jew had ſeized Anſaldo, and inſiſted on having a pound of his fleſh. He entreated him only to wait ſome days, that if his dear Giannetto arrived, he might have the pleaſure of embracing him: the Jew replied he was willing to wait; but, ſays he, I will cut off the pound of fleſh, according to the words of the obligation. Anſaldo anſwered, that he was content.

Several merchants would have jointly paid the money; the Jew would not hearken to the propoſal, but inſiſted that he might have the ſatisfaction of ſaying, that he had put to death the greateſt of the Chriſtian merchants. Giannetto making all poſſible haſte to Venice, his lady ſoon followed him in a lawyer's habit, with two ſervants attending her. Giannetto, when he came to Venice, goes to the Jew, and (after embracing Anſaldo) tells him, he is ready to pay the money, and as much more as he ſhould demand. The Jew ſaid, he would take no money, ſince it was not paid at the time due; but that he would have the pound of fleſh. Every one blamed the Jew; but as Venice was a place where juſtice was ſtrictly adminiſtered, and the Jew had his pretenſions grounded on publick and received forms, their only reſource was entreaty; and when the merchants of Venice applied to him, he was inflexible. Giannetto offered him twenty thouſand, then thirty thouſand, afterwards forty, fifty, and at laſt an hundred thouſand ducats. The Jew told him, if he would give as much gold as Venice was worth, he would not accept it; and, ſays he, you know little of me, if you think I will deſiſt from my demand.

The

The lady now arrives at Venice, in her lawyer's dreſs; and alighting at an inn, the landlord aſks of one of the ſervants who his maſter was? The ſervant anſwered, that he was a young lawyer who had finiſhed his ſtudies at Bologna. The landlord upon this ſhews his gueſt great civility; and when he attended at dinner, the lawyer enquiring how juſtice was adminiſtered in that city, he anſwered, juſtice in this place is too ſevere, and related the caſe of Anſaldo. Says the lawyer, this queſtion may be eaſily anſwered. If you can anſwer it, ſays the landlord, and ſave this worthy man from death, you will get the love and eſteem of all the beſt men of this city. The lawyer cauſed a proclamation to be made, that whoever had any law matters to determine, they ſhould have recourſe to him: ſo it was told to Giannetto, that a famous lawyer was come from Bologna, who could decide all caſes in law. Giannetto propoſed to the Jew to apply to this lawyer. With all my heart, ſays the Jew; but let who will come, I will ſtick to my bond. They came to this judge, and ſaluted him. Giannetto did not remember him: for he had diſguiſed his face with the juice of certain herbs. Giannetto, and the Jew, each told the merits of the cauſe to the judge; who, when he had taken the bond and read it, ſaid to the Jew, I muſt have you take the hundred thouſand ducats, and releaſe this honeſt man, who will always have a grateful ſenſe of the favour done to him. The Jew replied, I will do no ſuch thing. The judge anſwered, it will be better for you. The Jew was poſitive to yield nothing. Upon this they go to the tribunal appointed for ſuch judgments: and our judge ſays to the Jew, Do you cut a pound of this man's fleſh where you chuſe. The Jew ordered him to be ſtripped naked; and takes in his hand a razor, which had been made on purpoſe. Giannetto ſeeing this, turning to the judge, this, ſays he, is not the favour I aſked of you. Be quiet, ſays he, the pound of fleſh is not yet cut off. As ſoon as the Jew was going to begin, Take care what you do, ſays the judge, if you take more or leſs than a pound, I will order your head to be ſtruck off: and beſide, if you ſhed one drop of blood, you ſhall be put to death. Your paper makes no mention of the ſhedding of blood; but ſays expreſly, that you may take a pound of fleſh, neither more nor leſs. He immediately ſent for the executioner to bring the block and ax; and now, ſays he, if I ſee one drop of blood, off goes your head. At length the Jew, after much wrangling, told him, Give me the hundred thouſand ducats, and I am content. No, ſays the judge, cut off your pound of fleſh according to your bond: why did not you take the money when it was offered? The Jew came down to ninety, and then to eighty thouſand: but the judge was ſtill reſolute. Giannetto told the judge to give what he required, that Anſaldo might have his liberty: but he replied, let me manage him. Then the Jew would have taken fifty thouſand; he ſaid, I will not give you a penny. Give me at leaſt

leaſt, ſays the Jew, my own ten thouſand ducats, and a curſe confound you all. The judge replies, I will give you nothing: if you will have the pound of fleſh, take it; if not, I will order your bond to be proteſted and annulled. The Jew ſeeing he could gain nothing, tore in pieces the bond in a great rage. Anſaldo was releaſed, and conducted home with great joy by Giannetto, who carried the hundred thouſand ducats to the inn to the lawyer. The lawyer ſaid, I do not want money; carry it back to your lady, that ſhe may not ſay, that you have ſquandered it away idly. Says Giannetto, my lady is ſo kind, that I might ſpend four times as much without incurring her diſpleaſure. How are you pleaſed with the lady? ſays the lawyer. I love her better than any earthly thing, anſwers Giannetto: nature ſeems to have done her utmoſt in forming her. If you will come and ſee her, you will be ſurpriſed at the honours ſhe will ſhew you. I cannot go with you, ſays the lawyer; but ſince you ſpeak ſo much good of her, I muſt deſire you to preſent my reſpects to her. I will not fail, Giannetto anſwered; and now, let me entreat you to accept of ſome of the money. While he was ſpeaking, the lawyer obſerved a ring on his finger, and ſaid, if you give me this ring, I ſhall ſeek no other reward. Willingly, ſays Giannetto; but as it is a ring given me by a lady, to wear for her ſake, I have ſome reluctance to part with it, and ſhe, not ſeeing it on my finger, will believe, that I have given it to a woman. Says the lawyer, ſhe eſteems you ſufficiently to credit what you tell her, and you may ſay you made a preſent of it to me; but I rather think you want to give it to ſome former miſtreſs here in Venice. So great, ſays Giannetto, is the love and reverence I bear to her, that I would not change her for any woman in the world. After this he takes the ring from his finger, and preſents it to him. I have ſtill a favour to aſk ſays the lawyer. It ſhall be granted, ſays Giannetto. It is, replied he, that you do not ſtay any time here, but go as ſoon as poſſible to your lady. It appears to me a thouſand years till I ſee her, anſwered Giannetto: and immediately they take leave of each other. The lawyer embarked, and left Venice. Giannetto took leave of his Venetian friends, and carried Anſaldo with him, and ſome of his old acquaintance accompanied them. The lady arrived ſome days before, and having reſumed her female habit, pretended to have ſpent the time at the baths; and now gave order to have the ſtreets lined with tapeſtry: and when Giannetto and Anſaldo were landed, all the court went out to meet them. When they arrived at the palace, the lady ran to embrace Anſaldo, but feigned anger againſt Giannetto, though ſhe loved him exceſſively: yet the feaſtings, tilts, and diverſions went on as uſual, at which all the lords and ladies were preſent. Giannetto ſeeing that his wife did not receive him with her accuſtomed good countenance, called her, and would have ſaluted her. She told him, ſhe wanted none of his careſſes: I am ſure, ſays

ſhe,

ſhe, you have been laviſh of them to ſome of your former miſtreſſes. Giannetto began to make excuſes. She aſked him where was the ring ſhe had given him? It is no more than what I expected, cries Giannetto, and was in the right to ſay you would be angry with me; but, I ſwear by all that is ſacred, and by your dear ſelf, that I gave the ring to the lawyer who gained our cauſe. And I can ſwear, ſays the lady, with as much ſolemnity, that you gave the ring to a woman: therefore ſwear no more. Gianneto proteſted that what he had told her was true, and that he ſaid all this to the lawyer, when he aſked for the ring. The lady replied, you would have done much better to ſtay at Venice with your miſtreſſes, for I fear they all wept when you came away. Giannetto's tears began to fall, and in great ſorrow he aſſured her, that what ſhe ſuppoſed could not be true. The lady ſeeing his tears, which were daggers in her boſom, ran to embrace him, and in a fit of laughter ſhewed the ring, and told him, that ſhe was herſelf the lawyer, and how ſhe obtained the ring. Giannetto was greatly aſtoniſhed, finding it all true, and told the ſtory to the nobles and to his companions; and this heightened greatly the love between him and his lady. He then called the damſel who had given him the good advice in the evening not to drink the liquor, and gave her to Anſaldo for a wife; and they ſpent the reſt of their lives in great felicity and contentment.

RUggieri de Figiovanni took a reſolution of going, for ſome time, to the court of Alfonſo king of Spain. He was graciouſly received, and living there ſome time in great magnificence, and giving remarkable proofs of his courage, was greatly eſteemed. Having frequent opportunities of examining minutely the behaviour of the king, he obſerved, that he gave, as he thought, with little diſcernment, caſtles, and baronies, to ſuch who were unworthy of his favours; and to himſelf, who might pretend to be of ſome eſtimation, he gave nothing: he therefore thought the fitteſt thing to be done, was to demand leave of the king to return home.

His requeſt was granted, and the king preſented him with one of the moſt beautiful and excellent mules, that had ever been mounted. One of the king's truſty ſervants was commanded to accompany Ruggieri, and riding along with him, to pick up, and recollect every word he ſaid of the king, and then mention that it was the order of his ſovereign, that he ſhould go back to him. The man watching the opportunity, joined Ruggieri when he ſet out, ſaid he was going towards Italy, and would be glad to ride in company with him. Ruggieri jogging on with his mule, and talking of one thing or other, it being near nine o'clock, told his companion, that they would do well to put up their mules a little, and as ſoon as they entered the ſtable, every beaſt, except his, began to ſtale. Riding on further, they came to a river, and watering

watering the beaſts, his mule ſtaled in the river: you untoward beaſt, ſays he, you are like your maſter, who gave you to me. The ſervant remembered this expreſſion, and many others as they rode on all day together; but he heard not a ſingle word drop from him, but what was in praiſe of the king. The next morning Ruggieri was told the order of the king, and inſtantly turned back. When the king had heard what he had ſaid of the mule, he commanded him into his preſence, and with a ſmile, aſked him, for what reaſon he had compared the mule to him. Ruggieri anſwered, My reaſon is plain, you give where you ought not to give, and where you ought to give, you give nothing; in the ſame manner the mule would not ſtale where ſhe ought, and where ſhe ought not, there ſhe ſtaled. The king ſaid upon this, If I have not rewarded you as I have many, do not entertain a thought that I was inſenſible to your great merit; it is Fortune who hindered me; ſhe is to blame, and not I; and I will ſhew you manifeſtly that I ſpeak truth. My diſcontent, ſir, proceeds not, anſwered Ruggieri, from a deſire of being enriched, but from your not having given the ſmalleſt teſtimony to my deſerts in your ſervice: nevertheleſs your excuſe is valid, and I am ready to ſee the proof you mention, though I can eaſily believe you without it. The king conducted him to a hall, where he had already commanded two large caſkets, ſhut cloſe, to be placed: and before a large company told Ruggieri, that in one of them was contained his crown, ſcepter, and all his jewels, and that the other was full of earth: chooſe which of them you like beſt, and then you will ſee that it is not I, but your fortune that has been ungrateful. Ruggieri, choſe one. It was found to be the caſket full of earth. The king ſaid to him with a ſmile, Now you may ſee Ruggieri that what I told you of fortune is true; but for your ſake, I will oppoſe her with all my ſtrength. You have no intention, I am certain, to live in Spain, therefore I will offer you no preferment here, but that caſket which fortune denied you, ſhall be yours in deſpite of her: carry it with you into your own country, ſhew it to your friends, and neighbours, as my gift to you; and you have my permiſſion to boaſt, that it is a reward of your virtues.

Of The MERCHANT of VENICE the ſtyle is even and eaſy, with few peculiarities of diction, or anomalies of conſtruction. The comick part raiſes laughter, and the ſerious fixes expectation. The probability of either one or the other ſtory cannot be maintained. The union of two actions in one event is in this drama eminently happy. Dryden was much pleaſed with his own addreſs in connecting the two plots of his *Spaniſh Friar*, which yet, I believe, the critick will find execelled by this play.

JOHNSON.

P. 141. *The Merchant of Venice.*] The ancient ballad, on which the greater part of this play is probably founded, has been men-

mentioned in *Obſervations on the Faery Queen*, l. 129. Shakſpeare's track of reading may be traced in the common books and popular ſtories of the times, from which he manifeſtly derived moſt of his plots. Hiſtorical ſongs, then very faſhionable, often ſuggeſted and recommended a ſubject. Many of his incidental alluſions alſo relate to pieces of this kind, which are now grown valuable on this account only, and would otherwiſe have been deſervedly forgotten. A ballad is ſtill remaining on the ſubject of *Romeo and Juliet*, which by the date appears to be much older than Shakſpeare's time. It is remarkable, that all the particulars in which that play differs from the ſtory in Bandello, are found in this ballad. But it may be ſaid, that he has copied this ſtory as it ſtands in Paynter's *Pallace of Pleaſure*, 1567, where there is the ſame variation of circumſtances. This, however, ſhews us that Shakſpeare did not firſt alter the original ſtory for the worſe, and is at leaſt a preſumptive proof that he never ſaw the Italian.

Shakſpeare alludes to the tale of *King Cophetua and the Beggar*, more than once. This was a ballad; the oldeſt copy of which, that I have ſeen, is in *A Crown Garland of golden Roſes gathered out of England's royall Garden*, 1612. The collector of this miſcellany was Richard Johnſon, who compiled, from various romances, *The Seven Champions*. This ſtory of *Cophetua* was in high vogue, as appears from our author's manner of introducing it in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, act iv. ſc. 1. As likewiſe from John Marſton's Satires, called the *Scourge of Villanie*, printed, 1598, viz.

" Go buy ſome ballad of the fairy king,
" And of the BEGGAR WENCH *ſome rogie thing*."
Sign. B. ii.

The firſt ſtanza of the old ballad begins thus;

" I read that once in Africa
" A prince that there did reign,
" Who had to name Cophetua,
" *As poets they do feign*, &c.

The prince, or king, falls in love with a female beggar, whom he ſees accidentally from the windows of his palace, and afterwards marries her. [Sign. D. 4.] The ſong, cited at length by the learned Dr. Grey, on this ſubject, is evidently ſpurious, and much more modern than Shakſpeare's time. The name Cophetua is not once mentioned in it. *Notes on Shakſpeare*, vol. ii. p. 267.

However, I ſuſpect, there is ſome more genuine copy than that of 1612, which I before mentioned. But this point may be, perhaps, adjuſted by an ingenious enquirer into our old Engliſh literature, who is now publiſhing a curious collection of ancient ballads, which will illuſtrate many paſſages in Shakſpeare.

I doubt

I doubt not but he received the hint of writing *King Lear* from a ballad on that ſubject. But in moſt of his hiſtorical plays, he copies Hall, Holinſhed, and Stowe, the reigning hiſtorians of that age. And although theſe Chronicles were then univerſally known and read, he did not ſcruple to tranſcribe their materials with the moſt circumſtantial minuteneſs. For this he could not eſcape an oblique ſtroke of ſatire from his envious friend, Ben Jonſon, in the comedy called, *The Devil's an Aſs*, act ii. ſc. 4.

" *Fitz-dot.* Thomas of Woodſtock, I'm ſure, was duke: and he was made away at Calice, as duke Humfrey was at Bury. And Richard the Third, you know what end he came to.

" *Meer-er.* By my faith you're cunning in the Chronicle.

" *Fitz-dot.* No, I confeſs, I ha't from the play-books, and think they're more authentick."

In Antony Wood's collection of ballads, in the Aſhmolean Muſeum, I find one with the following title: " *The lamentable and tragical Hiſtorie of Titus Andronicus, with the fall of his five and twenty ſons in the wars with the Goths*; with the murder of his daughter Lavinia, by the empreſs's two ſons, through the means of a bloody Moor, taken by the ſword of Titus in the war: his revenge upon their cruel and inhumane acte."

" You noble mindes and famous martiall wights."

The uſe which Shakſpeare might make of this piece, is obvious. WARTON.

The two principal incidents of this play are to be found ſeparately in a collection of odd ſtories, which were very popular, at leaſt five hundred years ago, under the title of *Geſta Romanorum*. The firſt, *Of the bond*, is in ch. xlviii. of the copy, which I chuſe to refer to, as the completeſt of any which I have yet ſeen. MS. Harl. n. 2270. A knight there borrows money of a merchant, upon condition of forfeiting *all his fleſh* for non-payment. When the penalty is exacted before the judge; *the knight's miſtreſs*, diſguiſed, *in forma viri & veſtimentis pretioſis induta*, comes into court, and, by permiſſion of the judge, endeavours to mollify the merchant. She firſt offers him his money, and then the double of it, &c. to all which his anſwer is—*Conventionem meam volo habere.* —Puella, cum hoc audiſſet, ait coram omnibus, Domine mi judex, da rectum judicium ſuper his quæ vobis dixero.—Vos ſcitis quod miles nunquam ſe obligabat ad aliud per literam niſi quod mercator habeat poteſtatem carnes ab oſſibus ſcindere, *ſine ſanguinis effuſione*, de quo nihil erat prolocutum. Statim mittat manum in eum; ſi vero ſanguinem effuderit, *Rex contra eum actionem habet.* Mercator, cum hoc audiſſet, ait; date mihi pecuniam & omnem actionem ei remitto. Ait puella, Amen dico tibi, nullum denarium habebis—pone ergo manum in eum, ita ut ſanguinem non effundas. Mercator vera videns ſe confuſum abſceſſit; & ſic vita militis ſalvata eſt, & nullum denarium dedit.——

The

The other incident, *of the caſkets*, is in ch. xcix. of the ſame collection. A king of Apulia ſends his daughter to be married to the ſon of an emperor of Rome. After ſome adventures, (which are nothing to the preſent purpoſe) ſhe is brought before the emperor; who ſays to her, "Puella, propter amorem filii mei multa adverſa ſuſtinuiſti. Tamen ſi digna fueris ut uxor ejus ſis cito probabo. Et fecit fieri tria vaſa. PRIMUM fuit *de auro puriſſimo* & lapidibus pretioſis interius ex omni parte, & plenum *oſſibus mortuorum*; & exterius erat ſubſcriptio: *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod meruit.* SECUNDUM vas erat *de argento* puro, & gemmis pretioſis, plenum *terra*; et exterius erat ſubſcriptio: *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod natura appetit.* TERTIUM vas *de plumbo* plenum *lapidibus pretioſis interius & gemmis nobiliſſimis*; & exterius erat ſubſcriptio talis: *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod deus diſpoſuit.* Iſta tria oſtendit puellæ, & dixit, ſi unum ex iſtis elegeris in quo commodum & proficuum eſt, filium meum habebis. Si vero elegeris quod nec tibi aliis eſt commodum, ipſum non habebis." The young lady, after mature conſideration of the veſſels and their inſcriptions, chuſes the *leaden*, which being opened, and found to be full of gold and precious ſtones, the emperor ſays: "Bona puella, bene elegiſti——ideo filium meum habebis."

From this abſtract of theſe two ſtories, I think it appears ſufficientely plain that they are the *remote* originals of the two incidents in this play. That *of the caſkets* Shakſpeare might take from the Engliſh *Geſta Romanorum*, as Dr. Farmer has obſerved; and that *of the bond* might come to him from the *Pecorone*; but upon the whole I am rather inclined to ſuſpect, that he has followed ſome hitherto unknown novelliſt, who had ſaved him the trouble of working up the two ſtories into one. TYRWHITT.

Of the incident of the *bond*, no Engliſh original has hitherto been pointed out. I find, however, the following in *The Orator: handling a hundred ſeverall Diſcourſes, in form of Declamations: ſome of the Arguments being drawne from Titus Livius and other ancient Writers, the reſt of the author's own invention: Part of which are of Matters happened in our Age.——Written in French by Alexander Silvayn, and Engliſhed* by *L. P.* [i. e. Lazarus Pilot] *London, printed by Adam Iſlip*, 1596.——(This book is not mentioned by Ames.) See p. 401.

DECLAMATION 95.

"*Of a Jew, who would for his debt have a pound of the fleſh of a Chriſtian.*

"A Jew, unto whom a Chriſtian merchant ought nine hundred crownes, would have ſummoned him for the ſame in Turkie: the merchant, becauſe he would not be diſcredited, promiſed to pay the ſaid ſumme within the tearme of three months, and if he paid it not, he was bound to give him a pound of fleſh of his bodie.

The

The tearme being paſt ſome fifteene daies, the Jew refuſed to take his money, and demaunded the pound of fleſh: the ordinarie judge of that place appointed him to cut a juſt pound of the Chriſtian's fleſh, and if he cut either more or leſſe, then his own head ſhould be ſmitten off: the Jew appealed from this ſentence, unto the chiefe judge, ſaying:

"Impoſſible is it to breake the credit of trafficke amongſt men without great detriment to the commonwealth: wherefore no man ought to bind himſelfe unto ſuch covenants which hee cannot or will not accompliſh, for by that means ſhould no man feare to be deceaved, and credit being maintained, every man might be aſſured of his owne; but ſince deceit hath taken place, never wonder if obligations are made more rigorous and ſtrict then they were wont, ſeeing that although the bonds are made never ſo ſtrong, yet can no man be very certaine that he ſhall not be a loſer. It ſeemeth at the firſt ſight that it is a thing no leſs ſtrange than cruel, to bind a man to pay a pound of the fleſh of his bodie, for want of money: ſurely, in that it is a thing not uſuall it appeareth to be ſomewhat the more admirable, but there are divers others that are more cruell, which becauſe they are in uſe ſeeme nothing terrible at all: as to binde all the bodie unto a moſt lothſome priſon, or unto an intollerable ſlaverie, where not only the whole bodie but alſo all the ſenſes and ſpirits are tormented, the which is commonly practiſed, not only betwixt thoſe which are either in ſect or nation contrary, but alſo even amongſt thoſe that are of one ſect and nation, yea amongſt Chriſtians it hath been ſeene that the ſon hath impriſoned the father for monie. Likewiſe in the Roman commonwealth, ſo famous for lawes and armes, it was lawful for debt to impriſon, beat, and afflict with torment the free citizens: how manie of them (do you thinke) would have thought themſelves happie, if for a ſmall debt they might have been excuſed with the paiment of a pounde of their fleſh? who ought then to marvile if a Jew requireth ſo ſmall a thing of a Chriſtian, to diſcharge him of a good round ſumme? A man may aſke why I would not rather take ſilver of this man, then his fleſh: I might alleage many reaſons, for I might ſay that none but my ſelfe can tell what the breach of his promiſe hath coſt me, and what I have thereby paied for want of money unto my creditors, of that which I have loſt in my credit: for the miſerie of thoſe men which eſteem their reputation, is ſo great, that oftentimes they had rather endure any thing ſecretlie, then to have their diſcredit blazed abroad, becauſe they would not be both ſhamed and harmed. Nevertheleſſe, I doe freely confeſſe, that I had rather loſe a pound of my fleſh then my credit ſhould be in any ſort cracked: I might alſo ſay that I have need of this fleſh to cure a friend of mine of a certaine maladie, which is otherwiſe incurable, or that I would have it to terrifie thereby the Chriſtians for ever abuſing the Jews once more hereafter: but I will onlie

ſay,

ſay, that by his obligation he oweth it me. It is lawfull to kill a ſouldier if he come unto the warres but an houre too late, and alſo to hang a theefe though he ſteal never ſo little: is it then ſuch a great matter to cauſe ſuch a one to pay a pound of his fleſh, that hath broken his promiſe manie times, or that putteth another in danger to loſe both credit and reputation, yea and it may be life, and al for griefe? were it not better for him to loſe that I demand then his ſoule, alreadie bound by his faith? Neither am I to take that which he oweth me, but he is to deliver it to me: and eſpeciallie becauſe no man knoweth better than he where the ſame may be ſpared to the leaſt hurt of his perſon, for I might take it in ſuch place as hee might thereby happen to loſe his life: whatte matter were it then if I ſhould cut off his privie members, ſuppoſing that the ſame would altogether weigh a juſt pound? or els his head, ſhould I be ſuffered to cut it off, although it were with the danger of mine own life? I believe it ſhould not; becauſe there were as little reaſon therein as there could be in the amends whereunto I ſhould be bound: or els if I would cut off his noſe, his lips, his ears, and pull out his eies, to make them altogether a pound, ſhould I be ſuffered? ſurely I think not, becauſe the obligation dooth not ſpecifie that I ought either to chooſe, cut, or take the ſame, but that he ought to give me a pound of his fleſh. Of every thing that is ſold, he which delivereth the ſame is to make waight, and he which receiveth, taketh heed that it be juſt: ſeeing then that neither the obligation, cuſtome, nor law doth bind me to cut, or weigh, much leſſe unto the above mentioned ſatisfaction, I refuſe it all, and require that the ſame which is due ſhould be delivered unto me."

The Chriſtian's Anſwere.

" It is no ſtrange matter to here thoſe diſpute of equitie which are themſelves moſt unjuſt; and ſuch as have no faith at all, deſirous that others ſhould obſerve the ſame inviolable, the which were yet the more tolerable, if ſuch men would be contented with reaſonable things, or at the leaſt not altogether unreaſonable: but what reaſon is there that one man ſhould unto his own prejudice deſire the hurt of another? as this Jew is content to loſe nine hundred crownes to have a pound of my fleſh, whereby is manifeſtely ſeene the ancient and cruel hate which he beareth not only unto Chriſtians but unto all others which are not of his ſect: yea, even unto the Turkes, who overkindly doe ſuffer ſuch vermine to dwell amongſt them, ſeeing that this preſumptuous wretch dare not onely doubt, but appeale from the judgement of a good and juſt judge, and afterwards he would by ſophiſticall reaſons prove that his abhomination is equitie: trulie I confeſſe that I have ſuffered fifteen daies of the tearme to paſſe, yet who can tell whether he or I is the cauſe thereof, as for me I think that by ſecret meanes

he has cauſed the monie to be delaied, which from ſundry places ought to have come unto me before the tearm which I promiſed unto him; otherwiſe, I would never have been ſo raſh as to bind myſelfe ſo ſtrictly: but although he were not the cauſe of the fault, is it therefore ſaid, that he ought to be ſo imprudent as to go about to prove it no ſtrange matter that he ſhould be willing to be paied with man's fleſh, which is a thing more natural for tigres, than men, the which alſo was never heard of: but this divil in ſhape of man, ſeeing me oppreſſed with neceſſitie, propoundeth this curſed obligation unto me. Whereas he alleageth the Romaines for an example, why doth he not as well tell on how for that crueltie in afflicting debtors over grievouſly, the common-wealth was almoſt overthrowne, and that ſhortly after it was forbidden to impriſon men any more for debt. To breake promiſe is, when a man ſweareth or promiſeth a thing, the which he hath no deſire to performe, which yet upon an extreame neceſſity is ſomewhat excuſable: as for me I have promiſed, and accompliſhed my promiſe, yet not ſo ſoon as I would; and although I knew the danger wherein I was to ſatisfie the crueltie of this miſchievous man with the price of my fleſh and blood, yet did I not flie away, but ſubmitted my ſelfe unto the diſcretion of the judge who hath juſtly repreſſed his beaſtlineſs. Wherein then have I ſatisfied my promiſe, is it in that I would not (like him) diſobey the judgement of the judge? Behold I will preſent a part of my bodie unto him, that he may paie himſelfe, according to the contents of the judgement, where is then my promiſe broken? But it is no marvaile if this race be ſo obſtinat and cruell againſt us, for they do it of ſet purpoſe to offend our God whom they have crucified: and wherefore? Becauſe he was holie, as he is yet ſo reputed of this worthy Turkiſh nation: but what ſhall I ſay? Their own Bible is full of their rebellion againſt God, againſt their prieſts, judges and leaders. What did not the very patriarchs themſelves, from whom they have their beginning? They ſold their brother, and had it not been for one amongſt them, they had ſlain him for verie envie. How many adulteries and abhominations were committed amongſt them? How many murthers? Abſalom did he not cauſe his brother to be murthered? Did he not perſecute his father? Is it not for their iniquitie that God hath diſperſed them, without leaving them one onlie foot of ground? If then, when they had newlie received their law from God, when they ſaw his wonderous works with their eies, and had yet their judges amongſt them, they were ſo wicked, what may one hope of them now, when they have neither faith nor law, but their rapines and uſuries? and that they believe they do a charitable work, when they do ſome great wrong unto one that is not a Jew? It may pleaſe you then, moſt righteous judge, to conſider all theſe circumſtances, having pittie of him who doth wholly ſubmit himſelfe

ſelfe unto your juſt clemencie: hoping thereby to be delivered from this monſter's crueltie." FARMER.

The "Hiſtory of *Geſta Romanorum*," is advertiſed at the end of the comedy of *Mucidorus*, 1668, to be ſold, among other books, on Saffron-Hill, in Wine-Street, near Hatton Garden. Again, in Sir *Giles Gooſecap*, 1606:

"Then for your ladyſhip's quips and quick jeſts, why *Geſta Romanorum* were nothing to them." Again, in Chapman's *May-Day*, 1611:

"——one that has read Marcus Aurelius, *Geſta Romanorum*, the Mirror of Magiſtrates, &c."

Gregorio Leti, in his *Life of Sixtus* V. tranſlated by Ellis Farneworth, 1754, has likewiſe this kind of ſtory.

It was currently reported in Rome that Drake had taken and plundered S. Domingo in Hiſpaniola, and carried off an immenſe booty: this account came in a private letter to *Paul Secchi*, a very conſiderable merchant in the city, who had large concerns in thoſe parts which he had inſured. Upon the receiving this news he ſent for the inſurer Samſon Ceneda, a Jew, and acquainted him with it. The Jew, whoſe intereſt it was to have ſuch a report thought falſe, gave many reaſons why it could not poſſibly be true; and at laſt worked himſelf up into ſuch a paſſion, that he ſaid, "I'll lay you a pound of my fleſh that it is a lie."

Secchi, who was of a fiery hot temper, replied, "If you like it, I'll lay you a thouſand crowns againſt a pound of your fleſh that it is true." The Jew accepted the wager, and articles were immediately executed between them, the ſubſtance of which was, "That if Secchi won, he ſhould himſelf cut the fleſh with a ſharp knife from whatever part of the Jew's body he pleaſed." Unfortunately for the Jew, the truth of the account was ſoon after confirmed, by other advices from the Weſt-Indies, which threw him almoſt into diſtraction; eſpecially when he was informed that Secchi had ſolemnly ſworn he would compel him to the exact literal performance of his contract, and was determined to cut a pound of fleſh from that part of his body which it is not neceſſary to mention. Upon this he went to the governor of Rome, and begged he would interpoſe in the affair, and uſe his authority to prevail with Secchi to accept of a thouſand piſtoles as an equivalent for the pound of fleſh: but the governor not daring to take upon him to determine a caſe of ſo uncommon a nature, made a report of it to the pope, who ſent for them both, and having heard the articles read, and informed himſelf perfectly of the whole affair from their own mouths, ſaid, "When contracts are made, it is juſt they ſhould be fulfilled, as we intend this ſhall. Take a kniſe, therefore, Secchi, and cut a pound of fleſh from any part you pleaſe of the Jew's body. We would adviſe you, however, to be very careful; for if you cut but a ſcruple or grain more or leſs than your due, you ſhall cer-

tainly be hanged. Go, and bring hither a knife, and a pair of ſcales, and let it be done in our preſence."

The merchant at theſe words, began to tremble like an aſpin-leaf, and throwing himſelf at his holineſs's feet, with tears in his eyes proteſted, "It was far from his thoughts to inſiſt upon the performance of the contract." And being aſked by the pope what he demanded; anſwered, "Nothing, holy father, but your benediction, and that the articles may be torn in pieces." Then turning to the Jew, he aſked him, "What he had to ſay, and whether he was content." The Jew anſwered, "That he thought himſelf extremely happy to come off at ſo eaſy a rate, and that he was perfectly content." "But we are not content," replied Sixtus, "nor is there ſufficient ſatisfaction made to our laws. We deſire to know what authority you have to lay ſuch wagers? The ſubjects of princes are the property of the ſtate, and have no right to diſpoſe of their bodies, nor any part of them, without the expreſs conſent of their ſovereigns."

They were both immediately ſent to priſon, and the governor ordered to proceed againſt them with the utmoſt ſeverity of the law, that others might be deterred by their example from laying any more ſuch wagers.——[The governor interceding for them, and propoſing a fine of a thouſand crowns each, Sixtus ordered him to condemn them both to death, the Jew for ſelling his life, by conſenting to have a pound of fleſh cut from his body, which he ſaid was direct ſuicide, and the merchant for premeditated murder, in making a contract with the other that he knew muſt be the occaſion of his death.]

As Secchi was of a very good family, having many great friends and relations, and the Jew one of the moſt leading men in the ſynagogue, they both had recourſe to petitions. Strong application was made to cardinal Montalto, to intercede with his holineſs at leaſt to ſpare their lives. Sixtus, who did not really deſign to put them to death, but to deter others from ſuch practices, at laſt conſented to change the ſentence into that of the galleys, with liberty to buy off that too, by paying each of them two thouſand crowns, to be applied to the uſe of the hoſpital which he had lately founded, before they were releaſed.

Life of Sixtus V. Fol. B. vii. p. 293, &c.

STEEVENS.

AS

AS YOU LIKE IT.

A

COMEDY.

Perſons Repreſented[1].

Duke.
Frederick, *brother to the Duke, and uſurper.*
Amiens, } *Lords attending upon the Duke in his ba-*
Jaques, } *niſhment.*
Le Beau, *a courtier attending upon* Frederick.
Oliver, *eldeſt ſon to Sir* Rowland de Boys.
Jaques, } *younger brothers to* Oliver.
Orlando, }
Adam, *an old ſervant of Sir* Rowland de Boys.
Touchſtone, *a clown.*
Corin, } *Shepherds.*
Sylvius, }
William, *in love with* Audrey.
Sir Oliver Mar-text, *a vicar.*
Charles, *wreſtler to the uſurping Duke* Frederick.
Dennis, *ſervant to* Oliver.

Roſalind, *daughter to the Duke.*
Celia, *daughter to* Frederick.
Phebe, *a ſhepherdeſs.*
Audrey, *a country wench.*
A perſon repreſenting Hymen.

Lords belonging to the two Dukes; with pages, foreſters, and other attendants.

The SCENE *lies, firſt, near Oliver's houſe; and, afterwards, partly in the Duke's court; and partly in the foreſt of Arden.*

[1] The liſt of the perſons being omitted in the old editions, was added by Mr. Rowe. JOHNSON.

AS

AS YOU LIKE IT[2].

ACT I. SCENE I.

Oliver's Orchard.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this faſhion bequeathed me: By will, but a poor thouſand crowns[3]; and, as thou ſay'ſt, charged my bro-

[2] *As you like it* was *certainly borrowed*, if we believe Dr. Grey and Mr. Upton, from the *Coke's Tale of Gamelyn*; which by the way was not *printed* 'till a century afterward: when in truth the old bard, who was no hunter of MS. contented himſelf ſolely with *Lodge*'s *Roſalynd*, or, *Euphues' Golden Legacye*. 4to. 1590. FARMER.

Shakſpeare has followed Lodge's novel more exactly than is his general cuſtom when he is indebted to ſuch worthleſs originals; and has ſketch'd ſome of his principal characters, and borrowed a few expreſſions from it. His imitations, &c. however, are in general too inſignificant to merit tranſcription.

It ſhould be obſerved that the characters of *Jaques*, the *Clown*, and *Audrey*, are entirely of the poet's own formation.

Although I have never met with any edition of this comedy before the year 1623, it is evident, that ſuch a publication was at leaſt deſigned. At the beginning of the ſecond volume of the entries at Stationers' Hall, are placed two leaves of irregular prohibitions, notes, &c. Among theſe are the following:

Aug. 4.

" *As You Like It*, a book. . .
" *Henry the Fift*, a book. . . } to be ſtaied."
" Comedy of *Much Ado*, a book.

The dates ſcattered over theſe pages are from 1596 to 1615. STEEVENS.

[3] *As I remember, Adam, it was upon this* faſhion *bequeathed me by will, but a poor thouſand crowns*, &c.] The grammar, as well as ſenſe, ſuffers cruelly by this reading. There are two nominatives

ther, on his bleſſing, to breed me well: and there begins my ſadneſs. My brother Jaques he keeps at ſchool, and report ſpeaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me ruſtically at home, or, to ſpeak more properly, ſtays me here at home, unkept[4]; For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my

to the verb *bequeathed*, and not ſo much as one to the verb *charged*: and yet, to the nominative there wanted, [*his bleſſing*] refers. So that the whole ſentence is confuſed and obſcure. A very ſmall alteration in the reading and pointing ſets all right.—*As I remember, Adam, it was upon this* my father *bequeathed me*, &c. The grammar is now rectified, and the ſenſe alſo; which is this, Orlando and Adam were diſcourſing together on the cauſe why the younger brother had but a thouſand crowns left him. They agree upon it; and Orlando opens the ſcene in this manner, *As I remember, it was upon this*, i. e. for the reaſon we have been talking of, that my father left me but a thouſand crowns; however, to make amends for this ſcanty proviſion, he charged my brother on his bleſſing to breed me well. WARBURTON.

There is, in my opinion, nothing but a point miſplaced, and an omiſſion of a word which every hearer can ſupply, and which therefore an abrupt and eager dialogue naturally excludes.

I read thus: *As I remember, Adam, it was on this faſhion bequeathed me. By will but a poor thouſand crowns; and, as thou ſayeſt, charged my brother on his bleſſing, to breed me well.* What is there in this difficult or obſcure? The nominative *my father* is certainly left out, but ſo left out that the auditor inſerts it, in ſpite of himſelf. JOHNSON.

—*It was on this faſhion bequeathed me*, as Dr. Johnſon reads, is but aukward Engliſh. I would read: *As I remember, Adam, it was on this faſhion.*—He *bequeathed me by will*, &c. Orlando and Adam enter abruptly in the midſt of a converſation on this topick; and Orlando is correcting ſome miſapprehenſion of the other. As *I* remember (ſays he) it was thus. He left me a thouſand crowns; and, *as thou ſayeſt*, charged my brother, &c. BLACKSTONE.

[4] Stays *me here at home, unkept*;] We ſhould read *ſtys*, i. e. keeps me like a brute. The following words——*for call you that keeping*——*that differs not from the ſtalling of an ox*, confirms this emendation. So Caliban ſays,

"*And here you ſty me in this hard rock.*" WARBURTON.

Stics is better than *ſtays*, and more likely to be Shakſpeare's JOHNSON.

So, in *Noah's Flood*, by Drayton:

"And *ſty* themſelves up in a little room." STEEVENS.

birth

birth, that differs not from the ſtalling of an ox? His horſes are bred better; for, beſides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Beſides this nothing that he ſo plentifully gives me, the ſomething that nature gave me, his countenance ſeems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the ſpirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny againſt this ſervitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wiſe remedy how to avoid it.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my maſter, your brother.

Orla. Go apart, Adam, and thou ſhalt hear how he will ſhake me up.

Oli. Now, ſir! what make you here?

Orla. Nothing; I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, ſir?

Orla. Marry, ſir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleneſs.

Oli. Marry, ſir, be better employ'd, and be nought a while [6].

Orla.

[6] *Be better employed, and* be nought a while.] Mr. Theobald has here a very critical note; which, though his modeſty ſuffered him to withdraw it from his ſecond edition, deſerves to be perpetuated, i. e. (ſays he) *be better employed, in my opinion, in being and doing nothing. Your idleneſs, as you call it, may be an exerciſe by which you make a figure, and endear yourſelf to the world: and I had rather you were a contemptible cypher. The poet ſeems to me to have*

Oral. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat huſks with them? What prodigal portion have I ſpent, that I ſhould come to ſuch penury?

have that trite proverbial ſentiment in his eye, quoted from Attilius, by the younger Pliny and others; ſatius eſt otioſum eſſe quàm nihil agere. *But Oliver, in the perverſeneſs of his diſpoſition, would reverſe the doctrine of the proverb.* Does the reader know what all this means? But 'tis no matter. I will aſſure him—*be nought a while* is only a north-country proverbial curſe equivalent to, *a miſchief on you.* So, the old poet Skelton:

" *Correct firſt thy ſelfe, walke and* be nought,
" *Deeme what thou liſt, thou knoweſt not my thought.*"

But what the Oxford editor could not explain, he would amend, and reads:

———*and do aught a while.* WARBURTON.

If *be nought a while* has the ſignification here given it, the reading may certainly ſtand; but till I learned its meaning from this note, I read:

Be better employed, and be naught *a while.*

In the ſame ſenſe as we ſay, *it is better to do miſchief, than to do nothing.* JOHNSON.

Notwithſtanding Dr. Warburton's far-fetched explanation, I believe that the words *be nought a while*, mean no more than this, *Be content to be a cypher, till I ſhall think fit to elevate you into conſequence.*

This was certainly a proverbial ſaying. I find it in *The Storie of King Darius*, an interlude, 1565:

" Come away, *and be nought a whyle*,
" Or ſurely I will you both defyle."

Again, in *K. Henry* IV. p. ii. Falſtaff ſays to Piſtol: " Nay, if he do nothing but ſpeak nothing, *he ſhall be nothing* here."

STEEVENS.

Naught is the reading of the folio, but I believe *nought* was intended; for in the early part of the 17th century, *nought* was generally ſpelt *naught.* So, in the 2d part of Marſton's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602:

" Whoſe reeling cenſure if I value not,
" It values *naught.*"

In the edition of the ſame play, 1633, it ſtands rightly:

" It values *nought.*"

Again, *ibid:*

" He who hath *naught* that fortune's gripe can ſeize."

Again: " *Naught* elſe but ſmoke."

Since I wrote the above I have met with this phraſe, uſed certainly with the ſignification that Dr. Johnſon has annexed to it. It occurs in *Swetnam*, a comedy, 1620:

" ———get you both in, and be *naught* awhile."

The ſpeaker is a chamber-maid, and ſhe addreſſes herſelf to her miſtreſs and her lover. MALONE.

Oli.

Oli. Know you where you are, ſir?

Orla. O, ſir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, ſir?

Orla. Ay, better than he, I am before, knows me, I know you are my eldeſt brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you ſhould ſo know me: The courteſy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the firſt-born; but the ſame tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confeſs your coming before me is nearer to his reverence [7].

Oli. What, boy!

Orla. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orla. I am no villain [8]: I am the youngeſt ſon of ſir Rowland de Boys; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain, that ſays, ſuch a father begot villains; Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, 'till this other had pulled out thy tongue for ſaying ſo; thou haſt railed on thyſelf.

Adam. Sweet maſters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

[7] *Albeit, I confeſs your coming before me is nearer to his* reverence.] This is ſenſe indeed, and may be thus underſtood.—— The reverence due to my father is, in ſome degree, derived to you, as the firſt-born—But I am perſuaded that Orlando did not here mean to compliment his brother, or condemn himſelf; ſomething of both which there is in that ſenſe. I rather think he intended a ſatirical reflection on his brother, who by *letting him feed with his hind*, treated him as one not ſo nearly related to old ſir Rowland as himſelf was. I imagine therefore Shakſpeare might write,——*albeit your coming before me is nearer his* revenue, i. e. though you are no nearer in blood, yet it muſt be owned, indeed, you are nearer in eſtate. WARBURTON.

[8] *I am no villain:*] The word *villain* is uſed by the elder brother, in its preſent meaning, for a *worthleſs*, *wicked*, or *bloody man*; by Orlando in its original ſignification, for a *fellow of baſe extraction*. JOHNSON.

Oli.

Oli. Let me go, I ſay.

Orla. I will not, 'till I pleaſe: you ſhall hear me. My father charg'd you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd me up like a peaſant, obſcuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the ſpirit of my father grows ſtrong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me ſuch exerciſes as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by teſtament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is ſpent? Well, ſir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you ſhall have ſome part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orla. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Moſt true; I have loſt my teeth in your ſervice.—God be with my old maſter, he would not have ſpoke ſuch a word.

[*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*

Oli. Is it even ſo? begin you to grow upon me? I will phyſick your rankneſs, and yet give no thouſand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worſhip?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wreſtler, here to ſpeak with me?

Den. So pleaſe you, he is here at the door, and importunes acceſs to you.

Oli. Call him in.——[*Exit Dennis.*] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wreſtling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good-morrow to your worſhip.

Oli. Good monſieur Charles!—what's the new news at the new court?

Cha.

Cha. There's no news at the court, ſir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is baniſh'd by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themſelves into voluntary exile with him, whoſe lands and revenues enrich the new duke, therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if Roſalind, the old duke's daughter [9], be baniſh'd with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the new duke's daughter, her couſin ſo loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that ſhe would have followed her exile, or have died to ſtay behind her. She is at the court, and no leſs beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They ſay, he is already in the foreſt of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they ſay, many young gentlemen flock to him every day; and fleet the time careleſly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wreſtle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, ſir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, ſir, ſecretly to underſtand, that your younger brother Orlando hath a diſpoſition to come in diſguis'd againſt me to try a fall: To-morrow, ſir, I wreſtle for my credit; and he that eſcapes me without ſome broken limb, ſhall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender; and, for your love, I would be loth to foil him, as I muſt, for mine own honour, if he come in: there-

[9] *The old duke's daughter,*] The words *old* and *new* which ſeem neceſſary to the perſpicuity of the dialogue, are inſerted from ſir T. Hanmer's edition. JOHNSON.

The author of the *Reviſal* is of opinion, that the words which follow *her couſin*, ſufficiently diſtinguiſh the perſon intended. STEEVENS.

fore,

fore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might ſtay him from his intendment, or brook ſuch diſgrace well as he ſhall run into; in that it is a thing of his own ſearch, and altogether againſt my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou ſhalt find, I will moſt kindly requite. I had myſelf notice of my brother's purpoſe herein, and have by underhand means laboured to diſſuade him from it; but he is reſolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the ſtubborneſt young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a ſecret and villainous contriver againſt me his natural brother; therefore uſe thy diſcretion; I had as lief thou didſt break his neck, as his finger; and thou wert beſt look to't; for if thou doſt him any ſlight diſgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himſelf on thee, he will practiſe againſt thee by poiſon; entrap thee by ſome treacherous device; and never leave thee, 'till he hath ta'en thy life by ſome indirect means or other; for, I aſſure thee, and almoſt with tears I ſpeak it, there is not one ſo young and ſo villainous this day living. I ſpeak but brotherly of him; but ſhould I anatomize him to thee as he is, I muſt bluſh and weep, and thou muſt look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: if he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wreſtle for prize more. And ſo, God keep your worſhip! [*Exit.*

Oli. Farewel good Charles.—Now will I ſtir this gameſter: I hope, I ſhall ſee an end of him; for my ſoul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never ſchool'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; [1] of all ſorts enchantingly be-

[1] —*of all* ſorts] *Sorts* in this place means ranks and degrees of men. REMARKS.

loved; and, indeed, ſo much in the heart of the world, and eſpecially of my own people, who beſt know him, that I am altogether miſpriſed: but it ſhall not be ſo long; this wreſtler ſhall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An open walk before the Duke's palace.

Enter Roſalind and Celia.

Cel. I pray thee, Roſalind, ſweet my coz, be merry.

Roſ. Dear Celia, I ſhow more mirth than I am miſtreſs of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unleſs you could teach me to forget a baniſh'd father, you muſt not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleaſure.

Cel. Herein, I ſee, thou lov'ſt me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy baniſhed father, had baniſhed thy uncle, the duke my father, ſo thou hadſt been ſtill with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; ſo wouldſt thou, if the truth of thy love to me were ſo righteouſly temper'd as mine is to thee.

Roſ. Well, I will forget the condition of my eſtate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou ſhalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monſter: therefore, my ſweet Roſe, my dear Roſe, be merry.

Roſ. From henceforth I will, coz, and deviſe ſports: let me ſee; What think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pry'thee, do, to make ſport withal: but love no man in good earneſt; nor no further in

ſport

ſport neither, than with ſafety of a pure bluſh thou may'ſt in honour come off again.

Roſ. What ſhall be our ſport then?

Cel. Let us ſit and mock the good houſewife, Fortune, from her wheel[2], that her gifts may henceforth be beſtowed equally.

Roſ. I would, we could do ſo; for her benefits are mightily miſplaced: and the bountiful blind woman doth moſt miſtake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true: for thoſe, that ſhe makes fair, ſhe ſcarce makes honeſt; and thoſe, that ſhe makes honeſt, ſhe makes very ill-favour'dly.

Roſ. Nay, now thou goeſt from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter Touchſtone, a clown.

Cel. No? When nature hath made a fair creature, may ſhe not by fortune fall into the fire?—Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune ſent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Roſ. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who perceiving our natural wits too dull to reaſon of ſuch goddeſſes, hath ſent this natural for our whetſtone: for always the dulneſs of the fool is the whetſtone of the wits.—How now, wit? whither wander you?

[2] ——*mock the good houſewife Fortune from her wheel,*] The wheel of Fortune is not the *wheel* of a *houſewife*. Shakſpeare has confounded Fortune, whoſe wheel only figures uncertainty and viciſſitude, with the deſtiny that ſpins the thread of life, though not indeed with a wheel. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare is very fond of this idea. He has the ſame in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" ——*and rail ſo high,*
" *That the falſe houſewife Fortune break her wheel.*"

STEEVENS.

Clo.

Clo. Miſtreſs, you muſt come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the meſſenger?

Clo. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Roſ. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Clo. Of a certain knight, that ſwore by his honour they were good pancakes, and ſwore by his honour the muſtard was naught; now, I'll ſtand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the muſtard was good; and yet was not the knight forſworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Roſ. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wiſdom.

Clo. Stand you both forth now: ſtroke your chins, and ſwear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Clo. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but if you ſwear by that that is not, you are not forſworn: no more was this knight, ſwearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had ſworn it away, before ever he ſaw thoſe pancakes or that muſtard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'ſt?

Clo. [2] One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him: Enough! ſpeak no more of him; you'll be whip'd for taxation, one of theſe days.

[2] Clo. *One that old Frederick, your father, loves.*
Roſ. *My father's love is enough to honour him:*]
This reply to the Clown is in all the books placed to Roſalind; but Frederick was not her father, but Celia's: I have therefore ventured to prefix the name of Celia. There is no countenance from any paſſage in the play, or from the *Dramatis Perſonæ*, to imagine, that both the Brother-Dukes were nameſakes; and one called the Old, and the other the Younger-Frederick; and without ſome ſuch authority, it would make confuſion to ſuppoſe it.
THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald ſeems not to know that the *Dramatis Perſonæ* were firſt enumerated by Rowe. JOHNSON.

Clo. The more pity, that fools may not ſpeak wiſely what wiſe men do fooliſhly.

Cel. By my troth, thou ſay'ſt true: for ſince the little wit that fools have, was ſilenc'd[3], the little foolery that wiſe men have, makes a great ſhow. Here comes Monſieur Le Beau.

Enter Le Beau.

Roſ. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Roſ. Then ſhall we be news-cramm'd.

Cel. All the better; we ſhall be the more marketable. Bon jour, Monſieur le Beau; what's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princeſs, you have loſt much good ſport.

Cel. Sport? of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? How ſhall I anſwer you?

Roſ. As wit and fortune will.

Clo. Or as the deſtinies decree.

Cel. Well ſaid; that was laid on with a trowel[4].

Clo. Nay, if I keep not my rank,——

Roſ. Thou loſeſt thy old ſmell.

Le Beau. You amaze me ladies[5]: I would have

[3] ——*ſince the little wit that fools have, was ſilenc'd,*] Shakſpeare probably alludes to the uſe of *fools* or *jeſters*, who for ſome ages had been allowed in all courts an unbridled liberty of cenſure and mockery, and about this time began to be leſs tolerated. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*laid on with a trowel,*] I ſuppoſe the meaning is, that there is too heavy a maſs of big words laid upon a ſlight ſubject. JOHNSON.

This is a proverbial expreſſion which is generally uſed to ſignify a *glaring falſhood.* See Ray's *Proverbs.* STEEVENS.

It means a good round hit thrown in without judgment or deſign. REMARKS.

[5] *You amaze me, ladies:*] To *amaze*, here, is not to aſtoniſh or ſtrike with wonder, but to perplex; to confuſe, ſo as to put out of the intended narrative. JOHNSON.

told

told you of good wreſtling, which you have loſt the ſight of.

Roſ. Yet tell us the manner of the wreſtling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it pleaſe your ladyſhips you may ſee the end; for the beſt is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three ſons,——

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and preſence;——

Roſ. With bills on their necks,—*Be it known unto all men by theſe preſents*[6],——

Le Beau. The eldeſt of the three wreſtled with Charles, the duke's wreſtler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that

[6] *With* bills *on their necks,—Be it known unto all men by theſe preſents,*——] *With* bills *on their necks,* ſhould be the concluſion of Le Beau's ſpeech. Mr. Edwards ridicules Dr. Warburton, "As if people carried ſuch inſtruments of war, as *bills* and *guns* on *their necks*, not *on their ſhoulders!*" But unluckily the ridicule falls upon himſelf. Laſſels, in his *Voyage of Italy*, ſays of tutors, "Some perſuade their pupils, that it is fine carrying a *gun upon their necks*. But what is ſtill more, the expreſſion is taken immediately from Lodge, who furniſhed our author with his plot. "Ganimede on a day ſitting with Aliena, (the aſſumed names, as in the play) caſt up her eye, and ſaw where Roſader came pacing towards them with his *foreſt-bill on his necke.*" FARMER.

The quibble may be countenanced by the following paſſage in *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612:

"Good-morrow, taylor, I abhor *bills* in a morning—
"But thou may'ſt watch at night with *bill* in hand."

Again, in Rowley's *When you ſee me you know me*, 1613:

"Enter King, and Compton, with *bills on his back.*"

Again, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

"And each of you a good bat *on his neck.*"

Again,

"——— are you not big enough to bear
"Your bats *upon your necks.*" STEEVENS.

The commentators mistake this paſſage. I ſuppose it means hand bills or advertiſements accepting the chalenge given by Charles the Wrestler. It being a practice very common for wrestlers to publish Chalenges written in pompous language in the Publick prints & to have them accepted in the same manner—Be it known unto all Men by these presents I suppose to be the words in which the bill began. S. A.

there is little hope of life in him: ſo he ſerv'd the ſecond, and ſo the third: Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making ſuch pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Roſ. Alas!

Clo. But what is the ſport, monſieur, that the ladies have loſt?

Le Beau. Why this, that I ſpeak of.

Clo. Thus men may grow wiſer every day! it is the firſt time that ever I heard, breaking of ribs was ſport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promiſe thee.

Roſ. But [7] is there any elſe longs to ſee this broken muſick in his ſides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? ſhall we ſee this wreſtling, couſin?

Le Beau. You muſt, if you ſtay here: for here is the place appointed for the wreſtling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, ſure they are coming: Let us now ſtay and ſee it.

7 —*is there any elſe longs to* ſee *this broken muſick in his ſides?*] A ſtupid error in the copies. They are talking here of ſome who had their ribs broke in wreſtling: and the pleaſantry of Roſalind's repartee muſt conſiſt in the alluſion ſhe makes to *compoſing* in *muſick*. It neceſſarily follows therefore, that the poet wrote —— SET *this* broken muſick *in his ſides*. WARBURTON.

If any change were neceſſary, I ſhould write, *feel th's broken muſick*, for *ſee*. But *ſee* is the colloquial term for perception or experiment. So we ſay every day, *ſee* if the water be hot; I will *ſee* which is the beſt time; ſhe has tried, and *ſees* that ſhe cannot lift it. In this ſenſe *ſee* may be here uſed. The ſufferer can, with no propriety, be ſaid to *ſet* the muſick; neither is the alluſion to the act of tuning an inſtrument, or pricking a tune, one of which muſt be meant by *ſetting* muſick. Roſalind hints at a whimſical ſimilitude between the ſeries of ribs gradually ſhortening, and ſome muſical inſtruments, and therefore calls *broken ribs*, *broken muſick*. JOHNSON.

Flouriſh.

Flouriſh. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and attendants.

Duke. Come on: ſince the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardneſs.

Roſ. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks ſucceſsfully.

Duke. How now, daughter, and couſin? are you crept hither to ſee the wreſtling?

Roſ. Ay, my liege, ſo pleaſe you give us leave.

Duke. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is ſuch odds in the [8] men: In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain diſſuade him, but he will not be entreated: Speak to him, ladies; ſee if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monſieur Le Beau.

Duke. Do ſo; I'll not be by. [*Duke goes apart.*

Le Beau. Monſieur the challenger, the princeſſes call for you.

Orla. I attend them with all reſpect and duty.

Roſ. Young man, have you challeng'd Charles the wreſtler?

Orla. No, fair princeſs; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the ſtrength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your ſpirits are too bold for your years: You have ſeen cruel proof of this man's ſtrength: if you ſaw yourſelf with your eyes, [9] or knew yourſelf with your judgment, the fear of your

[8] ——*odds in the men:*] Sir T. Hanmer. In the old editions, the *man*. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*if you ſaw yourſelf with* your *eyes, or knew yourſelf with* your *judgment,*] Abſurd! The ſenſe requires that we ſhould read, —our *eyes*, and —our *judgment*. The argument is, *Your ſpirits are too bold, and therefore your judgment deceives you; but did you*

your adventure would counſel you to a more equal enterpriſe. We pray you, for your own ſake, to embrace your own ſafety, and give over this attempt.

Roſ. Do, young ſir; your reputation ſhall not therefore be miſpriſed: we will make it our ſuit to the duke, that the wreſtling might not go forward.

Orla. [1] I beſeech you, puniſh me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confeſs me much guilty, to deny ſo fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wiſhes, go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one ſham'd that was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be ſo: I ſhall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better ſupplied when I have made it empty.

Roſ. The little ſtrength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine to eke out hers.

Roſ. Fare you well. Pray heaven I be deceiv'd in you!

Cel. Your heart's deſire be with you!

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant, that is ſo deſirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orla. Ready, ſir; but his will hath it in a more modeſt working.

ſee and know yourſelf with our more impartial judgment, you would forbear. WARBURTON.

I cannot find the abſurdity of the preſent reading. *If you were not blinded and intoxicated,* ſays the princeſs, *with the ſpirit of enterpriſe, if you could uſe* your own eyes to *ſee,* or your own judgment to know *yourſelf, the fear of your adventure would counſel you.* JOHNSON.

[1] *I beſeech you, puniſh me not,* &c.] I ſhould wiſh to read, *I beſeech you, puniſh me not with your hard thoughts.* Therein *I confeſs myſelf much guilty to deny ſo fair and excellent ladies any thing.* JOHNSON.

Duke. You ſhall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace; you ſhall not entreat him to a ſecond, that have ſo mightily perſuaded him from a firſt.

Orla. You mean to mock me after; you ſhall not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Roſ. Now, Hercules be thy ſpeed, young man!

Cel. I would I were inviſible, to catch the ſtrong fellow by the leg! [*They wreſtle.*

Roſ. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who ſhould down. [*Shout.*

Duke. No more, no more. [*Charles is thrown.*

Orla. Yes, I beſeeh your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke. How doſt thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot ſpeak, my lord.

Duke. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

Orla. Orlando, my liege; the youngeſt ſon of ſir Rowland de Boys.

Duke. I would, thou hadſt been ſon to ſome man elſe.
The world eſteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him ſtill mine enemy:
Thou ſhouldſt have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadſt thou deſcended from another houſe.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;
I would thou hadſt told me of another father.

[*Exit Duke, with his train.*

Manent Celia, Roſalind, Orlando.

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orla. I am more proud to be ſir Rowland's ſon,
His youngeſt ſon;—and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Roſ. My father lov'd ſir Rowland as his ſoul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his ſon,
I ſhould have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he ſhould thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle couſin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious diſpoſition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deſerv'd;
If you do keep your promiſes in love,
But juſtly as you have exceeded all promiſe,
Your miſtreſs ſhall be happy.

Roſ. Gentleman,
[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*
Wear this for me; one out of ſuits with fortune[2];
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orla. Can I not ſay, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that which here ſtands up,
Is but a quintaine[3], a mere lifeleſs block.

Roſ.

[2] ——*one out of ſuits with fortune*;] This ſeems an alluſion to cards, where he that has no more cards to play of any particular ſort is *out of ſuit*. JOHNSON.

Out of ſuits with fortune,] I believe means, turned out of her ſervice, and ſtripp'd of her livery. STEEVENS.

[3] *Is but a* quintaine, a *mere lifeleſe block.*] A *quintaine* was a *poſt* or *butt* ſet up for ſeveral kinds of martial exerciſes, againſt which they threw their darts and exerciſed their arms. The alluſion is beautiful. *I am*, ſays Orlando, *only a* quintaine, *a lifeleſs block on which love only exerciſes his arms in jeſt; the great diſparity of condition between Roſalind and me, not ſuffering me to hope that love will ever make a ſerious matter of it.* The famous ſatiriſt Regnier, who lived about the time of our author, uſes the ſame metaphor, on the ſame ſubject, though the thought be different:

" *Et qui depuis dix ans juſqu'en ſes derniers jours,*
" *A ſoûtenu le prix en l'eſcrime d'amours;*
" *Laſſe en fin de ſervir au peuple de* quintaine,
" *Elle*, &c." WARBURTON.

This

Roſ. He calls us back: My pride fell with my fortunes:
I'll aſk him what he would:—Did you call, ſir?—
Sir, you have wreſtled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Roſ. Have with you:—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Roſalind and Celia.*

Orla. What paſſion hangs theſe weights upon my tongue?
I cannot ſpeak to her, yet ſhe urg'd conference.

Enter Le Beau.

O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown;
Or Charles, or ſomething weaker, maſters thee.

Le Beau. Good ſir, I do in friendſhip counſel you
To leave this place: Albeit you have deſerv'd
High commendation, true applauſe, and love;
Yet ſuch is now the duke's condition[4],
That he miſconſtrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous; what he is, indeed,
More ſuits you to conceive, than me to ſpeak of.

Orla. I thank you, ſir: and, pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was daughter of the duke
That here was at the wreſtling?

This is but an imperfect (to call it no worſe) explanation of a beautiful paſſage. The *quintaine* was not the object of the darts and arms: it was a ſtake driven into a field, upon which were hung a ſhield and other trophies of war, at which they ſhot, darted, or rode, with a lance. When the ſhield and the trophies were all thrown down, the quintaine remained. Without this information how could the reader underſtand the alluſion of

" ——— my better parts
" Are all thrown down;" GUTHRIE.

[4] ——— *the duke's condition,*] The word *condition* means character, temper, diſpoſition. So Anthonio, the merchant of Venice, is called by his friend the *beſt conditioned man.*" JOHNSON.

Le Beau.

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the ſhorter [5] is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the baniſh'd duke,
And here detain'd by her uſurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whoſe loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of ſiſters.
But I can tell you, that of late this duke
Hath ta'en diſpleaſure 'gainſt his gentle niece;
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praiſe her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's ſake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainſt the lady
Will ſuddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I ſhall deſire more love and knowledge of you.
[*Exit.*

Orla. I reſt much bounden to you: fare you well!
Thus muſt I from the ſmoke into the ſmother;
From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother:—
But heavenly Roſalind! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

An apartment in the palace.

Enter Celia, and Roſalind.

Cel. Why, couſin; why, Roſalind;—Cupid have mercy!—Not a word?

Roſ. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be caſt away upon curs, throw ſome of them at me; come, lame me with reaſons.

Roſ. Then there were two couſins laid up; when the one ſhould be lam'd with reaſons, and the other mad without any.

[5] ——— *the* ſhorter;] The old copy reads—the *taller*. STEEVENS.

Cel.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Roſ. No, ſome of it is for my child's father[6]: Oh, how full of briars is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, couſin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Roſ. I could ſhake them off my coat; theſe burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Roſ. I would try; if I could cry, hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wreſtle with thy affections.

Roſ. O, they take the part of a better wreſtler than myſelf.

Cel. O, a good wiſh upon you! you will try in time, in deſpight of a fall.—But, turning theſe jeſts out of ſervice, let us talk in good earneſt: Is it poſſible on ſuch a ſudden you ſhould fall into ſo ſtrong a liking with old ſir Rowland's youngeſt ſon?

Roſ. The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore enſue, that you ſhould love his ſon dearly? By this kind of chaſe[7], I ſhould hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Roſ. No, faith, hate him not, for my ſake.

Cel. Why ſhould I not[8]? doth he not deſerve well?

Enter

[6] ——*for my father's child:*] Thus the modern editors, the old editions have it, for *my child's father*, that is, as it is explained by Mr. Theobald, *for my future huſband.* JOHNSON.

[7] ——*by this kind of chaſe,*] That is, by this way of *following* the argument. *Dear* is uſed by Shakſpeare in a double ſenſe for *beloved*, and for *hurtful, hated, baleful.* Both ſenſes are authoriſed, and both drawn from etymology, but properly, *beloved* is *dear*, and *hateful* is *dere.* Roſalind uſes *dearly* in the good, and Celia in the bad ſenſe. JOHNSON.

[8] *Why ſhould I* not? *doth he not deſerve well?*] Celia anſwers Roſalind, (who had deſired her "*not to hate* Orlando, for her ſake,") as if ſhe had ſaid—"*love* him, for my ſake:" to which the former replies, "Why ſhould I *not* [i. e. love him]?" So, in the following paſſage, in *King Henry* VIII.——

"——Which

Enter Duke, with lords.

Roſ. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, becauſe I do:—Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Duke. Miſtreſs, diſpatch you with your ſafeſt haſte,
And get you from our court.

Roſ. Me, uncle?

Duke. You, couſin:
Within theſe ten days if that thou be'ſt found
So near our publick court as twenty miles,
Thou dieſt for it.

Roſ. I do beſeech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myſelf I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with my own deſires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantick,
(As I do truſt, I am not) then, dear uncle,
Never, ſo much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highneſs.

Duke. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did conſiſt in words,
They are as innocent as grace itſelf:—
Let it ſuffice thee, that I truſt thee not.

Roſ. Yet your miſtruſt cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

Roſ. So was I when your highneſs took his dukedom;

" ——Which of the peers
" Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at leaſt
" Sharply neglected?"—*uncontemn'd* muſt be underſtood as if the author had written—*not* contemn'd; otherwiſe the ſubſequent words would convey a meaning directly contrary to what the ſpeaker intends.

A modern editor (Mr. Capell), not underſtanding the paſſage, has omitted the word *not*, and made what was before obſcure, unintelligible. MALONE.

So

So was I, when your highneſs baniſh'd him:
Treaſon is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, miſtake me not ſo much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear ſovereign, hear me ſpeak.

Duke. Ay, Celia; we but ſtay'd her for your ſake,
Elſe had ſhe with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her ſtay,
It was your pleaſure, and your own remorſe;
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her: if ſhe be a traitor,
Why ſo am I; we ſtill have ſlept together,
Roſe at an inſtant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And whereſoe'er we went, like Juno's ſwans,
Still we went coupled, and inſeparable.

Duke. She is too ſubtle for thee; and her ſmoothneſs,
Her very ſilence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: ſhe robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt ſhow more bright, and ſeem more virtuous[9],
When ſhe is gone: then open not thy lips;
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have paſt upon her; ſhe is baniſh'd.

Cel. Pronounce that ſentence then on me, my liege;
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke. You are a fool;—You, niece, provide yourſelf;

[9] *And thou wilt ſhow more bright, and* ſeem *more virtuous,*] This implies her to be ſomehow remarkably defective in virtue: which was not the ſpeaker's thought. The poet doubtleſs wrote:

——*and* ſhine *more virtuous.*

i. e. her virtues would appear more ſplendid, when the luſtre of her couſin's was away. WARBURTON.

The plain meaning of the old and true reading is, that when ſhe was ſeen alone, ſhe would be more noted. JOHNSON.

If

If you out-ſtay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatneſs of my word, you die.
[*Exeunt Duke, &c.*

Cel. O my poor Roſalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Roſ. I have more cauſe.

Cel. Thou haſt not, couſin;
Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'ſt thou not, the duke
Hath baniſh'd me his daughter?

Roſ. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? [1] Roſalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be ſunder'd? ſhall we part, ſweet girl?
No; let my father ſeek another heir.
Therefore deviſe with me, how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not ſeek to take your charge upon you,
To bear your griefs yourſelf, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our ſorrows pale,
Say what thou canſt, I'll go along with thee.

Roſ. Why, whither ſhall we go?

Cel. To ſeek my uncle in the foreſt of Arden.

Roſ. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth ſo far?
Beauty provoketh thieves ſooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myſelf in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber ſmirch my face;
The like do you; ſo ſhall we paſs along,
And never ſtir aſſailants.

[1] ——*Roſalind lacks then the love*
Which teacheth thee *that thou and I am one:*]
The poet certainly wrote—*which teacheth* me. For if Roſalind had learnt to think Celia one part of herſelf, ſhe could not *lack* that love which Celia complains ſhe does. WARBURTON.

Either reading may ſtand. The ſenſe of the eſtabliſhed text is not remote or obſcure. Where would be the abſurdity of ſaying, *You know not the law which teaches you to do right?* JOHNSON.

Roſ. Were it not better,
Becauſe that I am more than common tall,
That I did ſuit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-ax [2] upon my thigh,
A boar-ſpear in my hand; and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)
We'll have a [3] ſwaſhing and a martial outſide;
As many other manniſh cowards have,
That do outface it with their ſemblances.

Cel. What ſhall I call thee, when thou art a man?

Roſ. I'll have no worſe a name than Jove's own page;
And therefore look you call me, Ganimed.
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my ſtate;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Roſ. But, couſin, what if we aſſay'd to ſteal
The clowniſh fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him: Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Deviſe the fitteſt time, and ſafeſt way
To hide us from purſuit that will be made
After my flight: Now go we in content;
To liberty, and not to baniſhment. [*Exeunt.*

[2] ——— *curtle-axe*, or *cutlace*, a broad ſword. JOHNSON.

[3] I'll *have a ſwaſhing*, &c.] Sir T. Hanmer, for *we'll have*. JOHNSON.

A *ſwaſhing* outſide is an appearance of noiſy, bullying valour. *Swaſhing blow* is uſed in *Romeo and Juliet*. STEEVENS.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

The foreſt of Arden.

Enter Duke ſenior, Amiens, and two or three lords like foreſters.

Duke Sen. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old cuſtom made this life more ſweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not theſe woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty [4] of Adam,
The ſeaſons' difference; as, the icy fang,
And churliſh chiding of the winter's wind;
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even 'till I ſhrink with cold, I ſmile, and ſay,—
This is no flattery: theſe are counſellors
That feelingly perſuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uſes of adverſity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head [5]:

And

[4] In former editions, *Here feel we* not *the penalty.*] What was the penalty of Adam, hinted at by our poet? The being ſenſible of the difference of the ſeaſons. The Duke ſays, the cold and effects of the winter feelingly perſuade him what he is. How does he *not* then feel the penalty? Doubtleſs, the text muſt be reſtored as I have corrected it: and 'tis obvious in the courſe of theſe notes, how often *not* and *but* by miſtake have chang'd place in our author's former editions. THEOBALD.

[5] *Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,*
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:]
It was the current opinion in Shakſpeare's time, that in the head of an old toad was to be found a ſtone, or pearl, to which great virtues were aſcribed. This ſtone has been often ſought, but nothing has been found more than accidental or perhaps morbid indurations of the ſkull. JOHNSON.

In

And this our life, exempt from publick haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in ſtones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it[6]: Happy is your grace,
That can tranſlate the ſtubbornneſs of fortune
Into ſo quiet and ſo ſweet a ſtile.

Duke Sen. Come, ſhall we go and kill us veniſon?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this deſert city[7],

In a book called *A Green Foreſt, or a Natural Hiſtory*, &c by John Maplett, 1567, is the following account of this imaginary gem: "In this ſtone is apparently ſeene verie often the verie forme of a tode, with deſpotted and coloured feete, but thoſe uglye and defuſedly. It is available againſt envenoming."
Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Monſieur Thomas*, 1639:

"———in moſt phyſicians' heads,
"There is a kind of *toadſtone* bred."——

Again, in *Adraſta*, or *The Woman's Spleen*, 1635:

"Do not then forget the *ſtone*
"In the *toad*, nor ſerpent's bone, &c."

Pliny, in the 32d book of his *Nat. Hiſt.* aſcribes many wonderful qualities to a *bone* found in the right ſide of a *toad*, but makes no mention of any gem in its head. This deficiency however is abundantly ſupplied by Edward Fenton, in his *Secrete Wonders of Nature*, 4to. b. l. 1569, who ſays that there is founde in the *heades* of olde and great *toades*, a *ſtone* which they call Borax or Stelon: it is moſt commonly founde in the *head* of a hee *toad*, of power to repulſe poyſons, and that it is a moſt ſoveraigne medicine for the ſtone. STEEVENS.

[6] *I would not change it:*] Mr. Upton, not without probability, gives theſe words to the Duke, and makes Amiens begin: *Happy is your grace.* JOHNSON.

[7] *Native burghers of this deſert city,*] In *Sidney's Arcadia*, the deer are called "the wild *burgeſſes* of the foreſt." Again, in the 18th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion:*

"Where, fearleſs of the hunt, the hart ſecurely ſtood,
"And every where walk'd free, a *burgeſs* of the wood."
STEEVENS.

A kindred expreſſion is found in Lodge's *Roſalynde*, 1592:

"About her wond'ring ſtood
"The *citizens* o' the *wood.*" MALONE.

Should, in their own confines, with forked heads[8]
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 *Lord.* Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, ſwears you do more uſurp
Than doth your brother that hath baniſh'd you.
To-day my lord of Amiens, and myſelf,
Did ſteal behind him, as he lay along[9]
Under an oak, whoſe antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor ſequeſtred ſtag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languiſh; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth ſuch groans,
That their diſcharge did ſtretch his leathern coat,
Almoſt to burſting; and the big round tears[1]
Cours'd one another down his innocent noſe
In piteous chaſe: and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extreameſt verge of the ſwift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke Sen. But what ſaid Jaques?
Did he not moralize this ſpectacle?

1 *Lord.* O, yes, into a thouſand ſimiles.
Firſt, for his weeping in the needleſs ſtream;
Poor deer, quoth he, *thou mak'ſt a teſtament*

[8] —*with forked heads*] i. e. with *arrows*, the points of which were *barbed*. STEEVENS.

[9] ——— *as he lay along*
Under an oak, &c]
" There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
" That wreathes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
" His liſtleſs length at noon-tide would he ſtretch,
" And pore upon the brook that babbles by." *Gray's* Elegy.
STEEVENS.

[1] —— *the big round tears*, &c.] It is ſaid in one of the marginal notes to a ſimilar paſſage in the 13th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, that " the hart weepeth at his dying: his tears are held to be precious in medicine." STEEVENS.

As

As worldlings do, giving thy ſum of more
To that which had too much[2]: Then, being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
'Tis right, quoth he; *thus miſery doth part*
The flux of company: Anon, a careleſs herd,
Full of the paſture, jumps along by him,
And never ſtays to greet him; *Ay*, quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, you fat and greaſy citizens;
'Tis juſt the faſhion: Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus moſt invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life: ſwearing, that we
Are mere uſurpers, tyrants, and what's worſe,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their aſſign'd and native dwelling place.

Duke Sen. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 *Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the ſobbing deer.

Duke Sen. Show me the place;
I love to cope him[3] in theſe ſullen fits.
For then he's full of matter.

2 *Lord.* I'll bring you to him ſtraight. [*Exeunt.*

[2] *To that which had too much:*] Shakſpeare has almoſt the ſame thought in his *Lover's Complaint:*

" ——— in a river ———
" Upon whoſe weeping margin ſhe was ſet,
" Like uſury, applying wet to wet."

Again, in *K. Henry* VI. P. III. act v. ſc. 4:

" With tearful eyes add water to the ſea,
" And give more ſtrength *to that which hath too much.*"

STEEVENS.

[3] ——*to cope him*] To encounter him; to engage with him.

JOHNSON.

SCENE II.

The Palace.

Enter Duke Frederick with Lords.

Duke. Can it be poſſible, that no man ſaw them?
It cannot be: ſome villains of my court
Are of conſent and ſufferance in this.

1 *Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did ſee her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreaſur'd of their miſtreſs.

2 *Lord.* My lord, the roynish clown[4], at whom ſo oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is alſo miſſing.
Heſperia, the princeſs' gentlewoman,
Confeſſes, that ſhe ſecretly o'er-heard
Your daughter and her couſin much commend
The parts and graces of the wreſtler
That did but lately foil the ſinewy Charles;
And ſhe believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is ſurely in their company.

Duke. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither;
If he be abſent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him: do this ſuddenly;

4 ——— the *roynish* clown,]
Roynish from *rogneux*, Fr. mangy, ſcurvy. The word is uſed by Chaucer in the *Romaunt of the Roſe*, 988:

"That knottie was and all *roinous*."

Again, by Dr. Gabriel Harvey, in his *Pierce's Supererogation*, 4to. 1593. Speaking of Long Meg of Weſtminſter, he ſays,—"Although ſhe were a luſty bouncing rampe, ſomewhat like Gallemetta or maid Marian, yet was ſhe not ſuch a *roiniſh* rannel, ſuch a diſſolute gillian-flirt, &c."

We are not to ſuppoſe the word is literally employed by Shakſpeare, but in the ſame ſenſe that the French ſtill uſe *carogne*, a term of which Moliere is not very ſparing in ſome of his pieces.

STEEVENS.

And

And let not ſearch and inquiſition quail [5]
To bring again theſe fooliſh runaways. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Oliver's Houſe.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orla. Who's there?

Adam. What! my young maſter?—Oh, my gentle maſter,
Oh, my ſweet maſter, [6] O you memory
Of old ſir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, ſtrong, and valiant?
Why would you be ſo fond to overcome
The bony [7] priſer of the humorous duke?

Your

[5] ——*quail*] To *quail* is to *faint*, to ſink into dejection. So, in *Cymbeline:*

" ——which my falſe ſpirits
" *Quail* to remember." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*O you memory*] Shakſpeare often uſes *memory* for *memorial:* and Beaumont and Fletcher ſometimes. So, in the *Humorous Lieutenant:*

" I knew then how to ſeek your *memories.*"

Again, in *The Atheiſt's Tragedy*, by C. Turner, 1611:

" And with his body place that *memory*
" Of noble Charlemont."

Again, in *Byron's Tragedy:*

" That ſtatue will I prize paſt all the jewels
" Within the cabinet of Beatrice,
" The *memory* of my grandame." STEEVENS.

[7] In the former editions, *The* bonny *priſer*——] We ſhould read—bony *priſer*. For this wreſtler is characteriſed for his ſtrength and bulk, not for his gaiety or good-humour. WARBURTON.

So Milton: " *Giants of mighty* bone." JOHNSON.

So, in the Romance of *Syr Degore*, bl. l. no date:

" This is a man all for the nones,
" For he is a man of *great bones.*"

Bonny, however, may be the true reading. So, in *K. Henry* VI. P. II. act v:

Your praiſe is come too ſwiftly home before you.
Know you not, maſter, to ſome kind of men
Their graces ſerve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle maſter,
Are ſanctified and holy traitors to you.
Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orla. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within theſe doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the ſon—
Yet not the ſon;—I will not call him ſon—
Of him I was about to call his father)
Hath heard your praiſes; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you uſe to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him, and his practices.
This is no place[8], this houſe is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orla. Why, whither, Adam, wouldſt thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, ſo you come not here.

Orla. What, wouldſt thou have me go and beg my food?

Or, with a baſe and boiſterous ſword, enforce
A thieviſh living on the common road?
This I muſt do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;

"Even of the *bonny* beaſt he lov'd ſo well."

Mr. Malone obſerves, that the word *bonny* occurs more than once in the novel from which this play of *As You Like It*, is taken. STEEVENS.

[8] *This is no* place,] *Place* here ſignifies a *ſeat*, a *manſion*, a *reſidence*. So, in the firſt Book of *Samuel*. "Saul ſet him up a *place*, and is gone down to Gilgal." We ſtill uſe the word in compound with another, as—St. James's *place*, Rathbone *place*; and Croſby *place* in *K. Richard* III. &c. STEEVENS.

I rather

I rather will ſubject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood[9], and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not ſo: I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I ſav'd under your father,
Which I did ſtore, to be my foſter-nurſe,
When ſervice ſhould in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the ſparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you: Let me be your ſervant;
Though I look old, yet I am ſtrong and luſty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbaſhful forehead woo
The means of weakneſs and debility;
Therefore my age is as a luſty winter,
Froſty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the ſervice of a younger man
In all your buſineſs and neceſſities.

Orla. Oh good old man; how well in thee appears
The conſtant ſervice of the antique world,
When ſervice ſweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the faſhion of theſe times,
Where none will ſweat, but for promotion;
And having that, do choak their ſervice up
Even with the having[1]: it is not ſo with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'ſt a rotten tree,
That cannot ſo much as a bloſſom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and huſbandry:
But come thy ways, we'll go along together;

[9] *diverted blood,*] Blood turned out of the courſe of nature. JOHNSON.

So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint:*

" Sometimes *diverted,* their poor balls are tied
" To the orbed earth——." MALONE.

[1] *Even with the having:*] Even with the *promotion* gained by ſervice is ſervice extinguiſhed. JOHNSON.

And ere we have thy youthful wages ſpent,
We'll light upon ſome ſettled low content.
Adam. Maſter, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the laſt gaſp, with truth and loyalty.—
From ſeventeen years 'till now almoſt fourſcore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At ſeventeen years many their fortunes ſeek;
But at fourſcore, it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better,
Than to die well, and not my maſter's debtor.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The foreſt of Arden.

Enter Roſalind in boy's cloaths for Ganimed; Celia dreſt like a ſhepherdeſs for Aliena, and Touchſtone the Clown.

Roſ. O Jupiter! how weary are my ſpirits[2]!
Clo. I care not for my ſpirits, if my legs were not weary.
Roſ. I could find in my heart to diſgrace my man's apparel, and cry like a woman: but I muſt comfort the weaker veſſel, as doublet and hoſe ought to ſhow itſelf courageous to petticoat; therefore, courage, good Aliena.
Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I can go no further.

[2] O *Jupiter, how* merry *are my ſpirits?*] And yet, within the ſpace of one intervening line, ſhe ſays, ſhe could find in her heart to diſgrace her man's apparel, and *cry* like a woman. Sure, this is but a very bad ſymptom of the *briſkneſs of ſpirits:* rather a direct proof of the contrary diſpoſition. Mr. Warburton and I, concurred in conjecturing it ſhould be, as I have reformed in the text:—— *how* weary *are my ſpirits?* And the Clown's reply makes this reading certain. THEOBALD.

She invokes Jupiter, becauſe he was ſuppoſed to be always in good ſpirits. A *Jovial* man was a common phraſe in our author's time.—One of Randolph's plays is called ARISTIPPUS, *or the* Jovial *Philoſopher*; and a comedy of Broome's, *the* Jovial *Crew, or the* Merry *Beggars.* MALONE.

Clo. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you[3]: [4] yet I ſhould bear no croſs, if I did bear you; for, I think you have no money in your purſe.

Roſ. Well, this is the foreſt of Arden.

Clo. Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers muſt be content.

Roſ. Ay, be ſo, good Touchſtone: Look you, who comes here; a young man, and an old, in ſolemn talk.

Enter Corin and Silvius.

Cor. That is the way to make her ſcorn you ſtill.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'ſt how I do love her!

Cor. I partly gueſs; for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canſt not gueſs;
Though in thy youth thou waſt as true a lover,
As ever ſigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As ſure I think did never man love ſo)
How many actions moſt ridiculous
Haſt thou been drawn to by thy fantaſy?

Cor. Into a thouſand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didſt then ne'er love ſo heartily:
If thou remember'ſt not the ſlighteſt folly[5]

[3] —*I had rather* bear with *you than* bear *you.*] This jingle is repeated in *K. Richard* III:

"You mean to *bear* me, not to *bear with* me" STEEVENS.

[4] ——*yet I ſhould bear no* croſs,] A *croſs* was a piece of money ſtamped with a *croſs.* On this our author is perpetually quibbling. See vol. ii. p. 410. STEEVENS.

[5] *If thou remember'ſt not the ſlighteſt folly,*] I am inclined to believe that from this paſſage *Suckling* took the hint of his ſong:

"*Honeſt lover, whoſoever,*
"*If in all thy love there ever*
"*Were one waw'ring thought, thy flame*
"*Were not, even, ſtill the ſame.*
"*Know this*
"*Thou lov'ſt amiſs,*
"*And to love true*
"*Thou muſt begin again and love anew,* &c. JOHNSON.

That

That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou haſt not lov'd:
Or if thou haſt not ſat as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy miſtreſs' praiſe,
Thou haſt not lov'd:
Or if thou haſt not broke from company,
Abruptly, as my paſſion now makes me,
Thou haſt not lov'd:—Oh Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

[*Exit Silvius.*

Roſ. Alas, poor ſhepherd! ſearching of thy wound, I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Clo. And I mine: I remember, when I was in love, I broke my ſword upon a ſtone, and bid him take that for coming o'nights to Jane Smile: and I remember the kiſſing of her batlet[6], and the cow's dugs that her pretty chop'd hands had milk'd: and I remember the wooing of a peaſcod inſtead of her; from whom I took two[7] cods, and, giving her them again, ſaid with weeping tears[8], *Wear theſe for my ſake.*

[6] ——*batlet*,——] The inſtrument with which waſhers beat their coarſe cloaths. JOHNSON.

[7] ——*two cods*——] For *cods* it would be more like ſenſe to read *peas*, which having the ſhape of pearls, reſembled the common preſents of lovers. JOHNSON.

In a ſchedule of jewels in the 15th vol. *Rymer's Fœdera*, we find, "Item, two *peaſcoddes* of gold with 17 pearles." FARMER.

Peaſcods was the ancient term for *peas* as they are brought to market. So, in Greene's *Groundwork of Conycatching*, 1592: "went twice in the week to London, either with fruit or *peſcods*, &c." Again, in the *Shepherd's Slumber*, a ſong publiſhed in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

"In *peſcod* time when hound to horne
"Gives ear till buck be kill'd, &c."

Again, in *The Honeſt Man's Fortune*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Shall feed on delicates, the firſt *peaſcods*, ſtrawberries."
STEEVENS.

[8] —weeping tears,] A ridiculous expreſſion from a ſonnet in Lodge's *Roſalynd*, the novel on which this comedy is founded. It likewiſe occurs in the old anonymous play of the *Victories of K. Henry V*, in Peele's *Jeſts*, &c. STEEVENS.

We,

We, that are true lovers, run into ſtrange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, ſo is all nature in love mortal in folly [9].

Roſ. Thou ſpeak'ſt wiſer, than thou art 'ware of.

Clo. Nay, I ſhall ne'er be aware of mine own wit, 'till I break my ſhins againſt it.

Roſ. Jove! Jove! this ſhepherd's paſſion is much upon my faſhion.

Clo. And mine; but it grows ſomething ſtale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you queſtion yon man,
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almoſt to death.

Clo. Holla; you, clown!

Roſ. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinſman.

Cor. Who calls?

Clo. Your betters, ſir.

Cor. Elſe they are very wretched.

Roſ. Peace, I ſay:—Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle ſir, and to you all.

Roſ. I pr'ythee, ſhepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this deſert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may reſt ourſelves, and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppreſs'd,
And faints for ſuccour.

Cor. Fair ſir, I pity her,
And wiſh for her ſake, more than for mine own,
My fortune's were more able to relieve her:
But I am ſhepherd to another man,
And do not ſheer the fleeces that I graze;
My maſter is of churliſh diſpoſition,

[9] ——*ſo is all nature in love, mortal in folly.*] This expreſſion I do not well underſtand. In the middle counties, *mortal*, from *mort*, a great quantity, is uſed as a particle of amplification; as *mortal tall, mortal little.* Of this ſenſe I believe Shakſpeare takes advantage to produce one of his darling equivocations. Thus the meaning will be, *ſo is all nature in love* abounding *in folly.*

JOHNSON.

And

And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hoſpitality:
Beſides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on ſale, and at our ſheep-cote now,
By reaſon of his abſence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is come ſee,
And in my voice moſt welcome ſhall you be [1].

Roſ. What is he, that ſhall buy his flock and paſture?

Cor. That young ſwain, that you ſaw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.

Roſ. I pray thee, if it ſtand with honeſty,
Buy thou the cottage, paſture, and the ſtock,
And thou ſhalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages: I like this place,
And willingly would waſte my time in it.

Cor. Aſſuredly, the thing is to be ſold:
Go with me; if you like, upon report,
The ſoil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right ſuddenly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.

SONG.

Ami. *Under the greenwood tree,*
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the ſweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here ſhall he ſee
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

[1] *And in my voice moſt welcome ſhall you be.*] *In my voice,* as far as I have a voice or vote, as far as I have power to bid you welcome. JOHNSON.

Jac.

Jac. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, monſieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I pr'ythee more. I can ſuck melancholy out of a ſong, as a weazel ſucks eggs: More, I pr'ythee more.

Ami. My voice is rugged [2]; I know, I cannot pleaſe you.

Jaq. I do not deſire you to pleaſe me, I do deſire you to ſing: Come, more; another ſtanza; Call you 'em ſtanzas?

Ami. What you will, monſieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing: Will you ſing?

Ami. More at your requeſt, than to pleaſe myſelf.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment, is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks, I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, ſing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the ſong.—Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree:—he hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too diſputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boaſt of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambiton ſhun, [*all together here*]
And loves to live [3] *i' the ſun,*

[2] —*rugged*;] In old editions *ragged.* JOHNSON.

[3] —*to* live] Modern editions, *to lie.* JOHNSON.

To live i' th' ſun, is to labour and "ſweat in the eye of Phœbus," or, *vitam agere ſub dio*; for by *lying* in the ſun, how could they get the food they eat? TOLLET.

Seek-

Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither
Here ſhall he ſee
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verſe to this note, that I made yeſterday in deſpight of my invention.

Ami. And I'll ſing it.

Jac. Thus it goes:

If it do come to paſs,
That any man turn aſs,
Leaving his wealth and eaſe,
A ſtubborn will to pleaſe,
Duc ad me, duc ad me, duc ad me [4];
Here ſhall he ſee
Groſs fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Ami.

[4] *Duc ad me,*—] For *ducdame* ſir T. Hanmer, very acutely, and judiciouſly, reads *duc ad me*, That is, *bring him to me.*

JOHNSON.

If *duc ad me* were right, Amiens would not have aſked its meaning, and been put off with "a *Greek invocation.*" It is evidently a word coined *for the nonce.* We have here, as Butler ſays, "One for *ſenſe* and one for *rhyme.*"—Indeed we muſt have a *double rhyme*; or this ſtanza cannot well be ſung to the ſame tune with the former. I read thus:

"*Ducdamè, Ducdamè Ducdamè,*
"Here ſhall he ſee
"Groſs fools as he,
"An' if he will come to *Ami.*"

That is, to Amiens. Jacques did not mean to ridicule himſelf.

FARMER.

Duc ad me ſeems to be a plain alluſion to the burthen of Amiens's ſong:

Come hither, come hither, come hither.

That Amiens, who is a courtier, ſhould not underſtand Latin, or be perſuaded it was Greek, is no great matter for wonder. An anonymous correſpondent propoſes to read—*Huc ad me.*

In

Ami. What's that, *duc ad me?*

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go ſleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail againſt all the firſt-born of Egypt [5].

Ami. And I'll go ſeek the duke; his banquet is prepar'd. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Adam. Dear maſter, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and meaſure out my grave. Farewel, kind maſter.

Orla. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyſelf a little: If this uncouth foreſt yield any thing ſavage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my ſake be comfortable; hold death a while at the arm's end: I will be here with thee preſently; and if I bring thee not ſomething to eat, I'll give thee leave to die: but if thou dieſt before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well ſaid! thou look'ſt cheerly: and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou lieſt in the bleak air: Come, I will bear thee to ſome ſhelter; and thou ſhalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this deſert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*

In confirmation of the old reading, Dr. Farmer obſerves to me, that, being at a houſe not far from Cambridge, when news was brought that the hen-rooſt was robbed, a facetious old ſquire who was preſent, immediately ſung the following ſtanza, which has an odd coincidence with the ditty of Jaques:

"*Damè*, what makes your ducks to die?
"*duck, duck, duck.*——
"*Damè*, what makes your chicks to cry?
"chuck, chuck, chuck."—— STEEVENS.

[5] ——— *the firſt-born of Egypt.*] A proverbial expreſſion for high-born perſons. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Another part of the foreſt.

Enter Duke Senior and lords. [*A table ſet out.*

Duke Sen. I think he is transform'd into a beaſt;
For I can no where find him like a man.

1 *Lord.* My lord, he is but even now gone hence;
Here was he merry, hearing of a ſong.

Duke Sen. If he, compact of jars[6], grow muſical,
We ſhall have ſhortly diſcord in the ſpheres:—
Go, ſeek him; tell him, I would ſpeak with him.

Enter Jaques.

1 *Lord.* He ſaves my labour by his own approach.

Duke Sen. Why, how now, monſieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends muſt woo your company?
What! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool!——I met a fool i' the foreſt,
A motley fool,—a miſerable world[7]!—

As

[6] —*compact of jars,*] i. e. made up of diſcords. Shakſpeare elſewhere ſays, *compact of credit*, for *made up of credulity*. Again, in *Woman is a Weathercock*, 1612:

" ——— like gilded tombs
" *Compacted* of jet pillars."

The ſame expreſſion occurs in *Tamburlane*, 1590:

" *Compact* of rapine, piracy, and ſpoil." See p. 3.

STEEVENS.

[7] *A motley fool!—a miſerable* world!] What! becauſe he met a *motley fool*, was it therefore *a miſerable world!* This is ſadly blundered; we ſhould read:

" ——— *a miſerable* varlet."

His head is altogether running on this fool, both before and after theſe words, and here he calls him *a miſerable varlet*, notwithſtanding he *railed on lady Fortune in good terms*, &c. Nor is the change we may make ſo great as appears at firſt ſight.

WARBURTON.

I ſee no need of changing *fool* to *varlet*, nor, if a change were neceſſary, can I gueſs how it ſhould certainly be known that *varlet*

As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down, and baſk'd him in the ſun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good ſet terms,—and yet a motley fool,
Good-morrow, fool, quoth I: *No ſir,* quoth he,
[7] *Call me not fool, till heaven hath ſent me fortune:*
And then he drew a dial from his poke;
And looking on it with lack-luſtre eye,
Says, very wiſely, *It is ten a-clock:*
Thus may we ſee, quoth he, *how the world wags:*
'Tis but an hour ago, ſince it was nine;
And after one hour more, 'twill be eleven;
And ſo, from hour to hour, we ripe, and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools ſhould be ſo deep contemplative;
And I did laugh, ſans intermiſſion,
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear[8].

Duke.

let is the true word. *A miſerable world* is a parenthetical exclamation, frequent among melancholy men, and natural to Jaques at the ſight of a fool, or at the hearing of reflections on the fragility of life. JOHNSON.

[7] *Call me not fool, till heaven has ſent me fortune,*] *Fortuna favet fatuis,* is, as Mr. Upton obſerves, the ſaying here alluded to; or, as in Publius Syrus:

"*Fortuna, nimium quem fovet, ſtultum facit.*"

So, the prologue to the *Alchemiſt*:

"Fortune, that favours fooles, theſe two ſhort houres
"We wiſh away."

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*, act i. ſc. 3:

"*Sog.* Why, who am I ſir? *Mac.* One of thoſe that fortune favours. *Car.* The periphraſis of a foole." EDITOR.

[8] —motley's *the only wear.*] It would not have been neceſſary to repeat that a *motley*, or *particoloured coat* was anciently the dreſs of a fool, had not the editor of Ben Jonſon's works been miſtaken in his comment on the 53d *Epigram*:

Duke Sen. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool!—One that hath been a courtier;
And ſays, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,—
Which is as dry as the remainder biſket
After a voyage,—he hath ſtrange places cramm'd
With obſervation, the which he vents
In mangled forms:—O, that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke Sen. Thou ſhalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only ſuit[9];
Provided, that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wiſe. I muſt have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I pleaſe; for ſo fools have:
And they that are moſt gauled with my folly,
They moſt muſt laugh: And why, ſir, muſt they ſo?
The *why* is plain as way to pariſh church:
[1] He, that a fool doth very wiſely hit,
Doth very fooliſhly, although he ſmart,

" ———where, out of *motley's* he
" Could ſave that line to dedicate to thee?"
Motley, ſays Mr. Whalley, is the man who *out of any* odd mixture, or old ſcraps, could ſave, &c. whereas it means only, *Who but a fool*, i. e. *one in a ſuit of motley*, &c.
See Fig. XII. in the plate at the end of the firſt part of *K. Henry* IV. with Mr. Tollet's explanation." STEEVENS.

9 *Only ſuit*;] *Suit* means *petition*, I believe, not *dreſs*. JOHNSON.

The poet meant a quibble. So act v. " Not out of your *apparel*, but out of your *ſuit*. STEEVENS.

[1] *He, that a fool doth wiſely hit,*
Doth very fooliſhly, although he ſmart,
——— Seem ſenſeleſs of the bob: if not, &c.]
Beſides that the third verſe is defective one whole *foot* in meaſure, the tenour of what Jaques continues to ſay, and the reaſoning of the paſſage, ſhew it no leſs defective in the ſenſe. There is no doubt, but the two little monoſyllables, which I have ſupplied, were either by accident wanting in the manuſcript or by inadvertence were left out. THEOBALD.

Not

Not to ſeem ſenſeleſs of the bob: if not[2],
The wiſe man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the ſquandring glances of the fool.
Inveſt me in my motley; give me leave
To ſpeak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanſe the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke Sen. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldſt do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do, but good?

Duke Sen. Moſt miſchievous foul ſin, in chiding ſin:
For thou thyſelf haſt been a libertine,
As ſenſual as the brutiſh ſting itſelf[3];
And all the embоſſed ſores, and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot haſt caught,
Wouldſt thou diſgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the ſea,
'Till that the very very means do ebb[4]?
What woman in the city do I name,

[2] *if not*, &c.] Unleſs men have the prudence not to appear touched with the ſarcaſms of a jeſter, they ſubject themſelves to his power, and the wiſe man will have his folly *anatomiſed*, that is *diſſected* and *laid open* by the *ſquandring glances* or *random ſhots* of a fool. JOHNSON.

[3] *As ſenſual as the brutiſh ſting*] Though the *brutiſh ſting* is capable of a ſenſe not inconvenient in this paſſage, yet as it is a harſh and unuſual mode of ſpeech, I ſhould read the *brutiſh fly*. JOHNSON.

I believe the old reading is the true one. So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. i. c. 8:

" A heard of bulls whom kindly rage doth *ſting*."

Again, b. ii. c. 12:

" As if that hunger's point, or Venus *ſting*,
" Had them enrag'd."

Again, in *Othello*:

" ——our carnal *ſtings*, our unbitted luſts." STEEVENS.

[4] *Till that the* very, *very*——] The old copy has ——*weary*, very. MALONE.

When that I ſay, The city woman bears
The coſt of princes on unworthy ſhoulders?
Who can come in, and ſay, that I mean her,
When ſuch a one as ſhe, ſuch is her neighbour?
Or what is he of baſeſt function,
That ſays, his bravery is not on my coſt,
(Thinking that I mean him) but therein ſuits
His folly to the metal of my ſpeech?
There then; How then? What then? Let me ſee wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himſelf; if he be free,
Why then, my taxing like a wild gooſe flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter Orlando, with his ſword drawn.

Orla. Forbear, and eat no more.
Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.
Orla. Nor ſhalt not, 'till neceſſity be ſerv'd.
Jaq. Of what kind ſhould this cock come of?
Duke Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy diſtreſs;
Or elſe a rude deſpiſer of good manners,
That in civility thou ſeem'ſt ſo empty?
Orla. You touch'd my vein at firſt; the thorny point [5]
Of bare diſtreſs hath ta'en from me the ſhew
Of ſmooth civility: yet am I in-land bred,
And know ſome nurture [6]: But forbear, I ſay;

[5] ——— *the thorny point*
Of bare diſtreſs hath ta'en *from me the ſhew*
Of ſmooth civility:]
We might read *torn* with more elegance, but elegance alone will not juſtify alteration. JOHNSON.

[6] *And know ſome* nurture:] *Nurture* is *education*. So, in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616:
"He ſhew'd himſelf as full of *nurture* as of nature."
STEEVENS.

He

He dies, that touches any of this fruit,
'Till I and my affairs are anſwered.
Jaq. An you will not
Be anſwered with reaſon, I muſt die.
Duke Sen. What would you have? Your gentleneſs
ſhall force,
More than your force move us to gentleneſs.
Orla. I almoſt die for food, and let me have it.
Duke Sen. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our
table.
Orla. Speak you ſo gently? Pardon me, I pray
you;
I thought, that all things had been ſavage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of ſtern commandment: But whate'er you are,
That in this deſert inacceſſible [7],
Under the ſhade of melancholy boughs,
Loſe and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever ſat at any good man's feaſt;
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleneſs my ſtrong enforcement be:
In the which hope, I bluſh, and hide my ſword.
Duke. Sen. True is it, that we have ſeen better days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And ſat at good men's feaſts; and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that ſacred pity hath engender'd;
And therefore ſit you down in gentleneſs,
And take upon command what help we have [6]
That to your wanting may be miniſtred.

[7] —*deſert inacceſſible,*] This expreſſion I find in *The Adventures of Simonides*, by Barn. Riche, 1584:——"and onely acquainted himſelfe with the ſolitarineſſe of this *unacceſſible deſert.*"
HENDERSON.

[6] *And take upon command what help we have,*] *Upon command*, is at your own command. STEEVENS.

Orla. Then but forbear you food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary ſtep
Limp'd in pure love; 'till he be firſt ſuffic'd,—
Oppreſs'd with two weak evils, age, and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.

Duke Sen. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waſte till you return.

Orla. I thank ye; and be bleſs'd for your good comfort! [*Exit.*

Duke Sen. Thou ſeeſt, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and univerſal theatre
Preſents more woeful pageants than the ſcene
Wherein we play in [7].

Jaq. All the world's a ſtage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being ſeven ages [8]. At firſt, the infant,
Mew-

[7] *Wherein we play* in.] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope more correctly reads:

Wherein we play. STEEVENS.

[8] *His acts being ſeven* labours.] Dr. Warburton obſerves, that this was *no unuſual diviſion of a play before our author's time*, but forbears to offer any one example in ſupport of his aſſertion. I have carefully peruſed almoſt every dramatic piece antecedent to Shakſpeare, or contemporary with him; but ſo far from being divided into acts, they are almoſt all printed in an unbroken continuity of ſcenes. I ſhould add, that there is indeed one play of ſix acts to be met with, and another of twenty-one; but the ſecond of theſe is a tranſlation from the Spaniſh, and never could have been deſign'd for the ſtage. In one of the *Myſteries of Bale*, ſeven acts may indeed be met with. STEEVENS.

One of Chapman's plays (*Two wiſe Men and all the reſt Fools*) is in ſeven acts. This, however, is the only dramatic piece that I have found ſo divided. But ſurely it is not neceſſary to ſuppoſe (with Dr. Warburton) that our author alluded to any ſuch preciſe diviſion of the drama. His compariſons ſeldom run on four feet.

Mewling and puking in the nurſe's arms:
And then, the whining ſchool-boy, with his ſatchel,
And ſhining morning face, creeping like ſnail
Unwillingly to ſchool: And then, the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his miſtreſs' eye-brow: Then, a ſoldier [9];
Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, ſudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: And then, the juſtice;

feet. It was ſufficient for him that a play was diſtributed into *ſeveral* acts, and that (long before his time) human life had been divided into *ſeven* periods. *In the Treaſury of Ancient and Modern Times*, 1613, Proclus, a Greek author, is ſaid to have divided the life-time of man into *ſeven ages*; over each of which one of the ſeven planets was ſuppoſed to rule. "The FIRST AGE is called *Infancy*, containing the ſpace of foure years. The SECOND AGE continueth ten years, untill he attaine to the yeares of fourteene; this age is called *Childhood*.—The THIRD AGE conſiſteth of eight yeares, being named by our auncients *Adoleſcencie* or *Youthhood*; and it laſteth from fourteene, till two and twenty years be fully compleate.—The FOURTH AGE paceth on, till a man have accompliſhed two and fortie yeares, and is termed *Young Manhood*. The FIFTH AGE, named *Mature Manhood*, hath (according to the ſaid author) fifteene yeares of continuance, and therefore makes his progreſs ſo far as ſix and fifty yeares.—Afterwards in adding twelve to fifty-ſixe, you ſhall make up ſixty-eight yeares, which reach to the end of the SIXTH AGE, and is called *Old Age*.—The SEVENTH and laſt of theſe ſeven ages is limited from ſixty-eight yeares, ſo far as four-ſcore and eight being called weak, declining, and *Decrepite Age*.—If any man chance to goe beyond this age, (which is more admired than noted in many) you ſhall evidently perceive that he will returne to his firſt condition of Infancy againe."

Hippocrates likewiſe divided the life of man into ſeven ages, but differs from Proclus in the number of years alloted to each period. See Brown's *Vulgar Errors*, folio, 1686, p. 173. MALONE.

[9] ——a ſoldier;
Full of ſtrange oaths and *bearded* like the pard,] So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonſon.

"——Your ſoldiers face——the grace of this face conſiſteth much in a *beard*." STEEVENS.

In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes ſevere, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wiſe ſaws and modern inſtances [4],
And ſo he plays his part: The ſixth age ſhifts [2]
Into the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon;
With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide;
His youthful hoſe well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk ſhank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childiſh treble, pipes
And whiſtles in his ſound: Laſt ſcene of all,
That ends this ſtrange eventful hiſtory,
Is ſecond childiſhneſs, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing.

[1] *Full of wiſe ſaws and* modern *inſtances,*] It is remarkable that Shakſpeare uſes *modern* in the double ſenſe that the Greeks uſed καινὸς, both for *recens* and *abſurdus*. WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether *modern* is in this place uſed for *abſurd:* the meaning ſeems to be, that the juſtice is full of *old* ſayings and *late* examples. JOHNSON.

Modern means *trite, common.* See vol. iv. p. 150. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*The ſixth age ſhifts*
Into the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon;]

There is a greater beauty than appears at firſt ſight in this image. He is here comparing human life to a *ſtage play*, of ſeven acts (which is no unuſual diviſion before our author's time.) The ſixth he calls the *lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon*, alluding to that general character in the Italian comedy, called *Il Pantalone*; who is a thin emaciated old man in *ſlippers*; and well deſigned, in that epithet, becauſe *Pantalone* is the only character that acts in ſlippers. WARBURTON.

In the *Travels of the three Engliſh Brothers*, a comedy, 1606, an Italian harlequin is introduced, who offers to perform a play at a Lord's houſe, in which among other characters he mentions "a jealous coxcomb, and old *Pantaloune*." But this is ſeven years later than the date of the play before us: nor do I know from whence our author could learn the circumſtance mentioned by Dr. Warburton, that "Pantalone is the only character in the Italian comedy that acts in ſlippers." In Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1595, the word is not found. In the *Taming of the Shrew* one of the characters, if I remember right, is called "an old *Pantaloon*," but there is no farther deſcription of him. MALONE.

Re-

Re-enter Orlando, with Adam.

Duke Sen. Welcome: Set down your venerable burden [3],
And let him feed.
Orla. I thank you moſt for him.
Adam. So had you need,
I ſcarce can ſpeak to thank you for myſelf.
Duke Sen. Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to queſtion you about your fortunes;—
Give us ſome muſick; and, good couſin, ſing.

Amiens ſings.

SONG.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not ſo unkind [4]
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not ſo keen [5],
Becauſe thou art not ſeen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh

[3] ——*Set down your venerable burden,*] Is it not likely that Shakſpeare had in his mind this line of the *Metamorphoſes*?

"————*Patremque*
"*Fert humeris*, venerabile onus *Cythereius heros.*"

JOHNSON.

[4] *Thou art not ſo* unkind, &c,] That is, thy action is not ſo contrary to thy *kind*, or to human nature, as the ingratitude of man. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*, 1593:

"O had thy mother borne ſo bad a mind,
"She had not brought forth thee, but dy'd *unkind.*"

MALONE.

[5] *Thy tooth is not ſo keen,*
Becauſe thou art not ſeen,]

This ſong is deſigned to ſuit the duke's exiled condition, who had been ruined by *ungrateful flatterers*. Now the *winter wind*, the ſong ſays, is to be preferred to *man's ingratitude*. But why? *Becauſe it is not* ſeen. But this was not only an aggravation of the injury, as it was done in ſecret, *not ſeen*, but was the very circum-

Heigh ho! ſing heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Moſt friendſhip is feigning, moſt loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho, the holly!
This life is moſt jolly.

Freeze,

cumſtance that made the keenneſs of the ingratitude of his faithleſs courtiers. Without doubt, Shakſpeare wrote the line thus:

Becauſe thou art not ſheen,

i. e. ſmiling, ſhining, like an ungrateful court-ſervant, who flatters while he wounds, which was a very good reaſon for giving the *winter wind* the preference. So, in the *Midſummer Night's Dream:*

" *Spangled ſtar-light* ſheen."

And ſeveral other places. Chaucer uſes it in this ſenſe:

" *Your bliſsful ſuſter Lucina the* ſhene.

And Fairfax:

" *The ſacred angel took his target* ſhene,
" *And by the Chriſtian champion ſtood unſeen.*"

The Oxford editor, who had this emendation communicated to him, takes occaſion from thence to alter the whole line thus:

Thou cauſeſt not that teen.

But, in his rage of correction, he forgot to leave the reaſon, which is now wanting, Why the *winter wind* was to be prefered to *man's ingratitude.* WARBURTON.

I am afraid that no reader is ſatisfied with Dr. Warburton's emendation, however vigorouſly enforced; and it is indeed enforced with more art than truth. *Sheen*, i. e. *ſmiling, ſhining.* That *ſheen* ſignifies *ſhining*, is eaſily proved, but when or where did it ſignify *ſmiling?* yet *ſmiling* gives the ſenſe neceſſary in this place. Sir T. Hanmer's change is leſs uncouth, but too remote from the preſent text. For my part, I queſtion whether the original line is not loſt, and this ſubſtituted merely to fill up the meaſures and the ryhme. Yet even out of this line, by ſtrong agitation may ſenſe be elicited, and ſenſe not unſuitable to the occaſion. *Thou winter wind*, ſays the Duke, *thy rudeneſs gives the leſs pain*, as thou art not ſeen, *as thou art an enemy that doſt not brave us with thy preſence, and whoſe unkindneſs is therefore not aggravated by inſult.* JOHNSON.

Though the old text may be tortured into a meaning, perhaps it would be as well to read:

Becauſe *the heart's* not ſeen.

The *harts*, according to the ancient mode of writing, was eaſily corrupted. FARMER.

If inſtead of *not ſeen* we read *foreſeen*——

Becauſe thou art *foreſeen*,

the

Freeze, freeze thou bitter ſky,
That doſt not bite ſo nigh
As benefits forgot:
[5] *Though thou the waters warp,*
Thy ſting is not ſo ſharp
[6] *As friend remember'd not.*
Heigh ho! ſing, &c.

Duke Sen. If that thou were the good ſir Rowland's ſon,—

the reaſon will be juſt and pertinent. Winter, being *foreſeen*, has leſs power to hurt us, becauſe we guard againſt it; but ingratitude, being never foreſeen, is for that reaſon more ſeverely felt. MUSGRAVE.

Becauſe thou art not ſeen,] So, in the Sonnet introduced into *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

"Through the velvet leaves the *wind*
"All *unſeen* 'gan paſſage find. STEEVENS.

[5] *Though thou the water's warp,*] The ſurface of *waters*, ſo long as they remain unfrozen, is apparantly a perfect plane; whereas, when they are, this ſurface deviates from its exact flatneſs, or *warps*. This is remarkable in ſmall ponds, the ſurface of which when frozen, forms a regular concave; the ice on the ſides riſing higher than that in the middle. KENRICK.

To *warp* was probably in Shakſpeare's time, a colloquial word, which conveyed no diſtant alluſion to any thing elſe, phyſical or mechanical. To *warp* is to *turn*, and to *turn* is to *change*: when milk is *changed* by curdling, we now ſay, it is *turned*: when water is *changed* or *turned* by froſt, Shakſpeare ſays, it is *curdled*. To be *warp'd* is only to be changed from its natural ſtate. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon is certainly right. So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonſon. "I know not, he's grown out of his garb a-late, he's *warp'd*.—And ſo, methinks too, he *is* much *converted*." Thus the *mole* is called the mould-*warp*, becauſe it changes the appearance of the ſurface of the earth. Again, in the *Winter's Tale*, act i:

"My favour here begins to *warp*."

Dr. Farmer ſuppoſes *warp'd* to mean the ſame as *curdled*, and adds that a ſimilar idea occurs in Timon:

"——the icicle
"That *curdled* by the froſt, &c." STEEVENS.

[6] As friend *remember'd* not.] *Remember'd* for *remembering*. So, afterwards, act iii. ſc. laſt: "And now I am *remember'd*——." i. e. and now that I *bethink* me, &c. MALONE.

As

As you have whiſpered faithfully, you were;
And as mine eye doth his effigies witneſs
Moſt truely limn'd, and living in your face,—
Be truely welcome hither: I am the duke,
That lov'd your father: The reſidue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy maſter is:—
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes underſtand. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Palace.

Enter Duke, Lords, and Oliver.

Duke. Not ſee him ſince? Sir, ſir, that cannot be;
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I ſhould not ſeek an abſent argument [7]
Of my revenge, thou preſent: But look to it;
Find out thy brother, whereſoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle: bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To ſeek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou doſt call thine,
Worth ſeizure, do we ſeize into our hands;
'Till thou canſt quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think againſt thee.

Oli. Oh, that your highneſs knew my heart in this:
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke. More villain thou.—Well, puſh him out of doors;

[7] *An abſent argument*] An *argument* is uſed for the *contents* of a book, thence Shakſpeare conſidered it as meaning the *ſubject*, and then uſed it for *ſubject* in yet another ſenſe. JOHNSON.

And

And let my officers of ſuch a nature
Make an extent upon his houſe and lands[6]:
Do this expediently[7], and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Foreſt.

Enter Orlando.

Orla. Hang there, my verſe, in witneſs of my love:
And, thou, thrice-crowned queen of night[8], ſurvey
With thy chaſte eye, from thy pale ſphere above,
Thy huntreſs' name, that my full life doth ſway.
O Roſalind! theſe trees ſhall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye, which in this foreſt looks,
Shall ſee thy virtue witneſs'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve, on every tree,
The fair, the chaſte, and unexpreſſive ſhe[9]. [*Exit.*

Enter Corin, and Clown.

Cor. And how like you this ſhepherd's life, maſter Touchſtone?

[6] *And let my officers of ſuch a nature*
Make an extent upon his houſe and lands:]
"To make an *extent* of lands," is a legal phraſe, from the words of a writ (*extendi facias*) whereby the ſheriff is directed to cauſe certain lands to be appraiſed to their full extended value, before he delivers them to the perſon entitled under a recognizance, &c. in order that it may be certainly known how ſoon the debt will be paid. MALONE.

[7] *Expediently,*] That is, *expeditiouſly.* JOHNSON.

[8] *Thrice-crowned queen of night,*] Alluding to the triple character of Proſerpine, Cynthia, and Diana, given by ſome mythologiſts to the ſame goddeſs, and compriſed in theſe memorial lines:
"*Terret, luſtrat, agit, Proſerpina, Luna, Diana,*
"*Ima, ſuperna, feras, ſceptro, fulgore, ſagittis.*" JOHNSON.

[9] *Unexpreſſive*] for *inexpreſſible.* JOHNSON.
Milton in like manner uſes *unexpreſſive* for *inexpreſſible:*
"Harping with loud and ſolemn quire,
"With *unexpreſſive* notes to heaven's new-born heir."
Hymn on the Nativity. MALONE.

Clo.

Clo. Truly, ſhepherd, in reſpect of itſelf, it is a good life; but in reſpect that it is a ſhepherd's life, it is naught. In reſpect that it is ſolitary, I like it very well; but in reſpect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in reſpect it is in the fields, it pleaſeth me well; but in reſpect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a ſpare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much againſt my ſtomach. Haſt any philoſophy in thee, ſhepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one ſickens, the worſe at eaſe he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends:—That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: That good paſture makes fat ſheep; and that a great cauſe of the night, is the lack of the ſun: That he, that hath learned no wit by nature nor art[1], may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Clo. Such a one is a natural philoſopher[2]. Waſt ever in court, ſhepherd?

Cro.

[1] *He that hath learned no wit by nature or art, may complain of* good *breeding, or comes of very dull kindred.*] Common ſenſe requires us to read:

may complain of groſs *breeding.*

The Oxford editor has greatly improved this emendation by reading—bad *breeding.* WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether the cuſtom of the language in Shakſpeare's time did not authoriſe this mode of ſpeech, and make *complain of good breeding* the ſame with *complain* of the want of *good breeding.* In the laſt line of the *Merchant of Venice* we find that to *fear the keeping* is to *fear the* not *keeping.* JOHNSON.

I think, he means rather —— *may complain of a good education,* for having been ſo inefficient,—— of ſo little uſe to him. MALONE.

[2] *Such a-one is a natural philoſopher.*] The ſhepherd had ſaid all the philoſophy he knew was the property of things, that *rain wetted, fire burnt,* &c. And the Clown's reply, in a ſatire on phyſicks or natural philoſophy, though introduced with a quibble, is extremely juſt. For the natural philoſopher is indeed as ignorant (notwithſtanding all his parade of knowledge) of the *efficient* cauſe of things, as the ruſtic. It appears, from a thouſand inſtances,

Cor. No, truly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope,——

Clo. Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-roaſted egg[3], all on one ſide.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reaſon.

Clo. [4]Why, if thou never waſt at court, thou never ſaw'ſt good manners; if thou never ſaw'ſt good manners, then thy manners muſt be wicked; and wickedneſs is ſin, and ſin is damnation: Thou art in a parlous ſtate, ſhepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchſtone: thoſe, that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is moſt mockable at the court. You told me, you ſalute not at the court, but you kiſs your hands; that courteſy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were ſhepherds.

ſtances, that our poet was well acquainted with the phyſics of his time: and his great penetration enabled him to ſee this remedileſs defect of it. WARBURTON.

Shakſpeare is reſponſible for the *quibble* only, let the commentator anſwer for the *refinement*. STEEVENS.

[3] *like an ill-roaſted egg,*] Of this jeſt I do not fully comprehend the meaning. JOHNSON.

There is a proverb, that *a fool is the beſt roaſter of an egg, becauſe he is always turning it.* This will explain how an egg may be *damn'd, all on one ſide*; but will not ſufficiently ſhew how Touchſtone applies his ſimile with propriety; unleſs he means that he who has not been at court is but *half* educated. STEEVENS.

I believe there was nothing intended in the correſponding part of the ſimile, to anſwer to the words—"all on one ſide." Shakſpeare's ſimiles (as has been already obſerved) ſeldom run on four feet. Touchſtone, I apprehend, only means to ſay, that Corin is completely damned; as irretrievably deſtroyed, as an egg that is utterly ſpoiled in the roaſting by being done on one ſide only. MALONE.

[4] *Why, if thou never waſt at court, thou never ſaw'ſt good manners; if thou never,* &c.] This reaſoning is drawn up in imitation of Friar John's to Panurge in *Rabelais*. *Si tu es Coquu, ergo ta femme ſera belle; ergo tu ſeras bien traité d'elle; ergo tu auras des amis beaucoup; ergo tu ſeras ſauvé.* The laſt inference is pleaſantly drawn from the popiſh doctrine of the interceſſion of ſaints, and, I ſuppoſe, our jocular Engliſh proverb, concerning this matter, was founded in Friar John's logic. WARBURTON.

Clo.

Clo. Inſtance, briefly; come, inſtance.

Cor. Why, we are ſtill handling our ewes; and their fells you know are greaſy.

Clo. Why, do not your courtiers' hands ſweat? and is not the greaſe of a mutton as wholeſome as the ſweat of a man? Shallow, ſhallow: A better inſtance, I ſay; come.

Cor. Beſides, our hands are hard.

Clo. Your lips will feel them the ſooner. Shallow again: A more ſounder inſtance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the ſurgery of our ſheep; And would you have us kiſs tar? The courtiers hands are perfum'd with civet.

Clo. Moſt ſhallow man! Thou worms-meat, in reſpect of a good piece of fleſh:—indeed!—Learn of the wiſe, and perpend: Civet is of a baſer birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the inſtance, ſhepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll reſt.

Clo. Wilt thou reſt damn'd? God help thee, ſhallow man! God make inciſion in thee [5]! thou art raw [6].

5 Make inciſion *in thee!*] *To make inciſion* was a proverbial expreſſion then in vogue for, to make to underſtand. So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Humorous Lieutenant:*

" ——— *O excellent king,*
" *Thus he begins, thou life and light of creatures,*
" *Angel-ey'd king, vouchſafe at length thy favour;*
" *And ſo proceeds to* inciſion."———

i. e. to make him underſtand what he would be at. WARBURTON.

Till I read Dr. Warburton's note, I thought the alluſion had been to that common expreſſion, of *cutting ſuch a one for the ſimples*; and I muſt own, after conſulting the paſſage in the *Humourous Lieutenant*, I have no reaſon to alter my ſuppoſition. The editors of Beaumont and Fletcher declare the phraſe to be unintelligible in that as well as in another play where it is introduced.

I find the ſame expreſſion in *Monſieur Thomas:*

" We'll bear the burthen, proceed to *inciſion*, fidler."

STEEVENS.

6 ———*thou art* raw.] i. e. thou art ignorant; unexperienced. So, in *Hamlet:* " ——and yet but *raw* neither, in reſpect of his quick ſail." MALONE.

Cor.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happineſs; glad of other men's good, content with my harm: and the greateſt of my pride is, to ſee my ewes graze, and my lambs ſuck.

Clo. That is another ſimple ſin in you; to bring the ewes and rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle: to be bawd to a bell-wether[7]; and to betray a ſhe-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reaſonable match. If thou be'ſt not damn'd for this, the devil himſelf will have no ſhepherds; I cannot ſee elſe how thou ſhouldſt 'ſcape.

Cor. Here comes young Mr. Ganimed, my new miſtreſs's brother.

Enter Roſalind with a paper.

Roſ. *From the eaſt to weſtern Inde,*
No jewel is like Roſalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Roſalind.
All the pictures, fairеſt limn'd,
Are but black to Roſalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair of Roſalind[8].

Clo. I'll rhime you ſo, eight years together; din-

[7] *Bawd to a bell-wether*;] *Wether* and *ram* had anciently the ſame meaning. JOHNSON.

[8] *But the* fair *of Roſalind.*] Thus the old copy. *Fair* is beauty, complexion. See the notes on a paſſage in the *Midſummer Night's Dream*, act i. ſc. 1. and the *Comedy of Errors*, act ii. ſc. 1. The modern editors read—the *face* of Roſalind. Lodge's *Novel* will likewiſe ſupport the ancient reading:

"Then muſe not nymphes though I bemone
"The abſence of fair Roſalynde,
"Since for her *faire* there is fairer none, &c."

and other places. STEEVENS.

ners, and ſuppers, and ſleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-woman's rate to market [8].

Roſ. Out, fool!

Clo. For a taſte:——

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him ſeek out Roſalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be ſure, will Roſalind.
Winter-garments muſt be lin'd,
So muſt ſlender Roſalind.
They that reap, muſt ſheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Roſalind.
Sweeteſt nut hath ſowreſt rind.
Such a nut is Roſalind.
He that ſweeteſt roſe will find,
Muſt find love's prick and Roſalind.

[8] *rate to market.*] So ſir T. Hanmer. In the former editions *rank* to market. JOHNSON.

Dr. Grey, as plauſibly, propoſes to read—*rant.* Gyll brawled like a *butter-whore* is a line in an ancient medley. The ſenſe deſigned, however, might have been—"it is ſuch wretched rhime as the butter-woman ſings as ſhe is *riding to* market." STEEVENS.

There can be no reaſon ſufficient for changing *rate* to *rant.* The Clown is here ſpeaking in reference to the ambling pace of the metre, which, after giving a ſpecimen of, to prove his aſſertion, he affirms to be "the very falſe gallop of verſes."

HENLEY.

A paſſage in *All's well that end's well*,——"tongue, I muſt put you into a *butter-woman's* mouth, and buy myſelf another of Bajazet's mule, if you *prattle* me into theſe perils,"——once induced me to think that the *volubility* of the butter-woman ſelling her wares, was here alone in our author's contemplation, and that he wrote—rate *at* market. But I am now perſuaded that ſir T. Hanmer's emendation is right. The *hobling* metre of theſe verſes (ſays Touchſtone) is like the *ambling*, *ſhuffling*, pace of a butter-woman's horſe, going to market. The ſame kind of imagery is found in the firſt part of *King Henry* IV:

"And that would ſet my teeth nothing on edge,
"Nothing ſo much, as *mincing poetry*;
"*'Tis like the forc'd gait of a ſhuffling nag.*" MALONE.

This is the very falſe gallop of verſes; Why do you infect yourſelf with them?

Roſ. Peace, you dull fool: I found them on a tree.

Clo. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Roſ. I'll graff it with you, and then I ſhall graff it with a medler: then it will be the earlieſt fruit i'the country: for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medler.

Clo. You have ſaid; but whether wiſely or no, let the foreſt judge.

Enter Celia, with a writing.

Roſ. Peace!
Here comes my ſiſter, reading; ſtand aſide.

Cel. *Why ſhould this deſert ſilent*[9] *be?*
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That ſhall civil ſayings ſhow[1].
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;
That the ſtretching of a ſpan
Buckles in his ſum of age.
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the ſouls of friend and friend:
But upon the faireſt boughs,
Or at every ſentence' end,

[9] *Why ſhould this deſert be?*] This is commonly printed:
Why ſhould this *a* deſert be?
but although the metre may be aſſiſted by this correction, the ſenſe is ſtill defective; for how will the *hanging of tongues on every tree*, make it leſs a deſert? I am perſuaded we ought to read:
Why ſhould this deſert *ſilent* be? TYRWHITT.
The notice which this emendation deſerves, I have paid to it, by inſerting it in the text. STEEVENS.

[1] *That ſhall civil ſayings ſhow.*] *Civil* is here uſed in the ſame ſenſe as when we ſay *civil* wiſdom or *civil life*, in oppoſition to a ſolitary ſtate, or to the ſtate of nature. This deſert ſhall not appear *unpeopled*, for every tree ſhall teach the maxims or incidents of ſocial life. JOHNSON.

Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all that read, to know
This quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore heaven nature charg'd[2]
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
Cleopatra's majesty;
Atalanta's better part[3];
[4] *Sad Lucretia's modesty.*

Thus

[2] *Therefore heaven nature charg'd*] From the picture of Apelles, or the accomplishments of Pandora.

Πανδώρην, ὅτι πάντει Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχοντες
Δῶρον ἐδώρησαν.———

So, before:

" ——— *But thou*
" *So perfect, and so peerless, art created*
" *Of ev'ry creature's best.*" Tempest.

Perhaps from this passage Swift had his hint of Biddy Floyd.

JOHNSON.

[3] *Atalanta's better part*;] I know not well what could be the better part of Atalanta here ascribed to Rosalind. Of the Atalanta most celebrated, and who therefore must be intended here where she has no epithet of discrimination, the *better part* seems to have been her heels, and the worse part was so bad that Rosalind would not thank her lover for the comparison. There is a more obscure Atalanta, a huntress and a heroine, but of her nothing bad is recorded, and therefore I know not which was her better part. Shakspeare was no despicable mythologist, yet he seems here to have mistaken some other character for that of Atalanta. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the poet means her beauty and graceful elegance of shape, which he would prefer to her swiftness. Thus *Ovid:*

" ———*nec dicere posses,*
" *Laude pedum, formæne bono præstantior esset.*
" *Ut faciem, et* posito corpus velamine *videt,*
" Obstupuit———

But cannot *Atalanta's better part* mean her virtue or virgin chastity, with which nature had graced Rosalind, together with Helen's beauty without her heart or lewdness, with Cleopatra's dignity of behaviour, and with Lucretia's modesty, that scorned to survive

Thus Roſalind of many parts
By heavenly ſynod was deviſ'd;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches [5] *deareſt priz'd.*
Heaven would that ſhe theſe gifts ſhould have,
And I to live and die her ſlave.

Roſ. O moſt gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your pariſhioners withal, and never cry'd, *Have patience, good people!*

ſurvive the loſs of honour? Pliny's Nat. Hiſt. b xxxv. c. 3. mentions the portraits of *Atalanta* and *Helen*, *utraque excellentiſſima forma, ſed altera ut virgo.* That is, "both of them for beauty, incomparable, and yet a man may diſcerne the one [Atalanta] of them to be a *maiden*, for her modeſt and chaſte countenance," as Dr. P. Holland tranſlated the paſſage, of which probably our poet had taken notice, for ſurely he had judgment in painting. TOLLET.

I ſuppoſe *Atalanta's better part* is her *wit*, i. e. the *ſwiftneſs of her mind.* FARMER.

Shakſpeare might have taken part of this enumeration of diſtinguiſhed females from John Grange's *Golden Aphroditis*, 1577. "——who ſeemeſt in my ſight faire *Helen* of Troy, Polixene, Calliope, yea *Atlanta* hir ſelfe in beauty to ſurpaſſe, Pandora in qualities, Penelope and *Lucretia* in chaſteneſſe to deface." Again, *Ibid*:

"Polixene, fayre, Caliop, and
"Penelop may give place;
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It may be obſerved, that Statius alſo in his ſixth Thebaid, has confounded *Atalanta* the wife of Hippomenes, and daughter of Siconeus, with *Atalanta* the daughter of Oenomaus, and wife of Pelops. See v. 564. STEEVENS.

I think this ſtanza was formed on an old tetraſtick epitaph, which, as I have done, Mr. Steevens may poſſibly have read in a country church-yard:

"She who is dead and ſleepeth in this tomb,
"Had Rachel's comely face, and Leah's fruitful womb:
"Sarah's obedience, Lydia's *open heart*,
"And Martha's care, and Mary's *better part*."

WHALLEY.

Sad] is *grave*, *ſober* not. *light.* JOHNSON.

[5] *The touches*] The features; *les traits.* JOHNSON.

Cel. How now! back-friends?—Shepherd, go off a little:—Go with him, ſirrah.

Clo. Come, ſhepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with ſcrip and ſcrippage. [*Exeunt Corin, and Clown.*

Cel. Didſt thou hear theſe verſes?

Roſ. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for ſome of them had in them more feet than the verſes would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verſes.

Roſ. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themſelves without the verſe, and therefore ſtood lamely in the verſe.

Cel. But didſt thou hear, without wondring how thy name ſhould be hang'd and carved upon theſe trees?

Roſ. I was ſeven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came; for look here what I found on a palm tree: [6] I was never ſo be-rhimed ſince Pythagoras' time, that I was an Iriſh rat, which I can hardly remember.

[6] *I was never ſo be-rhimed ſince Pythagoras' time, that I was an Iriſh rat,*] Roſalind is a very learned lady. She alludes to the Pythagorean doctrine, which teaches that ſouls tranſmigrate from one animal to another, and relates that in his time ſhe was an Iriſh *rat*, and by ſome metrical charm was rhymed to death. The power of killing rats with rhymes Donne mentions in his *Satires*, and Temple in his *Treatiſes*. Dr. Grey has produced a ſimilar paſſage from *Randolph*:

" ——— *My poets*
" *Shall with a ſatire, ſteeped in gall and vinegar,*
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So, in an addreſs to the reader, at the concluſion of Ben Jonſon's *Poetaſter*:

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MALONE.

Cel.

Cel. Trow you, who hath done this?

Roſ. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

Roſ. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet[7]; but mountains may be remov'd with earthquakes, and ſo encounter[8].

Roſ. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it poſſible?

Roſ. Nay, I pry'thee now, with moſt petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and moſt wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping[9]!

Roſ. [1]Good my complexion! doſt thou think, though I am capariſon'd like a man, I have a doublet and

[7] ——*friends to meet*;] Alluding ironically to the proverb:
"Friends may meet, but mountains never greet."
See *Ray's Collection*. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*but* mountains *may be removed with earthquakes, and ſo* encounter.] "Montes duo inter ſe concurrent &c." ſays Pliny, *Hiſt. Nat.* lib. ii. c. 83. or in Holland's tranſlation: "Two *hills* [removed by an earthquake] *encountered* together, charging as it were, and with violence aſſaulting one another, and retyring again with a moſt mighty noiſe." TOLLET.

[9] *Out of all whooping!*] So in the Old Ballad of *Yorke, Yorke for my money*, &c. 1584:
"And then was ſhooting *out of cry*
"The ſkantling at a handful nie."
Again, in the old bl. l. comedy called *Commons Conditions*:
"I have beraced myſelf *out of crie*." STEEVENS.

[1] *Good my complexion!*] *This is a mode of expreſſion*, Mr. Theobald ſays, *which he cannot reconcile to common ſenſe*. Like enough: and ſo too the Oxford editor. But the meaning is, *Hold good my complexion*, i. e. let me not bluſh. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation may be juſt, but as he gives no example of ſuch a meaning affixed to the words in queſtion, we are ſtill at liberty to ſuſpend our faith till ſome luckier critic ſhall decide. All I can add is, that I learn from the gloſſary to Phil. Holland's tranſlation of Pliny's *Nat. Hiſt.* that *paint* for the face

and hoſe in my diſpoſition? [2] One inch of delay more is a South-ſea off diſcovery. I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and ſpeak apace: I would thou couldſt ſtammer, that thou might'ſt pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Roſ. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

was in Shakſpeare's time called *complexions*. Shakſpeare likewiſe uſes *complexion* for *diſpoſition*.
So, in the *Merchant of Venice:*

"It is the *complexion* of them all to leave their dam."

STEEVENS.

The meaning, I believe is,—*My native character, my female inquiſitive diſpoſition, canſt thou endure this!*

For thus characterizing the moſt beautiful part of the creation, let our author anſwer. MALONE.

[2] *One inch of delay more is a South-ſea of diſcovery.*] This is ſtark nonſenſe; we muſt read—*off* diſcovery, i. e. *from* diſcovery. "If you delay me one inch of time longer, I ſhall think this ſecret as far from diſcovery as the *South-ſea* is."

WARBURTON.

This ſentence is rightly noted by the commentator as nonſenſe, but not ſo happily reſtored to ſenſe. I read thus:

One inch of delay more is a South-ſea. Diſcover, *I pr'ythee; tell me who is it quickly!*—When the tranſcriber had once made *diſcovery* from *diſcover, I*, he eaſily put an article after South-ſea. But it may be read with ſtill leſs change, and with equal probability. *Every inch of delay more is a* South-ſea diſcovery: *Every delay*, however ſhort, is to me tedious and irkſome as the longeſt voyage, as a voyage of *diſcovery* on the *South-ſea*. How much voyages to the South-ſea, on which the Engliſh had then firſt ventured, engaged the converſation of that time, may be eaſily imagined. JOHNSON.

Of for *off* is frequent in the elder writers. A *South-ſea of diſcovery* is a *diſcovery a South-ſea off*—as far as the South-ſea.

FARMER.

Roſ.

Roſ. Why, God will ſend more, if the man will be thankful: let me ſtay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wreſtlers heels, and your heart, both in an inſtant.

Roſ. Nay, but the devil take mocking; ſpeak ſad brow, and true maid.

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Roſ. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Roſ. Alas the day! what ſhall I do with my doublet and hoſe?—What did he, when thou ſaw'ſt him; What ſaid he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he aſk for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when ſhalt thou ſee him again? Anſwer me in one word.

Cel. You muſt borrow me Garagantua's [3] mouth firſt: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's ſize: To ſay, ay, and no, to theſe particulars, is more than to anſwer in a catechiſm.

Roſ. But doth he know that I am in this foreſt, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freſhly as he did the day he wreſtled?

Cel. It is as eaſy to count atomies, as to reſolve the propoſitions of a lover:—but take a taſte of my finding him, and reliſh it with good obſervance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

Roſ. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth ſuch fruit.

[3] ——*Garagantua's mouth*] Roſalind requires nine queſtions to be anſwered in *one word*. Celia tells her that a word of ſuch magnitude is too big for any mouth but that of Garagantua the giant of Rabelais. JOHNSON.

Garagantua ſwallowed five pilgrims, their ſtaves and all, in a ſallad. It appears from the books of the Stationers' Company, that in 1592 was publiſhed, "*Garagantua* his Prophecie." And in 1594, "A booke entitled, The Hiſtory of *Garagantua*." The book of *Garagantua* is likewiſe mentioned in Laneham's *Narrative of Q. Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenelworth Caſtle*, in 1575. STEEVENS.

Cel.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Roſ. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, ſtretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

Roſ. Though it be pity to ſee ſuch a ſight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tongue [2], I pr'thee; it curvets unſeaſonably. He was furniſh'd like a hunter.

Roſ. Oh ominous! he comes to kill my heart [3].

Cel. I would ſing my ſong without a burden: thou bring'ſt me out of tune.

Roſ. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I muſt ſpeak. Sweet, ſay on.

Enter Orlando, and Jaques.

Cel. You bring me out:—Soft! comes he not here?

Roſ. 'Tis he; Slink by, and note him.

[*Celia and Roſalind retire.*

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief been myſelf alone.

Orla. And ſo had I; but yet, for faſhion's ſake, I thank you too for your ſociety.

Jaq. God be with you; let's meet as little as we can.

Orla. I do deſire we may be better ſtrangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-ſongs in their barks.

Orla. I pray you, mar no more of my verſes with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Roſalind is your love's name?

[2] *Cry* holla *to thy tongue.*] *Holla* was a term of the manege, by which the rider reſtrained and *ſtopp'd* his horſe. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*, 1593:

"What recketh he his rider's angry ſtir,
"His flattering *holla*, or his *ſtand I ſay?*

The word is again uſed in *Othello*, in the ſame ſenſe as here:

"*Holla! ſtand there.*" MALONE.

[3] ——my *heart.*] A quibble between *heart* and *hart.* STEEVENS.

Orla.

Orla. Yes, juſt.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orla. There was no thought of pleaſing you, when ſhe was chriſten'd.

Jaq. What ſtature is ſhe of?

Orla. Juſt as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty anſwers: Have you not been acquainted wiith goldſmiths wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

Orla. Not ſo: [3] but I anſwer you right painted cloth, from whence you have ſtudied your queſtions.

Jaq.

4 ——*but I anſwer you right painted cloth,*] This alludes to the faſhion in old tapeſtry hangings, of mottos and moral ſentences from the mouths of the figures worked or printed in them. The poet again hints at this cuſtom in his poem, called, *Tarquin and Lucreece*:

"*Who fears a ſentence, or an old man's ſaw,*
"*Shall by a* painted cloth *be kept in awe.*" THEOBALD.

The ſame alluſion is common to many of our old plays. So, in a *Match at Midnight*, 1633:

"There's a witty poſy for you.
"—No, no; I'll have one ſhall ſavour of a ſaw.—
"Why then 'twill ſmell of the *painted cloth.*"

Again, in the *Muſe's Looking-Glaſs*, by Randolph, 1638:

"Then for the painting, I bethink myſelf
"That I have ſeen in *Mother Redcap's* hall
"In *painted cloth* the ſtory of the prodigal."

From this laſt quotation we may ſuppoſe that the rooms in public houſes were uſually hung with what Falſtaff calls *water-work*. On theſe hangings perhaps moral ſentences were depicted as iſſuing from the mouths of the different characters repreſented.

Again, in ſir Thomas More's *Engliſh Works*, printed by Raſtell, 1557: "Mayſter Thomas More in hys youth devyſed in hys father's houſe in London, a goodly hangyng of fyne *paynted clothe*, with nine pageauntes, and verſes over every of thoſe pageauntes; which verſes expreſſed and declared what the ymages in thoſe pageauntes repreſented: and alſo in thoſe pageauntes were paynted the thynges that the verſes over them dyd (in effecte) declare."

Of the preſent phraſeology there is an inſtance in *King John*:

"He *ſpeaks plain cannon fire*, and bounce, and ſmoke."
STEEVENS.

This

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you ſit down with me; we two will rail againſt our miſtreſs, the world, and all our miſery.

Orla. I will chide no breather in the world, but myſelf, againſt whom I know moſt faults.

Jaq. The worſt fault you have is, to be in love.

Orla. 'Tis a fault I would not change for your beſt virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was ſeeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orla. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you ſhall ſee him.

Jaq. There I ſhall ſee mine own figure.

Orla. Which I take to be either a fool or a cypher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewel, good ſignior love. [*Exit.*

Orla. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good monſieur melancholy. [*Cel. and Roſ. come forward.*

Roſ. I will ſpeak to him like a ſaucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, foreſter?

Orla. Very well; What would you?

Roſ. I pray you, what is't a clock?

This ſingular phraſe may likewiſe be juſtified by another of the ſame kind in *K. Henry* V:

"I ſpeak to thee *plain ſoldier.*"

Again, in *Twelfth Night:*

"He *ſpeaks* nothing but *madman.*"

There is no need of ſir T. Hanmer's alteration: "I anſwer you right *in the ſtyle of* painted cloth." We had before in this play: "*It is the* right *butter-woman's rate at market.*" MALONE.

Sir T. Hanmer reads, *I anſwer you right,* in the ſtyle of the *painted cloth.* Something ſeems wanting, and I know not what can be propoſed better. *I anſwer you right painted cloth,* may mean I give you a true painted cloth anſwer; as we ſay, ſhe talks *right Billingſgate:* that is, exactly ſuch language as is uſed at Billingſgate. JOHNSON.

Orla.

Orla. You ſhould aſk me, what time o'day; there's no clock in the foreſt.

Roſ. Then there is no true lover in the foreſt; elſe ſighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orla. And why not the ſwift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Roſ. By no means, ſir: Time travels in divers paces with divers perſons: I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he ſtands ſtill withal.

Orla. I pr'ythee, whom doth he trot withal?

Roſ. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage and the day it is ſolemniz'd: if the interim be but a ſe'nnight, time's pace is ſo hard that it ſeems the length of ſeven years.

Orla. Who ambles time withal?

Roſ. With a prieſt that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one ſleeps eaſily, becauſe he cannot ſtudy; and the other lives merrily, becauſe he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and waſteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: Theſe time ambles withal.

Orla. Whom doth he gallop withal?

Roſ. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as ſoftly as foot can fall, he thinks himſelf too ſoon there.

Orla. Who ſtays it ſtill withal.

Roſ. With lawyers in the vacation: for they ſleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orla. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Roſ. With this ſhepherdeſs, my ſiſter; here in the ſkirts of the foreſt, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orla.

Orla. Are you a native of this place?

Roſ. As the coney, that you ſee dwell where ſhe is kindled.

Orla. Your accent is ſomething finer than you could purchaſe in ſo [5] removed a dwelling.

Roſ. I have been told ſo of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to ſpeak, who was in his youth an [6] in-land man; one that knew courtſhip too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures againſt it; and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with ſo many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole ſex withal.

Orla. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of the women?

Roſ. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as half-pence are: every one fault ſeeming monſtrous, 'till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orla. I pr'ythee, recount ſome of them.

Roſ. No; I will not caſt away my phyſick, but on thoſe that are ſick. There is a man haunts the foreſt, that abuſes our young plants with carving Roſalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forſooth, deifying the name of Roſalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him ſome good counſel, for he ſeems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orla. I am he that is ſo love-ſhak'd; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Roſ. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of ruſhes, I am ſure, you are not priſoner.

5 —*remov'd*] i. e. remote, ſequeſtered. See p. 11. EDITOR.

6 ——*in-land man*;] Is uſed in this play for one *civiliſed*, in oppoſition to the *ruſtick* of the prieſt. So, Orlando before—*Yet am I* in-land *bred, and know ſome nurture.* JOHNSON.

Orla.

Orla. What were his marks?

Roſ. A lean cheek; which you have not: a blue eye, and ſunken [7]; which you have not: an unqueſtionable ſpirit [8]; which you have not: a beard neglected; which you have not:—but I pardon you for that; for, ſimply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue:—Then your hoſe ſhould be ungarter'd [9], your bonnet unbanded, your ſleeve unbuttoned, your ſhoe untied, and every thing about you demonſtrating a careleſs deſolation. But you are no ſuch man; you are rather point-device [1] in your accoutrements; as loving yourſelf, than ſeeming the lover of any other.

Orla. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Roſ. Me believe it? you may as ſoon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, ſhe is

[7] ——*a* blue *eye,*] i. e. a blueneſs about the eyes. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*an unqueſtionable ſpirit.*] That is, a ſpirit not *inquiſitive*, a mind indifferent to common objects, and negligent of common occurrences. Here Shakſpeare has uſed a paſſive for an active mode of ſpeech: ſo in a former ſcene, "*The Duke is too* diſputable *for me*, that is, too *diſputatious.*" JOHNSON.

May it not mean, *unwilling to be converſed with?* CHAMIER.

[9] *Then your hoſe ſhould be ungarter'd*, &c.] Theſe ſeem to have been the eſtabliſhed and characteriſtical marks by which the votaries of love were denoted in the time of Shakſpeare. So, in the *Fair Maid of the Exchange*, by Heywood, 1637: "Shall I that have jeſted at love's ſighs, now raiſe whirlwinds! Shall I, that have flouted *ah me's* once a quarter, now practiſe *ah me's* every minute? *Shall I defy hat-bands, and tread garters and ſhoe ſtrings* under my feet? Shall I fall to falling bands, and be a ruffian no longer? I muſt; I am now liegeman to Cupid, and have read all theſe informations in the book of his ſtatutes." Again, in *A pleaſant Comedy how to chuſe a good Wife from a bad*, 1608:

"——I was once like thee
"A ſigher, melancholy humoriſt,
"Croſſer of arms, a goer *without garters*,
"A *hat-band hater*, and a buſk-point wearer.

MALONE.

[1] ——*point device*] i. e. exact, dreſt with finical nicety. See vol. ii. p. 493. vol. iv. p. 228. STEEVENS.

apter

apter to do, than to confeſs ſhe does; that is one of the points in the which women ſtill give the lye to their conſciences. But, in good ſooth, are you he that hangs the verſes on the trees, wherein Roſalind is ſo admired?

Orla. I ſwear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Roſalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Roſ. But are you ſo much in love, as your rhimes ſpeak?

Orla. Neither rhime nor reaſon can expreſs how much.

Roſ. Love is merely a madneſs; and, I tell you, deſerves as well a dark houſe and a whip, as madmen do: and the reaſon why they are not ſo puniſh'd and cured, is, that the lunacy is ſo ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profeſs curing it by counſel.

Orla. Did you ever cure any ſo?

Roſ. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his miſtreſs; and I ſet him every day to woo me: At which time would I, being but a moonifh youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantaſtical, apiſh, ſhallow, inconſtant, full of tears, full of ſmiles; for every paſſion ſomething, and for no paſſion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the moſt part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forſwear him; now weep for him, then ſpit at him: that I drove my ſuitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madneſs[9]; which was, to forſwear the full ſtream of the world,

[9] ——*to a living humour of madneſs*;] If this be the true reading we muſt by *living* underſtand *laſting*, or *permanent*, but I cannot forbear to think that ſome antitheſis was intended which is now loſt; perhaps the paſſage ſtood thus, *I drove my ſuitor from a* dying *humour of love to a living humour of madneſs.* Or rather thus, *from a mad humour of love to a* loving *humour of madneſs*, that is, from a *madneſs* that was *love*, to a *love* that was *madneſs*.

This

world, and to live in a nook merely monaſtick: And thus I cur'd him; and this way will I take upon me to waſh your liver as clear as a ſound ſheep's heart, that there ſhall not be one ſpot of love in't.

Orla. I would not be cur'd, youth.

Roſ. I would cure you, if you would but call me Roſalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orla. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Roſ. Go with me to it, and I will ſhew it you: and, by the way, you ſhall tell me where in the foreſt you live: Will you go?

Orla. With all my heart, good youth.

Roſ. Nay, nay, you muſt call me Roſalind:—Come, ſiſter, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Clown and Audrey, Jaques watching them.

Clo. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey: And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my ſimple feature content you[2]?

Aud.

This ſeems ſomewhat harſh and ſtrained, but ſuch modes of ſpeech are not unuſual in our poet; and this harſhneſs was probably the cauſe of the corruption. JOHNSON.

Perhaps we ſhould read—to a humour of loving madneſs. FARMER.

[2] *Doth my ſimple* feature *content you?*] ſays the Clown to Audrey. "Your *features*, replies the wench. Lord warrant us, what *features?*" I doubt not, this ſhould be your *feature!* Lord warrant us, *what's feature?* FARMER.

Feat and *feature*, perhaps had anciently the ſame meaning. The Clown aſks, if the *features of his* face content her, ſhe takes the word in another ſenſe, i. e. *feats, deeds*, and in her reply ſeems to mean, what *feats*, i. e. what have we done yet? The courtſhip of Audrey and her gallant had not proceeded further, as ſir William Witwood ſays, than a little mouth-glew; but ſhe ſuppoſes him to be talking of ſomething which as yet he had not per-

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Clo. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the moſt capricious poet, honeſt Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. [*aſide*] O knowledge ill-inhabited! worſe than Jove in a thatch'd houſe!

Clo. When a man's verſes cannot be underſtood, nor a man's good wit ſeconded with the forward child, underſtanding, it ſtrikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room [3]: Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is: Is it honeſt in deed, and word? Is it a true thing?

Clo. No, truly; for the trueſt poetry is the moſt feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they ſwear in poetry [4], may be ſaid, as lovers, they do feign.

performed. Or the jeſt may turn only on the Clown's pronunciation. In ſome parts, *features* might be pronounced, *faitors*, which ſignify *raſcals*, *low wretches*. *Piſtol* uſes the word in the ſecond part of *K. Henry* IV. and Spenſer very frequently. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*it ſtrikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room:*] Nothing was ever wrote in higher humour than this ſimile. A great reckoning, in a little room, implies that the entertainment was mean, and the bill extravagant. The poet here alluded to the French proverbial phraſe *of the quarter of hour of Rabelais:* who ſaid, there was only one quarter of an hour in human life paſſed ill, and that was between the calling for the reckoning and paying it. Yet the delicacy of our Oxford editor would correct this into, *It ſtrikes a man more dead than a great* reeking *in a little room.* This is amending with a vengeance. When men are joking together in a merry humour, all are diſpoſed to laugh. One of the company ſays a good thing; the jeſt is not taken; all are ſilent, and he who ſaid it, quite confounded. This is compared to a tavern jollity interrupted by the coming in of a *great reckoning.* Had not Shakſpeare reaſon now in this caſe to apply his ſimile to his own caſe, againſt his critical editor? Who, 'tis plain, taking the phraſe to *ſtrike dead* in a literal ſenſe, concluded, from his knowledge in philoſophy, that it could not be ſo effectually done by a *reckoning* as by a *reeking.* WARBURTON.

[4] —*and what they ſwear in poetry*, &c.] This ſentence ſeems perplexed and inconſequent, perhaps it were better read thus, *What they ſwear as lovers they may be ſaid to feign as poets.* JOHNSON.

Aud.

Aud. Do you wiſh then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Clo. I do truly: for thou ſwear'ſt to me, thou art honeſt; now if thou wert a poet, I might have ſome hope thou didſt feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honeſt?

Clo. No truly, unleſs thou wert hard-favour'd: for honeſty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a ſauce to ſugar.

Jaq. [*aſide*] A material fool[5]!

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honeſt!

Clo. Truly, and to caſt away honeſty upon a foul ſlut, were to put good meat into an unclean diſh.

Aud. I am not a ſlut, though I thank the gods I am foul[6].

Clo. Well, praiſed be the gods for thy foulneſs! ſluttiſhneſs may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the

[5] *A material fool!*] A fool with *matter* in him; a fool ſtocked with notions. JOHNSON.

[6] *I am foul.*] By *foul* is meant *coy* or *frowning*. HANMER.

I rather believe *foul* to be put for the ruſtick pronunciation of *full*. Audrey, ſuppoſing the Clown to have ſpoken of her as *a full ſlut*, ſays, naturally enough, *I am not a ſlut, though, I thank the gods, I am* foul, i. e. full. She was more likely to *thank the gods* for a belly-full, than for her being *coy* or *frowning*. TYRWHITT.

In confirmation of Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture, it may be obſerved that in the ſong at the end of *Love's Labour's Loſt*, inſtead of "where ways be *foul*," — we have in the firſt quarto of 1598, — "where ways be *full*." In that and other old Engliſh books many words ſeem to have been ſpelt by the ear. MALONE.

"Audrey ſays, ſhe is not *fair*, (i. e. *handſome*) and therefore prays the gods to make her *honeſt*. The Clown tells her that to caſt *honeſty* away upon a *foul ſlut*, (i. e. an ill *favoured dirty creature*) is to put meat in an unclean diſh. She replies, ſhe is no *ſlut* (no *dirty drab*) though in her great ſimplicity, ſhe thanks the gods for her *foulneſs* (homelyneſs) i. e. for being as ſhe is. Well, adds he, praiſed be the gods for thy *foulneſs*, ſluttiſhneſs may come hereafter. REMARKS.

next village; who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the foreſt, and to couple us.

Jaq. [*aſide*] I would fain ſee this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Clo. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, ſtagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no aſſembly but horn-beaſts. But what though[7]? Courage! As horns are odious, they are neceſſary. It is ſaid,—Many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even ſo:——Poor men alone?——No, no; the nobleſt deer hath them as huge as the raſcal. Is the ſingle man therefore bleſſed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, ſo is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a batchelor: and by how much defence is better than no ſkill, ſo much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes ſir Oliver:—Sir Oliver Martext[8], you are well met: Will you diſpatch us here under this tree, or ſhall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir

[7] —*what though?*] What then. JOHNSON.

[8] *Sir Oliver*] He that has taken his firſt degree at the univerſity, is in the academical ſtyle called *Dominus*, and in common language was heretofore termed *Sir*. This was not always a word of contempt; the graduates aſſumed it in their own writings; ſo Treviſa the hiſtorian writes himſelf *Syr* John de Treviſa. JOHNSON.

We find the ſame title beſtowed on many divines in our old comedies. So, in *Wily Beguiled:*

"——*Sir John* cannot tend to it at evening prayer; for there comes a company of players to town on Sunday in the afternoon, and *Sir John* is ſo good a fellow that I know he'll ſcarce leave their company to ſay evening prayer."

Again:

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Clo. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, ſhe muſt be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [*diſcovering himſelf*] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

Clo. Good even, good maſter *What ye call't*: How do you, ſir? You are very well met: God'ild you [9] for your laſt company: I am very glad to ſee you:—Even a toy in hand here, ſir: Nay; pray, be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Clo. As the ox hath his bow [1], ſir, the horſe his curb, and the faulcon her bells, ſo man hath his deſires; and as pigeons bill, ſo wedlock would be nibling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a buſh, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good prieſt that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainſcot; then one of you will prove a ſhrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Clo. I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuſe for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Again: "We'll all go to church together, and ſo ſave *Sir John* a labour." See Notes on *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, act i. ſc. 1. STEEVENS.

Degrees were at this time conſidered as the higheſt dignities; and it may not be improper to obſerve, that a clergyman, who hath not been educated at the Univerſities, is ſtill diſtinguiſhed in ſome parts of North Wales, by the appellation of *Sir John*, *Sir William*, &c. Hence the Sir Hugh Evans of Shakſpeare is not a Welſh knight who hath taken orders, but only a Welſh clergyman without any regular degree from either of the Univerſities. See Barrington's *Hiſtory of the Guedir Family*. NICHOLS.

[9] —God'ild you] i. e. God *yield* you, God reward you. See Notes on *Macbeth*, act i. ſc. 6. STEEVENS.

[1] —*his* bow,] i. e. *his yoke*. STEEVENS.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counſel thee.
Clo. Come, ſweet Audrey;
We muſt be married, or we muſt live in bawdry.
Farewell, good maſter Oliver!

Not—[2] O ſweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee;

But

[2] *Not—O ſweet Oliver, O brave* &c.] Some words of an old ballad. WARBURTON.

Of this ſpeech as it now appears, I can make nothing, and think nothing can be made. In the ſame breath he calls his miſtreſs to be married, and ſends away the man that ſhould marry them. Dr. Warburton has very happily obſerved, that *O ſweet Oliver* is a quotation from an old ſong; I believe there are two quotations put in oppoſition to each other. For *wind* I read *wend*, the old word for *go*. Perhaps the whole paſſage may be regulated thus:

Clo. *I am not in the mind, but it were better for me to be married of him than of another, for he is not like to marry me well, and not being well married, it will be a good excuſe for me hereafter to leave my wife—Come, ſweet Audrey, we muſt be married, or we muſt live in bawdry.*

Jaq. *Go thou with me, and let me counſel thee.* [they whiſper.

Clo. *Farewel, good ſir Oliver, not* O ſweet Oliver, O brave Oliver, leave me not behind thee,——*but*

Wend away,
Begone, I ſay,
I will not to wedding with thee to-day.

Of this conjecture the reader may take as much as ſhall appear neceſſary to the ſenſe, or conducive to the humour. I have received all but the additional words. The ſong ſeems to be complete without them. JOHNSON.

The Clown diſmiſſes ſir Oliver only becauſe Jaques had alarmed his pride and raiſed his doubts, concerning the validity of a marriage ſolemnized by one who appears only in the character of an itinerant preacher. He intends afterwards to have recourſe to ſome other of more dignity in the ſame profeſſion. Dr. Johnſon's opinion, that the latter part of the Clown's ſpeech is only a repetition from ſome other ballad, or perhaps a different part of the ſame, is I believe juſt. STEVEENS.

Mr. Steevens's explanation is fully ſupported by the ſubſequent dialogue, between the Clown and Audrey, act v. ſc. 1.

Clo.

But—Wind away,
Begone, I ſay,
I will not to wedding with thee.

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantaſtical knave of them all ſhall flout me out of my calling.

[*Exeunt.*

Clo. We ſhall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, *the prieſt was good enough, for all the old gentleman's ſaying.* MALONE.

O ſweet Oliver. The epithet of *ſweet* ſeems to have been peculiarly appropriated to *Oliver*, for which perhaps he was originally obliged to the old ſong before us. No more of it, however, than theſe two lines has as yet been produced. See Ben Jonſon's *Underwood:*

" All the *mad* Rolands and *ſweet* Olivers."

And, in *Every Man in his Humour*, p. 88, is the ſame alluſion:

" Do not ſtink, *ſweet* Oliver." TYRWHITT.

In the books of the Stationers' Company, Aug. 6, 1584, was entered by Richard Jones the ballad of,

" O *ſweete Olyver*
" Leave me not behinde thee."

Again, " The anſwere of *O ſweete Olyver.*"

Again, in 1586: " *O ſweet Oliver* altered to the Scriptures."

STEEVENS.

I often find a part of this ſong applied to Cromwell. In a paper called, *A Man in the Moon, diſcovering a World of Knavery under the Sun*, " the *junčto* will go near to give us the *bagge*, if *O brave Oliver* come not ſuddenly to relieve them." The ſame alluſion is met with in *Cleaveland*. *Wind away*, and *wind off* are ſtill uſed *provincially:* and I believe, nothing but the *provincial* pronunciation is wanting to join the parts together. I read:

" Not—O ſweet Oliver!
" O brave Oliver!
" Leave me not *behi' thee*——
" But—wind away,
" Begone, I ſay,
" I will not to wedding *wi' thee.*" FARMER.

Wind is uſed for *wend* in *Cæſar and Pompey*, 1607:

" *Winde* we then, Anthony, with this royal queen."

STEEVENS.

SCENE IV.

A cottage in the foreſt.

Enter Roſalind and Celia.

Roſ. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to conſider, that tears do not become a man.

Roſ. But have I not cauſe to weep?

Cel. As good cauſe as one would deſire; therefore weep.

Roſ. His very hair is of the diſſembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's [2]: marry, his kiſſes are Judas's own children.

Roſ. I'faith, his hair is of a good colour [3].

Cel. An excellent colour: your cheſnut was ever the only colour.

Roſ. And his kiſſing is as full of ſanctity as the touch of holy beard [4].

Cel. He hath bought a pair of caſt lips of Diana; a nun of winter's ſiſterhood [5] kiſſes not more religiouſly; the very ice of chaſtity is in them.

Roſ.

[2] *Something browner than* Judas's:—] See notes on *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, act i. ſc. 4. STEEVENS.

[3] *I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.*] There is much of nature in this petty perverſeneſs of Roſalind; ſhe finds fault in her lover, in hope to be contradicted, and when Celia in ſportive malice too readily ſeconds her accuſations, ſhe contradicts herſelf rather than ſuffer her favourite to want a vindication. JOHNSON.

[4] —*as the touch of holy* bread.] We ſhould read *beard*, that is, as the kiſs of an holy ſaint or hermit, called the *kiſs of charity*. This makes the compariſon juſt and decent; the other impious and abſurd. WARBURTON.

[5] ——a nun of *winter's ſiſterhood*] This is finely expreſſed. But Mr. Theobald ſays, *the words give him no ideas*. And 'tis certain, that words will never give men what nature has denied them. However, to mend the matter, he ſubſtitutes *Winifred's ſiſterhood*. And after ſo happy a thought, it was to no purpoſe to tell him there was no religious order of that denomination. The plain truth is, Shakſpeare meant *an unfruitful ſiſterhood*, which had

5. I think these words & the former ones of Rosalind are spoken Ironically Shakspeare having written soon after the Overthrow of Monks & Friars a reflection on the holy beard would be well received. and a Nun of Winters Sisterhood might have the same meaning as a Nun of Windsor's sisterhood would now be supposed to have. Sir.

Roſ. But why did he ſwear he would cometh is morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay certainly, there is no truth in him.

Roſ. Do you think ſo?

Cel. Yes: I think he is not a pick-purſe, nor a horſe-ſtealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet[6], or a worm-eaten nut.

Roſ. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but, I think, he is not in.

Roſ. You have heard him ſwear downright, he was.

Cel. Was, is not *is:* beſides, the oath of a lover is no ſtronger than the word of a tapſter; they are both the confirmers of falſe reckonings: He attends here in the foreſt on the duke your father.

Roſ. I met the duke yeſterday, and had much queſtion[7] with him: He aſked me, of what parentage

had devoted itſelf to chaſtity. For as thoſe who were of the ſiſterhood of the ſpring, were the votaries of Venus; thoſe of ſummer, the votaries of Ceres; thoſe of autumn, of Pomona: ſo theſe of the *ſiſterhood of winter* were the votaries of Diana; called, *of winter*, becauſe that quarter is not, like the other three, productive of fruit or increaſe. On this account it is, that when the poet ſpeaks of what is moſt *poor*, he inſtances it in *winter*, in theſe fine lines of *Othello:*

" *But riches endleſs is* as poor as winter
" *To him that ever fears he ſhall be poor.*"

The other property of winter that made him term them of its ſiſterhood is its coldneſs. So, in the *Midſummer Night's Dream:*

" *To be a* barren ſiſter *all your life,*
" *Chanting faint hymns to the* cold fruitleſs *moon.*"

WARBURTON.

There is certainly no need of Theobald's conjecture, as Dr. Warburton has moſt effectually ſupported the old reading. In one circumſtance, however, he may have been miſtaken. The *Golden Legend*, p. cccı, &c. gives a full account of St. *Winifred* and her ſiſterhood. Edit. by *Wynkyn de Worde*, 1527. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*as concave as a cover'd goblet,*] Why a *cover'd?* Becauſe a goblet is never kept *cover'd* but when *empty*. Shakſpeare never throws out his expreſſions at random. WARBURTON.

[7] ——*much* queſtion] i. e. converſation. See vol. ii. p. 69. STEEVENS.

I was

I was; I told him, of as good as he: ſo he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is ſuch a man as Orlando?.

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verſes, ſpeaks brave words, ſwears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverſe, athwart [8] the heart of his lover; as a puny tilter, that ſpurs his horſe but on one ſide, breaks his ſtaff like a noble gooſe; but all's

[8] ——*quite traverſe, athwart* &c.] An unexperienced lover is here compared to a *puny tilter*, to whom it was a diſgrace to have his lance broken acroſs, as it was a mark either of want of courage or addreſs. This happened when the horſe flew on one ſide, in the career: and hence, I ſuppoſe, aroſe the jocular proverbial phraſe *of ſpurring the horſe only on one ſide*. Now as breaking the lance againſt his adverſary's breaſt, in a direct line, was honourable, ſo the breaking it *acroſs* againſt his breaſt was, for the reaſon above, diſhonourable; hence it is, that Sidney, in his *Arcadia*, ſpeaking of the mock-combat of Climias and Dametas ſays, *The wind took ſuch hold of his ſtaff that it* croſt quite over his breaſt, &c.——And to *break acroſs* was the uſual phraſe, as appears from ſome wretched verſes of the ſame author, ſpeaking of an unſkilful tilter:

"*Methought ſome ſtaves he miſt: if ſo, not much amiſs:*
"*For when he moſt did hit, he never yet did miſs,*
"*One ſaid he* brake acroſs, *full well it ſo might be*, &c."

This is the alluſion. So that Orlando, a young gallant, affecting the faſhion (for *brave* is here uſed, as in other places, for faſhionable) is repreſented either *unſkilful* in courtſhip, or *timorous*. The lover's meeting or appointment correſponds to the tilter's career; and as the one breaks ſtaves, the other breaks oaths. The buſineſs is only meeting fairly, and doing both with addreſs: and 'tis for the want of this, that Orlando is blamed.

WARBURTON.

So, in *Northward Hoe*, 1607: "—melancholick like a *tilter*, that had *broke his ſtaves foul* before his miſtreſs." STEEVENS.

A puny tilter, that breaks his ſtaff like a noble *gooſe*. Sir T. Hanmer altered this to a *noſe-quill'd* gooſe, but no one ſeems to have regarded the alteration. Certainly *noſe-quil'd* is an epithet likely to be corrupted: it gives the image wanted, and may in a great meaſure be ſupported by a quotation from Turberville's *Falconrie*. "Take with you a *ducke*, and ſlip one of her *wing feathers*, and having thruſt it through her *nares*, throw her out unto your hawke." FARMER.

Again,

all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides:—
Who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Miſtreſs, and maſter, you have oft enquired
After the ſhepherd that complain'd of love;
Whom you ſaw ſitting by me on the turf,
Praiſing the proud diſdainful ſhepherdeſs
That was his miſtreſs.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will ſee a peageant truely play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of ſcorn and proud diſdain,
Go hence a little, and I ſhall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Roſ. O, come, let us remove;
The ſight of lovers feedeth thoſe in love:—
Bring us but to this ſight, and you ſhall ſay
I'll prove a buſy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another part of the foreſt.

Enter Silvius, and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not ſcorn me; do not, Phebe:
Say, that you love me not; but ſay not ſo
In bitterneſs: The common executioner,
Whoſe heart the accuſtom'd ſight of death makes hard,

Again, in *Philaſter*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:
"He ſhall for this time only be ſeel'd up
"With *a feather through his noſe*, that he may only
"See heaven, &c."
Again, in the *Booke of Hawkyng Huntyng, and Fyſhyng*, &c. bl. l. no date: "—and with a pen put it in the haukes *nares* once or twice, &c." STEEVENS.

Falls

Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But firſt begs pardon; Will you ſterner be [9]
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter

[9] ——— *will you ſterner be*
Than he that dies *and lives by bloody drops?*]
This is ſpoken of the executioner. He *lives* indeed by bloody drops, if you will: but how does he *die* by bloody drops? The poet muſt certainly have wrote—*that* deals *and lives*, &c. i. e. that gets his bread by, and makes a trade of cutting off heads: but the Oxford editor makes it plainer. He reads:

Than he that lives and thrives by bloody drops.

WARBURTON.

Either Dr. Warburton's emendation, except that the word *deals*, wants its proper conſtruction, or that of ſir T. Hanmer, may ſerve the purpoſe; but I believe they have fixed corruption upon the wrong word, and ſhould rather read:

Than he that dies his lips by *bloody drops?*

Will you ſpeak with more ſternneſs than the executioner, whoſe *lips* are uſed to be *ſprinkled* with blood? The mention of *drops* implies ſome part that muſt be ſprinkled rather than dipped.

JOHNSON.

I am afraid our bard is at his quibbles again. To *dye* means as well *to dip a thing in a colour foreign to its own*, as to *expire*. In this ſenſe, contemptible as it is, the the executioner may be ſaid to *die* as well as *live* by *bloody drops*. Shakſpeare is fond of oppoſing theſe terms to each other.

In *K. John* is a play on words not unlike this;

" ——— *all with purpled hands*
" Dy'd *in the* dying *ſlaughter of their foes.*"

Camden has preſerved an epitaph on a dyer, which has the ſame turn:

" He that *dyed* ſo oft in ſport,
" *Dyed* at laſt no colour for't."

So, Heywood, in his *Epigrams*, 1562:

" Is thy huſband a *dyer*, woman? alack,
" Had he no colour to *dye* thee on but black?
" *Dieth* he oft? yea, too oft when cuſtomers call;
" But I would have him one day *die* once for all.
" Were he gone, *dyer* never more would I wed,
" *Dyers* be ever *dying*, but never dead."

So, Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589:

" We once ſported upon a country fellow, who came to run for the beſt game, and was by his occupation a *dyer*, and had very big ſwelling legs.

" He

Enter Roſalind, Celia, and Corin.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'ſt me, there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, ſure, and very probable,
That eyes,—that are the frail'ſt and ſofteſt things,
Who ſhut their coward gates on atomies,—
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now do I frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;
Now counterfeit to ſwoon; why now fall down;
Or, if thou can'ſt not, oh, for ſhame, for ſhame,
Lye not, to ſay mine eyes are murderers.
Now ſhew the wound mine eyes hath made in thee;
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some ſcar of it; lean but upon a ruſh
The cicatrice and capable impreſſure [1]
Thy palm ſome moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor I am ſure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever (as that ever may be near)

" He is but *coarſe* to run a *courſe*,
" Whoſe ſhanks are bigger than his thigh;
" Yet is his luck a little worſe
" That often *dyes* before he *die*."

" Where ye ſee the words *courſe* and *dye* uſed in divers ſenſes, one giving the *rebound* to the other." STEEVENS.

He that lives and dies, i. e. he who to the very end of his life continues a common executioner. So, in the ſecond ſcene of the fifth act of this play, " *live* and *die* a ſhepherd." TOLLET.

To *die and live* by a thing is to be conſtant to it, to perſevere in it to the end. *Lives* therefore does not ſignify *is maintained*, but the two verbs taken together mean, *who is all his life converſant with bloody drops*. MUSGRAVE.

[1] *The cicatrice and capable impreſſure*] Cicatrice is here not very properly uſed; it is the ſcar of a wound. *Capable impreſſure, hollow mark*. JOHNSON.

You

You meet in ſome freſh cheek the power of fancy [2],
Then ſhall you know the wounds inviſible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But, till that time,
Come not thou near me: and, when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, till that time, I ſhall not pity thee.

Roſ. And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother [3],
That you inſult, exult, and all at once [4],
Over the wretched? What though you have beauty [5],
(As,

[2] ——*power of fancy,*] *Fancy* is here uſed for *love*, as before in the *Midſummer Night's Dream*. See p. 105. alſo vol. ii. p. 323. JOHNSON.

[3] —*Who might be your mother,*] It is common for the poets to expreſs cruelty by ſaying, of thoſe who commit it, that they were born of rocks, or ſuckled by tigreſſes. JOHNSON.

[4] *That you inſult, exult, and* all *at once,*] If the ſpeaker intended to accuſe the perſon ſpoken to only for *inſulting* and exulting; then, inſtead of——*all at once*, it ought to have been, *both at once*. But by examining the crime of the perſon accuſed, we ſhall diſcover that the line is to be read thus:

That you inſult, exult, and rail at *once.*

For theſe three things Phebe was guilty of. But the Oxford editor improves it, and, for *rail at once*, reads *domineer*.
WARBURTON.

I ſee no need of emendation. The ſpeaker may mean thus: *Who might be your mother, that you inſult, exult, and that too all in a breath.* Such is perhaps the meaning of *all at once.*
STEEVENS.

[5] ——*what though you have* no *beauty,*] Though all the printed copies agree in this reading, it is very accurately obſerved to me by an ingenious unknown correſpondent, who ſigns himſelf L. H. (and to whom I can only here make my acknowledgement) that the *negative* ought to be left out. THEOBALD.

I conſider this the old reading as a humorous way of expreſſing her little ſhare of beauty, or her foulneſs, as the ſame perſon calls it afterwards, and hints it again. So in Ben Jonſon's *Alchemiſt*, act i. ſc. 1:

" ——a thin thredden cloke
" That ſcarce would cover your *no-buttocks.*" TOLLET.

That the reading of the old copy is wrong, appears very clearly from the paſſage in Lodge's *Roſalynde*, which Shakſpeare has here

(As, by my faith, I ſee no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed)
Muſt you be therefore proud and pitileſs?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I ſee no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's ſale-work[6]:—Od's, my little life!
I think, ſhe means to tangle mine eyes too:—
No, 'faith proud miſtreſs, hope not after it;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black-ſilk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my ſpirits to your worſhip[7].—
You fooliſh ſhepherd, wherefore do you follow her
Like foggy ſouth, puffing with wind and rain?

here imitated: "Sometimes have I ſeen high diſdaine turned to hot deſires. Becauſe *thou art beautiful*, be not ſo coy: as there is nothing more faire, ſo there is nothing more fading."

I do not, however, ſubſcribe to Mr. Theobald's mode of correction. Omiſſion is, I think, always dangerous. *No*, was, I believe, a miſprint for *mo*. I would therefore read—What though you have *mo* beauty, &c.

The word *mo* is often uſed by our author for *more*. So in *a former ſcene in this play*: "I pray you, mar no *mo* of my verſes with reading them ill-favouredly."

Again, in *Much ado about Nothing*:

"Sigh no more ladies, ladies ſigh no *mo*."

What though you have more beauty than him, (ſays Roſalind) *though* by my faith &c. (for ſuch is the force of *as* in the next line) muſt you therefore treat him with diſdain?

In *Antony and Cleopatra* we meet with a paſſage conſtructed juſt in the ſame manner as the preſent:

"————Say, this becomes him,
"(*As* his compoſure muſt be rare indeed,
"Whom thoſe things cannot blemiſh) yet &c."

MALONE.

[6] *Of nature's* ſale-work:] thoſe works that nature makes up careleſsly and without exactneſs. The alluſion is to the practice of mechanicks, whoſe *work* beſpoke is more elaborate than that which is made up for chance-cuſtomers, or to ſell in quantities to retailers, which is called *ſale-work*. WARBURTON.

[7] *That can* entame *my ſpirits to your worſhip.*] So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

"*Taming* my wild heart to thy loving hand." STEEVENS.

You

You are a thouſand times a properer man,
Than ſhe a woman: 'Tis ſuch fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'Tis not her glaſs, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you ſhe ſees herſelf more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can ſhow her.—
But, miſtreſs, know yourſelf; down on your knees,
And thank heaven, faſting, for a good man's love:
For I muſt tell you friendly in your ear,—
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer;
Foul is moſt foul, being foul to be a ſcoffer[8].
So, take her to thee, ſhepherd;—fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;
I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Roſ. [*aſide.*] He's fallen in love with her foulneſs[9], and ſhe'll fall in love with my anger:—If it be ſo, as faſt as ſhe anſwers thee with frowning looks, I'll ſauce her with bitter words.—Why look you ſo upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Roſ. I pray you do not fall in love with me,
For I am falſer than vows made in wine:
Beſides, I like you not: If you will know my houſe,
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by:—
Will you go, ſiſter?—Shepherd, ply her hard:—
Come, ſiſter:—Shepherdeſs, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could ſee[1],
None could be ſo abus'd in ſight as he.
Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt Roſ. Cel. and Corin.*

[8] *Foul is moſt foul, being* foul *to be a ſcoffer:*] *The ugly ſeem moſt ugly, when,* though *ugly, they are ſcoffers.* JOHNSON.

[9] ——*with her foulneſs,*] So, ſir T. Hanmer, the other editions, *your* foulneſs. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*though all the world could ſee,*
None could be ſo abus'd in ſight as he.]
Though all mankind could look on you, none could be ſo *deceived* as to think you beautiful but he. JOHNSON.

Phe.

Phe. [2] Dead ſhepherd, now I find thy ſaw of might;
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at firſt ſight?

Sil. Sweet Phebe!

Phe. Hah! what ſay'ſt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am ſorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever ſorrow is, relief would be:
If you do ſorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your ſorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou haſt my love; Is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetouſneſs.
Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I bear thee love:
But ſince that thou canſt talk of love ſo well,
Thy company, which erſt was irkſome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompence,
Than thine own gladneſs that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy, and ſo perfect is my love,
And I in ſuch a poverty of grace,
That I ſhall think it a moſt plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harveſt reaps: looſe now and then
A ſcatter'd ſmile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'ſt thou the youth that ſpoke to me ere while?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
That the old carlot once was maſter of.

[2] Dead ſhepherd, now I find thy ſaw of might:—
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at firſt ſight?]
The ſecond of theſe lines is from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 1637, ſig. B b. where it ſtands thus:

"Where both deliberate, the love is ſlight:
"*Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at firſt ſight?*"

This line is likewiſe quoted in *Belvidere, or the Garden of the Muſes*, 1610, p. 29. and in *England's Parnaſſus*, printed in 1600, p. 261. STEEVENS.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I aſk for him;
'Tis but a peeviſh boy:—yet he talks well;—
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that ſpeaks them pleaſes thoſe that hear.
It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:—
But, ſure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man: The beſt thing in him
Is his complexion; and faſter than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but ſo ſo; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redneſs in his lip;
A little riper, and more luſty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas juſt the difference
Betwixt the conſtant red, and mingled damaſk.
There be ſome women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cauſe to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He ſaid, mine eyes were black, and my hair black
And, now I am remembred, ſcorn'd at me:
I marvel, why I anſwer'd not again:
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou ſhalt bear it; Wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it ſtraight;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him, and paſſing ſhort:
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Foreſt.

Enter Roſalind, Celia, and Jaques.

Jaq. I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Roſ. They ſay, you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am ſo; I do love it better than laughing.

Roſ. Thoſe, that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows; and betray themſelves to every modern cenſure, worſe than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be ſad and ſay nothing.

Roſ. Why then, 'tis good to be a poſt.

Jaq. I have neither the ſcholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the muſician's, which is fantaſtical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the ſoldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politick; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all theſe: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many ſimples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the ſundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a moſt humorous ſadneſs.

Roſ. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reaſon to be ſad: I fear, you have ſold your own lands, to ſee other men's; then, to have ſeen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

Enter Orlando.

Roſ. And your experience makes you ſad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me ſad; and to travel for it too.

Orla. Good day, and happineſs, dear Roſalind!

Jaq. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verſe. [*Exit.*

Roſ. Farewel, monſieur traveller: Look, you liſp, and wear ſtrange ſuits; diſable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almoſt chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will ſcarce think you have ſwam in a gondola[3].—Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover?—An you ſerve me ſuch another trick, never come in my ſight more.

Orla. My fair Roſalind, I come within an hour of my promiſe.

Roſ. Break an hour's promiſe in love? He that will divide a minute into a thouſand parts, and break but a part of the thouſandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be ſaid of him, that Cupid hath clapt him o' the ſhoulder, but I warrant him heart-whole.

Orla. Pardon me, dear Roſalind.

Roſ. Nay, an you be ſo tardy, come no more in my ſight; I had as lief be woo'd of a ſnail.

Orla. Of a ſnail?

Roſ. Ay, of a ſnail; for though he comes ſlowly he carries his houſe on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman: Beſides, he brings his deſtiny with him.

Orla. What's that?

Roſ. Why, horns; which ſuch as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed

[3] —*ſwam in a gondola.*] That is, *been at* Venice, the ſeat at that time of all licentiouſneſs, where the young Engliſh gentlemen waſted their fortunes, debaſed their morals, and ſometimes loſt their religion.

The faſhion of travelling, which prevailed very much in our author's time, was conſidered by the wiſer men as one of the principal cauſes of corrupt manners. It was therefore gravely cenſured by Aſcham in his *Schoolmaſter*, and by biſhop Hall in his *Quo Vadis*; and is here, and in other paſſages, ridiculed by Shakſpeare. JOHNSON.

in

in his fortune, and prevents the ſlander of his wife.

Orla. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Roſalind is virtuous.

Roſ. And I am your Roſalind.

Cel. It pleaſes him to call you ſo; but he hath a Roſalind of a better leer than you[4].

Roſ. Come, woo me, woo me for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to conſent:—What would you ſay to me now, an I were your very very Roſalind?

Orla. I would kiſs, before I ſpoke.

Roſ. Nay, you were better ſpeak firſt; and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occaſion to kiſs. Very good orators, when they are out, they will ſpit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanlieſt ſhift is to kiſs.

Orla. How if the kiſs be denied?

Roſ. Then ſhe puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orla. Who could be out, being before his beloved miſtreſs?

Roſ. Marry, that ſhould you, if I were your miſtreſs; or I ſhould think my honeſty ranker than my wit.

Orla. What, of my ſuit?

[4] *A Roſalind of a better* leer *than you.*] i. e. of a better feature, complexion, or colour, than you. So, in P. Holland's *Pliny*, B. XXXI. c. ii. p. 403: "In ſome places there is no other thing bred or growing, but brown and duſkiſh, inſomuch as not only the cattel is all of that *lere*, but alſo the corn on the ground, &c." The word ſeems to be derived from the Saxon *Hleare*, facies, frons, vultus. So it is uſed in *Titus Andronicus*, act iv. ſc. 2:

"Here's a young lad fram'd of another *leer*." TOLLET.

In the notes on the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, vol. iv. p. 320. *Lere* is ſuppoſed to mean ſkin. So, in *Iſumbras* MSS. *Cott.* Cal. ii. fol. 129:

"His lady is white as whales bone
"Here *lere* bryghto to ſe upon
"So faire a bloſme on tre." STEEVENS.

Roſ. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your ſuit. Am not I your Roſalind?

Orla. I take ſome joy to ſay you are, becauſe I would be talking of her.

Roſ. Well, in her perſon, I ſay—I will not have you.

Orla. Then, in mine own perſon, I die.

Roſ. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almoſt ſix thouſand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own perſon, *videlicet*, in a love cauſe. Troilus had his brains daſh'd out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have liv'd many a fair year, though Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midſummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to waſh him in the Helleſpont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd; and the fooliſh choniclers of that age [5] found it was, — Hero of Seſtos. But theſe are all lyes; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orla. I would not have my right Roſalind of this mind; for, I proteſt, her frown might kill me.

Roſ. By this hand, it will not kill a fly: But come, now I will be your Roſalind in a more coming-on diſpoſition; and aſk me what you will, I will grant it.

Orla. Then love me, Roſalind.

Roſ. Yes, faith will I, Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

Orla. And wilt thou have me?

[5] —*chroniclers of that age*] Sir T. Hanmer reads, *coroners*, by the advice, as Dr. Warburton hints, of ſome anonymous critick. JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards propoſes the ſame emendation, and ſupports it by a paſſage in *Hamlet*:

"The *coroner* hath ſat on her, and *finds it—Chriſtian burial.*"

I believe, however, the old copy is right. MALONE.

Roſ. Ay, and twenty ſuch.

Orla. What ſay'ſt thou?

Roſ. Are you not good?

Orla. I hope ſo.

Roſ. Why then, can one deſire too much of a good thing?—Come, ſiſter, you ſhall be the prieſt, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do you ſay, ſiſter?

Orla. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot ſay the words.

Roſ. You muſt begin,——*Will you Orlando,*——

Cel. Go to:——Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Roſalind?

Orla. I will.

Roſ. Ay, but when?

Orla. Why now; as faſt as ſhe can marry us.

Roſ. Then you muſt ſay,—*I take thee Roſalind for wife.*

Orla. I take thee, Roſalind, for wife.

Roſ. I might aſk you for your commiſſion; but, I do take thee, Orlando, for my huſband: There's a girl goes before the prieſt; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orla. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

Roſ. Now tell me, how long would you have her, after you have poſſeſs'd her?

Orla. For ever, and a day.

Roſ. Say a day, without the ever: No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the ſky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot againſt rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my deſires than a monkey; [6] I will weep for nothing, like

[6] *I will weep for nothing, like* Diana *in the fountain.*]

like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are diſpos'd to be merry; [7] I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to ſleep.

Orla. But will my Roſalind do ſo?

Roſ. By my life, ſhe will do as I do.

Orla. O, but ſhe is wiſe.

Roſ. Or elſe ſhe could not have the wit to do this: the wiſer, the waywarder: Make the [8] doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the caſement; ſhut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; ſtop that, it will fly with the ſmoak out at the chimney.

Mr. Malone ſuppoſes an alluſion here to ſome well known conduit. Supp. vol. ii p. 701.

His conjecture is right. The alluſion is to the Croſs in Cheapſide; the religious images with which it was ornamented, being defaced, as we learn from Stowe, in 1595: There was then ſet up, a curious wrought tabernacle of grey marble, and in the ſame an image alabaſter of *Diana*, and water conveyed from the Thames, prilling from her naked breaſt. *Stowe, in Cheap Ward.*

Statues, and particularly that of *Diana*, with water conveyed through them to give them the appearance of weeping figures, were anciently a frequent ornament of fountains. So in the *City Match*, act iii. ſc. 3.

——Now could I cry
Like any image in a fountain, which
Runs lamentations.

And again in Drayton:

Here in the garden, wrought by curious hands,
Naked *Diana* in the fountain ſtands.

Roſamond's Epiſtle to Henry II.

WHALLEY.

7 —*I will laugh like a hyen,*] The bark of the hyena very much reſembles a loud laugh.

So, in Webſter's *Ducheſs of Malfy*, 1623:

" ——Methinks I ſee her *laughing*,
" Excellent *Hyena!*"

Again, in *The Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:

" You *laugh hyena* like, weep like a crocodile."

STEEVENS.

8 ——*make the doors*] See vol. ii. p 207.

The modern editors read, " make the doors *faſt*." STEEVENS.

Orla

Orla. A man that had a wife with ſuch a wit, he might ſay,—*Wit, whither wilt* [9] *?*

Roſ. Nay, you might keep that check for it, 'till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orla. And what wit could wit have to excuſe that?

Roſ. Marry, to ſay,—ſhe came to ſeek you there. You ſhall never take her without her anſwer[1], unleſs you

9 —*Wit, whither wilt?*] This muſt be ſome alluſion to a ſtory well known at that time, though now perhaps irretrievable. JOHNSON.

This was an exclamation much in uſe, when any one was either talking nonſenſe, or uſurping a greater ſhare in converſation than juſtly belonged to him. So, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*, 1602:

"My ſweet, *Wit whither wilt thou*, my delicate poetical fury, &c."

Again, in Heywood's *Royal King*, 1637:

"Wit:—is the word ſtrange to you? *Wit?*—
"*Whither wilt thou?*"

And again, in *More Diſſemblers than Women*, a comedy by Middleton.

Again, in the Preface to *Greene's Groatſworth of Wit*, 1621:

"*Wit whither wilt thou?* woe is me,
"Th' haſt brought me to this miſerie."

The ſame expreſſion occurs more than once in Taylor the water-poet, and ſeems to have been the title of ſome ludicrous performance. STEEVENS.

Probably the alluſion may be to the following performance: "The Wil of Wit, Wits Will or Wil's Wit, chuſe you whether containing five diſcourſes, the effects whereof follow: Reade and Judge: Newly corrected and amended, being the fift time imprinted. Compiled by Nicholas Breton, gentleman, 4to. 1606." EDITOR.

[1] *You ſhall never take her without her anſwer,*] See Chaucer's *Marchantes Tale*, ver. 10138—10149:

"Ye, ſire, quod Proſerpine, and wol ye ſo?
"Now by my modre Ceres ſoule I ſwere,
"That I ſhal yeve hire ſuffiſant anſwere,
"And alle women after for hire ſake;
"That though they ben in any gilt ytake,
"With face bold they ſhul hemſelve excuſe,
"And bere hem doun that wolden hem accuſe.

"For

you take her without her tongue. O that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion[2], let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

Orla. For these two hours Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orla. I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one cast away, and so,—come, death.—Two o'the clock is your hour?

Orla. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise[3], and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orla. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: So, adieu.

"For lacke of answere, non of us shul dien.
"Al had ye seen a thing with bothe youre eyen,
"Yet shul we so visage it hardely,
"And wepe and swere and chiden subtilly,
"That ye shull ben as lewed as ben gees." TYRWHITT.

[2] ——*make her fault her husband's occasion,*] That is, represent her fault as occasioned by her husband. Sir T. Hanmer reads, *her husband's* accusation. JOHNSON.

[3] *I will think you the most* pathetical *break-promise.*] The same epithet occurs again in *Love's Labour Lost*, and with as little apparent meaning:

"——— most *pathetical* nit." STEEVENS.

Ros.

Roſ. Well, time is the old juſtice that examines all ſuch offenders, and let time try: Adieu!

[*Exit Orlando.*

Cel. You have ſimply miſus'd our ſex in your love-prate: we muſt have your doublet and hoſe pluck'd over your head, and ſhew the world what the bird hath done to her own neſt[4].

Roſ. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didſt know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be ſounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomleſs; that as faſt as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Roſ. No, that ſame wicked baſtard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of ſpleen, and born of madneſs; that blind raſcally boy, that abuſes every one's eyes, becauſe his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love ---I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of ſight of Orlando: I'll go find a ſhadow, and ſigh 'till he come.

Cel. And I'll ſleep. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Jaques, Lords, and Foreſters.

Jaq. Which is he that kill'd the deer?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's preſent him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to ſet the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory:—Have you no ſong, foreſter for this purpoſe?

For. Yes, ſir.

[4] ——*to her own neſt.*] So, in *Lodge's Roſalynde.* "And I pray you (quoth Aliena) if your own robes were off, what metal are you made of that you are ſo ſatyricall againſt women? Is it not a foule bird defiles the owne neſt?" STEEVENS.

Jaq.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, ſo it make noiſe enough.

Muſick, Song.

1. *What ſhall he have, that kill'd the deer?*
2. *His leather ſkin, and horns to wear*[4].
1. *Then ſing him home*
Take thou no ſcorn[5]
To wear the horn, the luſty horn;
It was a creſt ere thou waſt born.
1. *Thy father's father wore it;*
2. *And thy father bore it:*
The horn, the horn, the luſty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to ſcorn.

The reſt ſhall bear this burden.

[*Exeunt.*

4 *His leather ſkin and horns to wear.*] Shakſpeare ſeems to have formed this ſong on a hint afforded by the novel which furniſhed him with the plot of his play. "What news, Forreſter? Haſt thou wounded ſome deere, and loſt him in the fall? Care not, man, for ſo ſmall a loſſe; thy fees was but the *ſkinne*, the ſhoulders, and the *horns*." *Lodge's Roſalynd, or Euphues's Golden Legacie*, 1592. For this quotation the reader is indebted to Mr. Malone. STEEVENS.

5 *Take thou no ſcorn*] In former editions: *Then ſing him home, the reſt ſhall bear this burden.* This is an admirable inſtance of the ſagacity of our preceding editors, to ſay nothing worſe. One ſhould expect, when they were *poets*, they would at leaſt have taken care of the *rhimes*, and not foiſted in what has nothing to anſwer it. Now, where is the rhime to, *the reſt ſhall bear this burden?* Or, to aſk another queſtion, where is the ſenſe of it? Does the poet mean, that He, that kill'd the deer, ſhall be ſung home, and the reſt ſhall bear the deer on their backs? This is laying a burden on the poet, that we muſt help him to throw off. In ſhort, the myſtery of the whole is, that a marginal note is wiſely thruſt into the text: the ſong being deſign'd to be ſung by a ſingle voice, and the ſtanzas to cloſe with a burden to be ſung by the whole company. THEOBALD.

This note I have given as a ſpecimen of Mr. Theobald's jocularity, and the eloquence with which he recommends his emendations. JOHNSON.

SCENE

[6]SCENE III.

Enter Roſalind, and Celia.

Roſ. How ſay you now? Is it not paſt two o'clock? and here's much Orlando[7]!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to ſleep: Look, who comes here.

Enter Silvius.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;—
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:
[*Giving a letter.*
I know not the contents; but, as I gueſs,
By the ſtern brow, and waſpiſh action
Which ſhe did uſe as ſhe was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me,
I am but as a guiltleſs meſſenger.

Roſ. [*reading.*] Patience herſelf would ſtartle at this letter,
And play the ſwaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She ſays, I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud; and, that ſhe could not love me
Were man as rare as phœnix: Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:

[6] The foregoing noiſy ſcene was introduced only to fill up an interval, which is to repreſent two hours. This contraction of the time we might impute to poor Roſalind's impatience, but that a few minutes after we find Orlando ſending his excuſe. I do not ſee that by any probable diviſion of the acts this abſurdity can be obviated. JOHNSON.

[7] *And here's much Orlando!*] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read, but without the leaſt authority.

I wonder much, Orlando is not here. STEEVENS.

The word *much* ſhould be explained. It is an expreſſion of latitude, and taken in various ſenſes. Here's *much* Orlando—i. e. Here is no Orlando, or we may look for him. We have ſtill this uſe of it, as when we ſay, ſpeaking of a perſon who we ſuſpect will not keep his appointment, "Ay, you will be ſure to ſee him there much! WHALLEY.

Why

Why writes ſhe ſo to me?—Well, ſhepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I proteſt, I know not the contents;
Phebe did write it.

Roſ. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I ſaw her hand: ſhe has a leathern hand,
A freeſtone-coloured hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;
She has a huſwife's hand: but that's no matter;
I ſay, ſhe never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Roſ. Why, 'tis a boiſterous and a cruel ſtile,
A ſtile for challengers; why, ſhe defies me,
Like Turk to Chriſtian: woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth ſuch giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance: Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So pleaſe you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Roſ. She Phebe's me: Mark how the tyrant writes.

[Reads.] *Art thou god to ſhepherd turn'd,*
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?—

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Roſ. [Reads.] *Why, thy godhead laid apart,*
War'ſt thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear ſuch railing?—

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance [8] *to me.*—

Meaning me a beaſt.—

[8] *Vengeance* is uſed for *miſchief.* JOHNSON.

If

If the ſcorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raiſe ſuch love in mine,
Alack, in me what ſtrange effect
Would they work in mild aſpect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He, that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me:
And by him ſeal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind[9]
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or elſe by him my love deny,
And then I'll ſtudy how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor ſhepherd!

Roſ. Do you pity him? no, he deſerves no pity.—Wilt you love ſuch a woman?—What, to make thee an inſtrument, and play falſe ſtrains upon thee! not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her, (for [1] I ſee love hath made thee a tame ſnake) and ſay this to her;—"That if ſhe love me, I charge her to love "thee: if ſhe will not I will never have her, un-"leſs thou intreat for her." If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [*Exit Silvius.*

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good-morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you know

[9] *Youth and kind*] *Kind* is the old word for *nature.* JOHNSON.

[1] *I ſee that love has made thee a tame* ſnake.] This term was in our author's time frequently uſed to expreſs a poor contemptible fellow. So, in *Lord Cromwell*, 1602:

"——the pooreſt *ſnake*
"That feeds on lemons, pilchards, &c.

Again, in *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, 1600: "—and you, poor *ſnakes*, come ſeldom to a booty." MALONE.

Where

Where, in the purlieus [2] of this foreſt, ſtands
A ſheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. Weſt of this place, down in the neighbour bottom,
The rank of oſiers, by the murmuring ſtream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:
But at this hour the houſe doth keep itſelf,
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then ſhould I know you by deſcription;
Such garments and ſuch years: *The boy is fair,*
Of female favour, and beſtows himſelf
Like a ripe ſiſter: but the woman low,
And browner than her brother. Are not you
The owner of the houſe I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boaſt, being aſk'd, to ſay, we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth, he calls his Roſalind,
He ſends this bloody napkin [3]; Are you he?

Roſ. I am: What muſt we underſtand by this?

Oli. Some of my ſhame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was ſtain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When laſt the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promiſe to return again

[2] *Purlieu*, ſays, *Manhood's Treatiſe on the Foreſt Laws*, c. 20. "Is a certaine territorie of ground adjoyning unto the foreſt, meared and bounded with unmoveable marks, meeres, and bounaries: which territories of ground was alſo foreſt, and afterwards diſaforeſted againe by the perambulations made for the ſevering of the new foreſt from the old. EDITOR.

[3] —*napkin*, i. e. *handkerchief*.] Ray ſays, that a pocket handkerchief is ſo called about Sheffield in Yorkſhire. So, in *Greene's Never too Late*, 1616: "I can wet one of my new lockram *napkins* with weeping.

Napery ſignifies linen in general. So, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1635: "—pr'ythee put me into wholeſome *napery*." Again, in Chapman's *May-Day*, 1611: "Beſides your munition of manchet *napery* plates." *Naperia* Ital. STEEVENS.

[5] Within an hour; and, pacing through the foreſt,
Chewing the food of ſweet and bitter fancy [6],
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aſide,
And, mark, what object did preſent itſelf!
Under an oak [7], whoſe boughs were moſs'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay ſleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded ſnake had wreath'd itſelf,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd

[5] *Within an hour*;] We muſt read, *within two hours*. JOHNSON. May not *within an hour* ſignify *within a certain time*? TYRWHITT.

[6] ——of *ſweet* and *bitter fancy*.] i. e. *love*, which is always thus deſcribed by our old poets, as compoſed of contraries. See a note on *Romeo and Juliet*, act i.
So, in Lodge's *Roſalynde*, 1592: "I have noted the variable diſpoſition of *fancy*,——a *bitter* pleaſure wrapt in *ſweet* prejudice." MALONE.

[7] *Under an oak*, &c.] The paſſage ſtands thus in Lodge's *Novel*. "Saladyne wearie with wandering up and downe, and hungry with long faſting, finding a little cave by the ſide of a thicket, eating ſuch fruite as the forreſt did affoord, and contenting himſelf with ſuch drinke as nature had provided, and thirſt made delicate, after his repaſt he fell into a dead ſleepe. As thus he lay, a hungry lyon came hunting down the edge of the grove for pray, and eſpying Saladyne, began to ceaze upon him: but ſeeing he lay ſtill without any motion, he left to touch him, for that lyons hate to pray on dead carkaſſes: and yet deſirous to have ſome foode, the lyon lay downe and watcht to ſee if he would ſtirre. While thus Saladyne ſlept ſecure, fortune that was careful of her champion, began to ſmile, and brought it ſo to paſſe, that Roſader (having ſtricken a deere that but lightly hurt fled through the thicket) came pacing downe by the grove with a boare ſpeare in his hande in great haſte, he eſpyed where a man lay aſleepe, and a lyon faſt by him: amazed at this ſight, as he ſtood gazing, his noſe on the ſodaine bledde, which made him conjecture it was ſome friend of his. Whereupon drawing more nigh, he might eaſily diſcerne his viſage, and perceiving by his phiſnomie that it was his brother Saladyne, which drave Roſader into a deepe paſſion, as a man perplexed, &c.——But the preſent time craved no ſuch doubting ambages: for he muſt eyther reſolve to hazard his life for his reliefe, or elſe ſteale away and leave him to the crueltie of the lyon. In which doubt hee thus briefly debated, &c." STEEVENS.

The opening of his mouth; but ſuddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itſelf,
And with indented glides did ſlip away
Into a buſh: under which buſh's ſhade
A lioneſs, with udders all drawn dry [7],
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,
When that the ſleeping man ſhould ſtir; for 'tis
The royal diſpoſition of that beaſt,
To prey on nothing that doth ſeem as dead:
This ſeen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him ſpeak of that ſame brother;
And he did render him the moſt unnatural
That liv'd 'mongſt men.

Oli. And well he might ſo do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Roſ. But, to Orlando;—Did he leave him there,
Food to the ſuck'd and hungry lioneſs?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd ſo:
But kindneſs, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, ſtronger than his juſt occaſion,
Made him give battle to the lioneſs,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling [8]
From miſerable ſlumber I awak'd.

[7] *A lioneſs, with udders all drawn dry,*] So, in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:

"——the ſtarven *lioneſs*
"When ſhe is *dry-ſuckt* of her eager young."

STEEVENS.

[8]——*in which* hurtling] To *hurtle* is to move with impetuoſity and tumult. So, in *Julius Cæſar*:

"A noiſe of battle *hurtled* in the air."

Again, in Naſh's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599:

"—hearing of the gangs of good fellows that *hurtled* and buſtled thither, &c."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faerie Queen*, B. i. c. 4:

"All *hurtlen* forth, and ſhe with princely pace, &c."

Again, B. i. c. 8:

"Came *hurtling* in full fierce, and forc'd the knight retire." STEEVENS.

Cel.

Cel. Are you his brother?
Roſ. Was it you he reſcu'd?
Cel. Was't you that did ſo oft contrive to kill him?
Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not ſhame
To tell you what I was, ſince my converſion
So ſweetly taſtes, being the thing I am.
Roſ. But, for the bloody napkin?—
Oli. By, and by.
When from the firſt to laſt, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had moſt kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that deſert place;——
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me freſh array, and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me inſtantly unto his cave,
There ſtripp'd himſelf, and here upon his arm
The lioneſs had torn ſome fleſh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cry'd, in fainting, upon Roſalind.
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after ſome ſmall ſpace, being ſtrong at heart,
He ſent me hither, ſtranger as I am,
To tell this ſtory, that you might excuſe
His broken promiſe, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his blood[2], unto the ſhepherd youth
That he in ſport doth call his Roſalind.
Cel. Why, how now, Ganymed? ſweet Ganymed? [*Roſalind faints.*
Oli. Many will ſwoon when they do look on blood.
Cel. There is more in it:—Couſin—Ganymed[3]!

[2] Dy'd in *his blood,*] The old copy reads—*this* blood. The change, which was made by the editor of the ſecond folio, is perhaps unneceſſary. Orlando points to the handkerchief, when he preſents it, and Roſalind could not doubt whoſe blood it was, after the account that had been before given. MALONE.

[3] *couſin—Ganymed!*] Celia in her firſt fright forgets Roſalind's character and diſguiſe, and calls out *couſin*, then recollects herſelf, and ſays Ganymed. JOHNSON.

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Roſ. I would, I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither :—
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth :—You a man?—you lack a man's heart.

Roſ. I do ſo, I confeſs it. Ah, ſir, a body would think this was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.--Heigh ho!--

Oli. This was not counterfeit; there is too great teſtimony in your complexion, that it was a paſſion of earneſt.

Roſ. Counterfeit I aſſure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Roſ. So I do: but, i'faith I ſhould have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler, and paler; pray you, draw homewards :—Good ſir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I muſt bear anſwer back
How you excuſe my brother, Roſalind.

Roſ. I ſhall deviſe ſomething: But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him:—Will you go?

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Foreſt.

Enter Clown, and Audrey.

Clo. We ſhall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the prieſt was good enough, for all the old gentleman's ſaying.

Clo

Clo. A moſt wicked ſir Oliver, Audrey, a moſt vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the foreſt lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no intereſt in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Enter William.

Clo. It is meat and drink to me to ſee a clown: By my troth, we that have good wits, have much to anſwer for; we ſhall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, ſir.

Clo. Good even, gentle friend: Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee be cover'd. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, ſir.

Clo. A ripe age: Is thy name, William?

Will. William, ſir,

Clo. A fair name: Waſt born i'the foreſt here?

Will. Ay, ſir, I thank God.

Clo. *Thank God*;—a good anſwer; Art rich?

Will. 'Faith, ſir, ſo, ſo.

Clo. *So, ſo*; 'Tis good, very good, very excellent good:—and yet it is not; it is but ſo ſo. Art thou wiſe?

Will. Ay, ſir, I have a pretty wit.

Clo. Why, thou ſay'ſt well. I do now remember a ſaying; *The fool doth think he is wiſe, but the wiſe man knows himſelf to be a fool.* [7] The heathen philoſopher,

[2] *The heathen philoſopher, when he deſired to eat a grape*, &c.] This was deſigned as a ſneer on the ſeveral trifling and inſignificant ſayings and actions, recorded of the ancient philoſophers, by the writers of their lives, ſuch as Diogenes Laertius, Philoſtratus, Eunapius, &c. as appears from its being introduced by one of their *wiſe ſayings*. WARBURTON.

A book called *The Dictes and Sayings of the Philoſophers*, was

ſopher, when he had a deſire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, ſir.

Clo. Give me your hand: Art thou learned?

Will. No, ſir.

Clo. Then learn this of me; To have, is to have: For it is a figure in rhetorick, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glaſs, by filling the one doth empty the other: For all your writers do conſent, that *ipſe* is he; now you are not *ipſe*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, ſir.

Clo. He, ſir, that muſt marry this woman: Therefore, you, clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the ſociety,—which in the booriſh is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is,—woman,—which together is, abandon the ſociety of this female; or, clown, thou periſheſt; or, to thy better underſtanding, dieſt; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, tranſlate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poiſon with thee, or in baſtinado, or in ſteel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will over-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God reſt you merry, ſir. [*Exit.*

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our maſter and miſtreſs ſeek you; come, away, away.

printed by Caxton in 1477. It was tranſlated out of French into Engliſh by Lord Rivers. From this performance, or ſome republication of it, Shakſpeare's knowledge of theſe philoſophical trifles might be derived. STEEVENS.

Clo.

Clo. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey; I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Orlando and Oliver.

Orla. Is't poſſible[8], that on ſo little acquaintance you ſhould like her? that, but ſeeing, you ſhould love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, ſhe ſhould grant? And will you perſever to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddineſs of it in queſtion, the poverty of her, the ſmall acquaintance, my ſudden wooing, nor her ſudden conſenting; but ſay with me, I love Aliena; ſay with her, that ſhe loves me; conſent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it ſhall be to your good; for my father's houſe, and all the revenue that was old ſir Rowland's, will I eſtate upon you, and here live and die a ſhepherd.

Enter Roſalind.

Orla. You have my conſent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers: Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Roſalind.

Roſ. God ſave you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair ſiſter[9],

Roſ.

[8] *Is't poſſible*, &c.] Shakſpeare by putting this queſtion into the mouth of Orlando, ſeems to have been aware of the impropriety which he had been guilty of by deſerting his original. In Lodge's *Novel*, the elder brother is inſtrumental in ſaving Aliena from a band of ruffians, who "thought to ſteal her away, and to give her to the king for a preſent, hopeing, becauſe the king was a great leacher, by ſuch a gift to purchaſe all their pardons." Without the intervention of this circumſtance, the paſſion of Aliena appears to be very haſty indeed. STEEVENS.

[9] *And you, fair ſiſter.*] I know not why Oliver ſhould call Roſalind ſiſter. He takes her yet to be a man. I ſuppoſe we ſhould read, *and you*, and your *fair ſiſter*. JOHNSON.

Roſ. Oh, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to ſee thee wear thy heart in a ſcarf.

Orla. It is my arm.

Roſ. I thought, thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orla. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Roſ. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to ſwoon, when he ſhewed me your handkerchief?

Orla. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Roſ. O, I know where you are:—Nay, 'tis true: there was[1] never any thing ſo ſudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæſar's thraſonical brag of—I *came, ſaw,* and *overcame:* For your brother and my ſiſter no ſooner met, but they look'd; no ſooner look'd, but they lov'd; no ſooner lov'd, but they ſigh'd; no ſooner ſigh'd, but they aſk'd one another the reaſon; no ſooner knew the reaſon, but they ſought the remedy: and in theſe degrees have they made a pair of ſtairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or elſe be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them[2].

Orla. They ſhall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happineſs thro' another man's eyes! By ſo much the more ſhall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heavineſs, by how much I ſhall

Oliver ſpeaks to her in the character ſhe had aſſumed, of a woman courted by Orlando his brother. CHAMIER.

[1] ——— *never any thing ſo ſudden, but* the fight of two rams.] So, in Laneham's *Account of Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kennelworth Caſtle,* 1575: ——— outrageous in their racez az *rams* at their rut." STEEVENS.

[2] ——— Clubs *cannot* part *them.*] It appears from many of our old dramas that, in our author's time, it was a common cuſtom, on the breaking out of a fray, to call out "*Clubs—Clubs,*" —to *part* the combatants. So in *Titus Andronicus*:

"*Clubs, Clubs*; theſe lovers will not *keep the peace.*"

The preceding words—"they are in the very *wrath* of love," —ſhew that our author had this in contemplation. MALONE.

think my brother happy, in having what he wiſhes for.

Roſ. Why then, to-morrow I cannot ſerve your turn for Roſalind?

Orla. I can live no longer by thinking.

Roſ. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I ſpeak to ſome purpoſe) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I ſpeak not this, that you ſhould bear a good opinion of my knowledge, inſomuch, I ſay, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater eſteem than may in ſome little meaſure draw a belief from you, to do yourſelf good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you pleaſe, that I can do ſtrange things: I have, ſince I was three years old, convers'd with a magician, moſt profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Roſalind ſo near the heart as your geſture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, you ſhall marry her: I know into what ſtraights of fortune ſhe is driven; and it is not impoſſible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to ſet her before your eyes to-morrow, human as ſhe is [3], and without any danger.

Orla. Speak'ſt thou in ſober meanings?

Roſ. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I ſay I am a magician [4]: Therefore, put you on your beſt array, bid your friends [5]; for if you will be married to-morrow, you ſhall; and to Roſalind, if you will.

[3] ——*human as ſhe is,*] That is, not a phantom, but the real Roſalind, without any of the danger generally conceived to attend the rites of incantation. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*which I tender dearly,* though I ſay I am a magician:] The plain meaning is, *I have a high value for my life, though I pretend to be a magician,* and therefore might be ſuppoſed able to elude death.

[5] ——bid *your friends*;] i. e. *invite* your friends. See vol. ii. p. 374. EDITOR.

Enter

Enter Silvius, and Phebe.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleneſs,
To ſhew the letter that I writ to you.

Roſ. I care not, if I have: it is my ſtudy,
To ſeem deſpightful and ungentle to you:
You are there follow'd by a faithful ſhepherd:
Look upon him, love him; he worſhips you.

Phe. Good ſhepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be made all of ſighs and tears;—
And ſo am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymed.

Orla. And I for Roſalind.

Roſ. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and ſervice;—
And ſo am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymed.

Orla. And I for Roſalind.

Roſ. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantaſy,
All made of paſſion, and all made of wiſhes;
All adoration, duty, and obſervance,
All humbleneſs, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all obſervance [5];—
And ſo am I for Phebe.

Phe. And ſo am I for Ganymed.

Orla. And ſo am I for Roſalind.

Roſ. And ſo am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?
[*To Roſ.*

Sil. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?
[*To Phebe.*

Orla. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?

[5] ——*all trial, all* obſervance;] I ſuſpect our author wrote—all *obedience*. It is highly probable that the compoſitor caught *obſervance* from the line above; and very unlikely that the ſame word ſhould have been ſet down twice by Shakſpeare ſo near to each other. MALONE.

Roſ.

Roſ. Who do you ſpeak to, *why blame you me to love you?*

Orla. To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Roſ. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Iriſh wolves againſt the moon[6].—I will help you if I can [*To Silvius.*]—I would love you, if I could. [*To Phebe.*]—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you, [*To Phebe*] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—I will ſatisfy you, [*To Orlando*] if ever I ſatisfy'd man, and you ſhall be married to-morrow:—I will content you, [*To Silvius*] if what pleaſes you contents you, and you ſhall be married to-morrow.——As you love Roſalind, meet; [*To Orlando.*]—as you love Phebe, meet; [*To Silvius.*]—And as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So fare you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orla. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Clown, and Audrey.

Clo. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do deſire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no diſhoneſt deſire, to deſire to be a woman of the world[7]. Here come two of the baniſh'd duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 *Page.* Well met, honeſt gentleman.

Clo. By my troth, well met: Come, ſit, ſit, and a ſong.

[6] —*'tis like the howling of Iriſh wolves againſt the moon.*] This is borrowed from Lodge's *Roſalynde*, 1592:

"I tell thee, Montanus, in courting Phœbe, thou barkeſt with the *wolves* of Syria *againſt the moone.*" MALONE.

[7] ——*a woman of the world.*] To *go to the world*, is to be married. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing:* "Thus (ſays Beatrice) every one *goes to the world*, but I." STEEVENS.

2 *Page.*

2 *Page.* We are for you: ſit i'the middle.

1 *Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or ſpitting, or ſaying we are hoarſe; which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 *Page.* I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gypſies on a horſe.

SONG[8].

It was a lover, and his laſs,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did paſs
In the ſpring time, the pretty rank time[9],
When birds do ſing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the ſpring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
Theſe pretty country folks would lie,
In the ſpring time, &c.

The carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that life was but a flower
In the ſpring time, &c.

[8] The ſtanzas of this ſong are in all the editions evidently tranſpoſed: as I have regulated them, that which in the former copies was the ſecond ſtanza is now the laſt.

The ſame tranſpoſition of theſe ſtanzas is made by Dr. Thirlby, in a copy containing ſome notes on the margin, which I have peruſed by the favour of ſir Edward Walpole. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*the pretty* rank *time*,] Thus the modern editors. The old copy reads:

In the ſpring time, the onely pretty *rang* time.

I think we ſhould read:

In the ſpring time, the only pretty *ring* time.

i. e. the apteſt ſeaſon for marriage; or, the word *only*, for the ſake of equality of metre, may be omitted. STEEVENS.

And therefore take the preſent time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In the ſpring time, &c.

Clo. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable [1].

1 *Page.* You are deceiv'd, ſir; we kept time, we loſt not our time.

Clo. By my troth, yes; I count it but time loſt to hear ſuch a fooliſh ſong. God be with you; and God mend your voices.—Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another part of the foreſt.

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, and Celia.

Duke Sen. Doſt thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promiſed?

Orla. I ſometimes do believe, and ſometimes do not;
As thoſe that fear they hope, and know they fear [2].

Enter Roſalind, Silvius, and Phebe.

Roſ. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:——

You

[1] *Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very* untuneable.] Though it is thus in all the printed copies, it is evident from the ſequel of the dialogue, that the poet wrote as I have reform'd in the text, *untimeable.*—*Time* and *tune*, are frequently miſprinted for one another in the old editions of Shakſpeare. THEOBALD.

This emendation is received, I think very undeſervedly, by Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

[2] *As thoſe that fear* they hope *and know* they *fear.*] This ſtrange nonſenſe ſhould be read thus:

As

You ſay, if I bring in your Roſalind, [*To the Duke.*
You will beſtow her on Orlando here?

Duke Sen. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Roſ. And you ſay you will have her, when I bring her? [*To Orlando.*

Orla. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Roſ. You ſay, you'll marry me, if I be willing? [*To Phebe.*

Phe. That will I, ſhould I die the hour after.

Roſ. But, if you do refuſe to marry me,
You'll give yourſelf to this moſt faithful ſhepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Roſ. You ſay that you'll have Phebe, if ſhe will? [*To Silvius.*

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Roſ. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—
Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me;
Or elſe, refuſing me, to wed this ſhepherd:—

As thoſe that fear their hap, *and know* their *fear.*

i. e. As thoſe that fear the iſſue of a thing when they know their fear to be well grounded. WARBURTON.

The depravation of this line is evident, but I do not think the learned commentator's emendation very happy. I read thus:

As thoſe that fear with *hope*, *and hope* with *fear.*

Or thus, with leſs alteration:

As thoſe that fear, they *hope*, *and* now *they fear.*

JOHNSON.

The author of the *Reviſal* would read:

As thoſe that fear *their* hope, and know *their* fear.

STEEVENS.

Perhaps we might read;

As thoſe that *feign* they hope, and know they fear.

BLACKSTONE.

I would read:

As thoſe that fear, *then* hope; and know *then* fear.

MUSGRAVE.

Keep

Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If ſhe refuſe me:—and from hence I go,
To make theſe doubts all even.

[*Exeunt Roſalind, and Celia.*

Duke Sen. I do remember in this ſhepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orla. My lord, the firſt time that I ever ſaw him,
Methought, he was a brother to your daughter;
But, my good lord, this boy is foreſt-born;
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many deſperate ſtudies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obſcured in the circle of this foreſt.

Enter Clown and Audrey.

Jaq. There is, ſure, another flood toward, and theſe couples are coming to the ark! [3] Here comes a pair of very ſtrange beaſts, which in all tongues are call'd fools.

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome: This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have ſo often met in the foreſt: he hath been a courtier, he ſwears.

Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a meaſure[4]; I have flatter'd a lady; I have been politick with my friend, ſmooth with mine enemy; I have undone three taylors; I

[3] *Here comes a pair of* very ſtrange *beaſts*, &c.] What *ſtrange beaſts?* and yet ſuch as have a name in all languages? Noah's ark is here alluded to; into which the *clean* beaſts entered by *ſevens*, and the unclean by *two*, male and female. It is plain then that Shakſpeare wrote, *here come a pair of* unclean *beaſts*, which is highly humorous. WARBURTON.

Strange beaſts are only what we call *odd* animals. There is no need of any alteration. JOHNSON.

[4] *trod a meaſure*;] See vol. ii. p. 508.

EDITOR.

have

have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Clo. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the ſeventh cauſe.

Jaq. How ſeventh cauſe?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke Sen. I like him very well.

Clo. God'ild you, ſir [4]; I deſire you of the like [5]. I preſs in here, ſir, amongſt the reſt of the country copulatives, to ſwear and to forſwear; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks [6]:—A poor virgin, ſir, an ill-favour'd thing, ſir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, ſir, to take that that no man elſe will: Rich honeſty dwells like a miſer, ſir, in a poor houſe; as your pearl, in your foul oyſter.

Duke Sen. By my faith, he is very ſwift and ſententious.

Clo. According to the fool's bolt, ſir, and ſuch dulcet diſeaſes [7].

Jaq.

[4] *God'ild you*, ſir;] See notes on *Macbeth*, act i. ſc. 6. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*I deſire* you of *the like.*] We ſhould read, *I deſire* of you *the like.* On the Duke's ſaying, *I like him very well*, he replies, I deſire you will give me cauſe, that I may like you too. WARBURTON.

I have not admitted the alteration, becauſe there are other examples of this mode of expreſſion. JOHNSON.

See a note on the firſt ſcene of the third act of the *Midſummer Night's Dream*, where many examples of this phraſeology are given. STEEVENS.

[6] *According as marriage binds, and blood breaks:*] *To ſwear according as marriage binds*, is to take the oath enjoined in the ceremonial of marriage. JOHNSON.

[7] *Dulcet diſeaſes.*] This I do not underſtand. For *diſeaſes* it is eaſy to read *diſcourſes*: but, perhaps, the fault may lie deeper. JOHNSON.

Perhaps he calls a proverb a *diſeaſe*. Proverbial ſayings may appear to him as the *ſurfeiting diſeaſes* of converſation. They are often the plague of commentators.

Dr.

Jaq. But, for the ſeventh cauſe; how did you find the quarrel on the ſeventh cauſe?

Clo. Upon a lye ſeven times removed;—Bear your body more ſeeming, Audrey:—as thus, ſir. I did diſlike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he ſent me word, if I ſaid his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is called the *Retort courteous*. If I ſent him word again, it was not well cut, he would ſend me word, he cut it to pleaſe himſelf: This is called the *Quip modeſt*. If again, it was not well cut, he diſabled my judgment: This is call'd the *Reply churliſh*. If again, it was not well cut, he would anſwer, I ſpake not true. This is call'd the *Reproof valiant*. If again, it was not well cut, he would ſay I lye. This is call'd the *Countercheck quarrelſome*; and ſo to the *Lye circumſtantial*, and the *Lye direct*.

Jaq. And how oft did you ſay, his beard was not well cut?

Clo. I durſt go no further than the *Lye circumſtantial*, nor he durſt not give me the *Lye direct*; and ſo we meaſur'd ſwords and parted.

Dr. Farmer would read—*in* ſuch dulcet diſeaſes—i. e. in the ſweet uneaſineſſes of love, a time when people uſually talk nonſenſe.

STEEVENS.

A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* propoſes to read *dull ſet diſtics*, or *diſtiches*.

" The fool's bolt
" Is ſoon ſhot. EDITOR.

[8] *As thus, ſir. I did diſlike the cut of a courtier's beard*;] This folly is touched upon with high humour by Fletcher in his *Queen of Corinth*:

" ——— *Has he familiarly*
" *Diſlik'd your yellow ſtarch, or ſaid your doublet*
" *Was not exactly frenchified?* ———
" ——— *or drawn your ſword,*
" *Cry'd 'twas ill mounted? Has he given the* lye
" *In* circle, *or* oblique, *or* ſemicircle,
" *Or* direct parallel; *you muſt challenge him.*"

WARBURTON.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lye?

Clo. [9] O ſir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners[1]: I will name you the degrees. The firſt, the Retort courteous; the ſecond, the Quip modeſt; the third the Reply churliſh;

[9] *O ſir, we quarrel in print, by the book;*] The poet has, in this ſcene, rallied the mode of former duelling, then ſo prevalent, with the higheſt humour and addreſs: nor could he have treated it with a happier contempt than by making his clown ſo knowing in the forms and preliminaries of it. The particular book here alluded to is a very ridiculous treatiſe of one Vincentio Saviolo, intitled, *Of honour and honourable quarrels*, in quarto, printed by Wolf, 1594. The firſt part of the tract he entitles, *A diſcourſe moſt neceſſary for all gentlemen that have in regard their honours, touching the giving and receiving the lye, whereupon the* Duello, *and the* Combat *in divers forms doth enſue; and many other inconveniences for lack only of true knowledge of honour, and the* right underſtanding of words, *which here is ſet down.* The contents of the ſeveral chapters are as follow. I. *What the reaſon is that the party unto whom the lye is given ought to become challenger, and of the nature of lies.* II. *Of the manner and diverſity of lies.* III. *Of the lye certain,* or direct. IV. *Of conditional lies,* or the lye circumſtantial. V. *Of the lye in general.* VI. *Of the lye in particular.* VII. *Of fooliſh lies.* VIII. *A concluſion touching the wreſting or returning back of the lye,* or the countercheck quarrelſome. In the chapter of *conditional lies,* ſpeaking of the particle *if,* he ſays, "—*Conditional lyes be ſuch as are given conditionally, thus*—if *thou haſt ſaid ſo or ſo, then thou lyeſt. Of theſe kind of lyes, given in this manner, often ariſe much contention, whereof no ſure concluſion can ariſe.*" By which he means, they cannot proceed to cut one another's throat, while there is an *if* between. Which is the reaſon of Shakſpeare making the Clown ſay, *I knew when ſeven juſtices could not make up a quarrel: but when the parties were met themſelves, one of them thought but of an* if, *as* if you ſaid ſo, then I ſaid ſo, *and they ſhook hands, and ſwore brothers. Your* if *is the only peace-maker; much virtue in* if. Caranza was another of theſe authentic authors upon the Duello. Fletcher, in his laſt act of *Love's Pilgrimage,* ridicules him with much humour.

WARBURTON.

[1] ——*books for good manners:*] One of theſe books I have ſeen. It is entitled *The Boke of Nurture, or Schole of good Manners, for Men, Servants, and Children,* with *ſtans puer ad menſam*; black letter, without date. STEEVENS.

iſh; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelſome; the ſixth, the Lye with circumſtance; the ſeventh, the Lye direct. All theſe you may avoid, but the Lye direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew when ſeven juſtices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themſelves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as, *If you ſaid ſo, then I ſaid ſo*; and they ſhook hands, and ſwore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke Sen. He uſes his folly like a ſtalking-horſe [1], and under the preſentation of that he ſhoots his wit.

[3] *Enter Hymen, Roſalind in woman's cloaths, and Celia.*

STILL MUSICK.

Hym. *Then is there mirth in heaven,*
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither;
That thou might'ſt join her hand with his,
[4] *Whoſe heart within his boſom is.*

Another is "Galateo of Maiſter John Caſa, archbiſhop of Benevento. Or rather, a treatiſe of the manners and behaviours, it behoveth a man to uſe and eſchewe in his familiar converſation. A work very neceſſary and profitable for all gentlemen or other, tranſlated from the Italian by Robert Peterſon of Lincoln's Inn, 4to, 1576." EDITOR.

[1] Like a *ſtalking horſe*,] See vol. ii. p. 308.

[2] *Enter Hymen*,] Roſalind is imagined by the reſt of the company to be brought by enchantment, and is therefore introduced by a ſuppoſed aerial being in the character of Hymen. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*her* with his, whoſe heart——] *Whoſe*, according to our author's uſual licentious manner, refers not to the laſt antecedent, *his*, but to *her*, i. e. Roſalind. The old copy, by a manifeſt miſprint, reads—*his* hand. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Roſ. To you I give myſelf for I am yours.
[*To the Duke.*

To you I give myſelf, for I am yours. [*To Orlando.*

Duke Sen. If there be truth in ſight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in ſight[4], you are my Roſalind.

Phe. If ſight and ſhape be true,
Why then,—my love adieu!

Roſ. I'll have no father, if you be not he:—
[*To the Duke.*

I'll have no huſband, if you be not he:—[*To Orlando.*
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not ſhe. [*To Phebe.*

Hym. Peace ho! I bar confuſion:
'Tis I muſt make concluſion
Of theſe moſt ſtrange events:
Here's eight that muſt take hands,
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents[5].
You and you no croſs ſhall part;
[*To Orlando and Roſalind.*

You and you are heart in heart:
[*To Oliver and Celia.*

You to his love muſt accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:— [*To Phebe.*
You and you are ſure together,
As the winter to foul weather.
[*To the Clown and Audrey.*

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we ſing,
Feed yourſelves with queſtioning;
That reaſon wonder may diminiſh,
How thus we met, and theſe things finiſh.

[4] *If there be truth in ſight,*] The anſwer of Phebe makes it probable that Orlando ſays, *if there be truth in ſhape*: that is, *if a form may be truſted*; if one cannot uſurp the form of another. JOHNSON.

[5] *If truth holds true contents.*] That is, if there be *truth in truth*, unleſs truth fails of veracity. JOHNSON.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown [6];
O bleſſed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, God of every town!

Duke Sen. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me;
Even daughter, welcome in no leſs degree.
Phebe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter Jaques de Boys.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word, or two.—
I am the ſecond ſon of old ſir Rowland,
That bring theſe tidings to this fair aſſembly:—
Duke Frederick [7], hearing how that every day
Men of great worth reſorted to this foreſt,
Addreſs'd a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purpoſely to take
His brother here, and put him to the ſword:
And to the ſkirts of this wild wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,

[6] *Wedding is* &c.] Catullus, adreſſing himſelf to Hymen, has this ſtanza:

Quæ tuis careat ſacris,
Non queat dare præſides
Terra finibus: at queat
Te volente. Quis huic deo
Compararier auſit. JOHNSON.

[7] *Duke Frederick*, &c.] In *Lodge's Novel* the uſurping duke is not diverted from his purpoſe by the pious counſels of a hermit, but is ſubdued and kill'd by the twelve peers of France, who were brought by the third brother of *Roſader* (the *Orlando* of this play) to aſſiſt him in the recovery of his right. STEEVENS.

After ſome queſtion with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world:
His crown bequeathing to his baniſh'd brother,
And all their lands reſtor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd: This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke Sen. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'ſt fairly to thy brother's wedding:
To one, his lands with-held; and to the other,
A land itſelf at large, a potent dukedom.
Firſt, in this foreſt, let us do thoſe ends
That here were well begun, and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd ſhrewd days and nights with us,
Shall ſhare the good of our returned fortune,
According to the meaſure of their ſtates.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our ruſtick revelry:—
Play, muſick; and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With meaſure heap'd in joy, to the meaſures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience:--If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of theſe convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
You to your former honour I bequeath; [*To the Duke.*
Your patience, and your virtue, well deſerves it:—
You to a love, that your true faith doth merit:—
[*To Orlando.*
You to your land, and love, and great allies:—
[*To Oliver.*
You to a long and well deſerved bed;— [*To Silvius.*
And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
[*To the Clown.*
Is but for two months victual'd:—So to your pleaſures;
I am for other than for dancing meaſures.

Duke.

Duke. Sen. Stay, Jaques, ſtay.

Jaq. [8] To ſee no paſtime, I :—what you would have
I'll ſtay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*

Duke Sen. Proceed, proceed : we will begin theſe rites,
As we do truſt they'll end in true delights.

EPILOGUE.

Roſ. It is not the faſhion to ſee the lady the epilogue : but it is no more unhandſome, than to ſee the lord the prologue. If it be true, that *good wine needs no buſh*[9], 'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue: Yet to good wine they do uſe good buſhes ; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues.

[8] *To ſee no paſtime, I:—what you would have,*
I'll ſtay to know at your abandoned cave.]
Amidſt this general feſtivity, the reader may be ſorry to take his leave of Jaques, who appears to have no ſhare in it, and remains behind unreconciled to ſociety. He has, however, filled with a gloomy ſenſibility the ſpace allotted to him in the play, and to the laſt preſerves that reſpect which is due to him as a conſiſtent character, and an amiable though ſolitary moraliſt.

It may be obſerved, with ſcarce leſs concern, that Shakſpeare has on this occaſion forgot old Adam, the ſervant of Orlando, whoſe fidelity ſhould have entitled him to notice at the end of the piece, as well as to that happineſs which he would naturally have found, in the return of fortune to his maſter. STEEVENS.

It is the more remarkable, that old Adam is forgotten ; ſince at the end of the novel, Lodge makes him *captaine of the king's guard.* FARMER.

[9] ——*no buſh,*] It appears formerly to have been the cuſtom to hang a *tuft of ivy* at the door of a vintner. I ſuppoſe *ivy* was rather choſen than any other plant, as it has relation to *Bacchus.* So, in Gaſcoigne's *Glaſs of Government*, 1575 :

" Now a days the good wyne needeth none *Ivye Garland.*"

Again, in the *Rival Friends*, 1632 :

" 'Tis like the *ivy-buſh* unto a tavern."

Again, in *Summer's laſt Will and Teſtament*, 1600 :

" Green *ivy-buſhes* at the vintners' doors." STEEVENS.

What a caſe am I in then [1], that am neither a good epilogue, nor can inſinuate with you in the behalf of a good play? I am not furniſh'd like a beggar [2], therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women [3], for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleaſes them; and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your ſimpering, none of you hate them) that between you and the women, the play may pleaſe. If I were a woman [4], I would kiſs as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defy'd not: and, I am ſure, as many as have good beards, or

[1] ——*What a caſe am I in then*, &c.] Here ſeems to be a chaſm, or ſome other depravation, which deſtroys the ſentiment here intended. The reaſoning probably ſtood thus, *Good wine needs no buſh, good plays need no epilogue*, but bad wine requires a good buſh, and a bad play a good epilogue. *What caſe am I in then?* To reſtore the words is impoſſible; all that can be done without copies is, to note the fault. JOHNSON.

[2] —*furniſh'd like a beggar*,] That is *dreſſed*: ſo before, he was *furniſhed* like a huntſman. JOHNSON.

[3] —*I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleaſes* you: *and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women*,—— *that between you and the women*, &c.] This paſſage ſhould be read thus, *I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleaſes* them; *and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women*, ——to like as much as pleaſes them, *that between you and the women*, &c. Without the alteration of *You* into *Them* the invocation is nonſenſe; and without the addition of the words, *to like as much as pleaſes them*, the inference of, *that between you and the women the play may paſs*, would be unſupported by any precedent premiſes. The words ſeem to have been ſtruck out by ſome ſenſeleſs player, as a vicious redundancy. WARBURTON.

The words *you* and *ym* written as was the cuſtom in that time, were in manuſcript ſcarcely diſtinguiſhable. The emendation is very judicious and probable. JOHNSON.

[4] —— *If I were a woman*,] Note that in this author's time the parts of women were always performed by men or boys. HANMER.

good

good faces, or ſweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curt'ſy, bid me farewel.

[*Exeunt omnes*[9].

[9] Of this play the fable is wild and pleaſing. I know not how the ladies will approve the facility with which both Roſalind and Celia give away their hearts. To Celia much may be forgiven for the heroiſm of her friendſhip. The character of Jaques is natural and well preſerved. The comick dialogue is very ſprightly, with leſs mixture of low buffoonery than in ſome other plays; and the graver part is elegant and harmonious. By haſtening to the end of his work, Shakſpeare ſuppreſſed the dialogue between the uſurper and the hermit, and loſt an opportunity of exhibiting a moral leſſon in which he might have found matter worthy of his higheſt powers. JOHNSON.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Characters in the Induction.

A Lord, before whom the Play is ſuppos'd to be play'd,
Chriſtopher Sly, *a drunken Tinker.*
Hoſteſs.
Page, Players, Huntſmen, and other Servants attending on the Lord.

Perſons Repreſented.

Baptiſta, *Father to* Katharina *and* Bianca ; *very rich.*
Vincentio, *an old Gentleman of* Piſa.
Lucentio, *Son to* Vincentio, *in love with* Bianca.
Petruchio, *a Gentleman of* Verona, *a ſuitor to* Katharina.
Gremio, } *Pretenders to* Bianca.
Hortenſio, }
Tranio, } *Servants to* Lucentio.
Biondello, }
Grumio, *Servant to* Petruchio.
Pedant, *an old Fellow ſet up to perſonate* Vincentio.
Katharina, *the Shrew.*
Bianca, *her Siſter.*
Widow.

Taylor, Haberdaſher ; with Servants attending on Baptiſta, *and* Petruchio.

SCENE, *ſometimes in* Padua ; *and ſometimes in* Petruchio's *Houſe in the Country.*

Charac-

Characters in the Induction.

To the Original Play of *The Taming of a Shrew*, 4to. 1607.

A Lord &c.
Sly.
A Tapſter.
Page, Players, Huntſmen, &c.

Perſons Repreſented.

Alphonſus, *a Merchant of* Athens.
Jerobel, *Duke of* Ceſtus.
Aurelius, *his Son,*
Ferando,
Polidor, } *Suitors to the Daughters of* Alphonſus.
Valeria, *Servant to* Aurelius.
Sander, *Servant to* Ferando.
Phylotus, *a Merchant who perſonates the* Duke.
Kate,
Emelia,
Phylema, } *Daughters to* Alphonſus.

Taylor, Haberdaſher, and Servants to Ferando *and* Alphonſus.

SCENE, Athens; *and ſometimes* Ferando's *Country Houſe.*

TAM-

[1]TAMING of the SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.

Before an Alehouſe on a Heath.

Enter Hoſteſs and Sly.

Sly. I'll pheeſe you [2], in faith.
Hoſt. A pair of ſtocks, you rogue!

Sly.

[1] We have hitherto ſuppoſed Shakſpeare the author of the *Taming of the Shrew*, but his property in it is extremely diſputable. I will give my opinion, and the reaſons on which it is founded. I ſuppoſe then the preſent play not *originally* the work of Shakſpeare, but reſtored by him to the ſtage, with the whole Induction of the Tinker; and ſome other occaſional improvements; eſpecially in the character of Petruchio. It is very obvious that the Induction and the Play were either the works of different hands, or written at a great interval of time. The former is in our author's *beſt* manner, and a great part of the *latter* in his *worſt*, or even below it. Dr. Warburton declares it to be certainly ſpurious; and without doubt *ſuppoſing* it to have been written by Shakſpeare, it muſt have been one of his earlieſt productions. Yet it is not mentioned in the liſt of his works by Meres in 1598.

I have met with a facetious piece of ſir John Harrington, printed in 1596, (and poſſibly there may be an earlier edition) called *The Metamorphoſes of Ajax*, where I ſuſpect an alluſion to the old play; "Read the *Booke* of *Taming a Shrew*, which hath made a number of us ſo perfect, that *now* every one can rule a ſhrew in our countrey, ſave he that hath hir."——I am aware a *modern* linguiſt may object that the word *book* does not at preſent ſeem *dramatick*, but it was once *technically* ſo: Goſſon, in his *Schoole of Abuſe, containing a pleaſaunt Invective againſt Poets, Pipers, Players, Jeſters, and ſuch like Caterpillars of a Commonwealth*, 1579,

Sly. Y'are a baggage; the Slies are no rogues: Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Con-

1579, mentions "twoo proſe *bookes* played at the Bell-Sauage:" and Hearne tells us, in a note at the end of William of Worceſter, that he had ſeen a MS. in the nature of a *Play* or *Interlude*, intitled the *Booke of Sir Thomas Moore.*"

And in fact there is ſuch an old *anonymous* play in Mr. Pope's liſt: "A pleaſant conceited hiſtory, called, the *Taming of a Shrew*—ſundry times acted by the earl of Pembroke his ſervants." Which ſeems to have been republiſhed by the remains of that company in 1607, when Shakſpeare's copy appeared at the Black-Friars or the Globe.—Nor let this ſeem derogatory from the character of our poet. There is no reaſon to believe that he wanted to claim the play as his own; for it was not even printed till ſome years after his death; but he merely revived it on his ſtage as a *manager*.

In ſupport of what I have ſaid relative to this play, let me only obſerve further at preſent, that the author of *Hamlet* ſpeaks of Gonzago, and his wife Baptiſta; but the author of the *Taming of the Shrew* knew Baptiſta to be the name of a man. Mr. Capell indeed made me doubt, by declaring the authenticity of it to be confirmed by the teſtimony of ſir Aſton Cockayn. I knew ſir Aſton was much acquainted with the writers immediately ſubſequent to Shakſpeare; and I was not inclined to diſpute his authority: but how was I ſurpriſed, when I found that Cockayn aſcribes nothing more to Shakſpeare, than the *Induction-Wincot-ale and the Beggar!* I hope this was only a ſlip of Mr. Capell's memory. FARMER.

The following is ſir Aſton's Epigram.

To Mr. Clement Fiſher of Wincot.

Shakſpeare your Wincot-ale hath much renown'd,
That fox'd a beggar ſo (by chance was found
Sleeping) that there needed not many a word
To make him to believe he was a lord:
But you affirm (and in it ſeem moſt eager)
'Twill make a lord as drunk as any beggar.
Bid Norton brew ſuch ale as Shakſpeare fancies
Did put *Kit Sly* into ſuch lordly trances:
And let us meet there (for a fit of gladneſs)
And drink ourſelves merry in ſober ſadneſs.

Sir *A. Cockayn's Poems*, 1659, p. 124.

In ſpite of the great deference which is due from every commentator to Dr. Farmer's judgment, I own I cannot concur with him on the preſent occaſion. I know not to whom I could impute this comedy, if Shakſpeare was not its author. I think his

Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*[4]; let the world ſlide[5]: *Seſſa!*

Hoſt.

his hand is viſible in almoſt every ſcene, though perhaps not ſo evidently as in thoſe which paſs between Katharine and Petruchio.

I once thought that the title of this play may have been taken from an old ſtory, entitled, *The Wyf lapped in Morells ſkin*, or *The Taming of a Shrew*; but I have ſince diſcovered among the entries in the books of the Stationers' Company the following. "Peter Shorte] May 2, 1594, a pleaſaunt conceyted hyſtorie called, *The Taminge of a Shrowe.*" It is likewiſe entered to Nich. Ling, Jan. 22, 1606; and to John Smythwicke, Nov. 19, 1607.

It was no uncommon practice among the authors of the age of Shakſpeare, to avail themſelves of the titles of ancient performances. Thus, as Mr. Warton has obſerved, Spenſer ſent out his *Paſtorals* under the title of the *Shepherd's* Kalendar, a work which had been printed by Wynkyn de Worde, and reprinted about twenty years before theſe poems of Spenſer appeared, viz. 1559.

Dr. Percy, in the firſt volume of his *Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry*, is of opinion, that *The Frolickſome Duke, or the Tinker's Good Fortune*, an ancient ballad in the Pepy's *Collection*, might have ſuggeſted to Shakſpeare the Induction for this comedy.

Chance, however, has at laſt furniſhed me with the original to which Shakſpeare was indebted for his fable; nor does this diſcovery at all diſpoſe me to retract my former opinion, which the reader may find at the concluſion of the play. Such parts of the dialogue as our author had immediately imitated, I have occaſionally pointed out at the bottom of the page; but muſt refer the reader, who is deſirous to examine the whole ſtructure of the piece, to *Six old Plays on which Shakſpeare founded*, &c. publiſhed by S. Leacroft, at Charing-croſs, as a Supplement to our commentaries on Shakſpeare.

Beaumont and Fletcher wrote what may be called a ſequel to this comedy, viz. *The Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tam'd*; in which Petruchio is ſubdued by a ſecond wife. STEEVENS.

[2] *I'll pheeſe you,——*] To *pheeze* or *feaſe*, is to ſeparate a twiſt into ſingle threads. In the figurative ſenſe it may well enough be taken, like *teaze* or *toze*, for to *harraſs*, to *plague*. Perhaps *I'll pheeze you*, may be equivalent to *I'll comb your head*, a phraſe vulgarly uſed by perſons of Sly's character on like occaſions. The following explanation of the word is given by Sir Tho. Smith in his book *de Sermone Anglico*, printed by Robert Stephens, 4to. To *feize*, means *in fila diducere*. JOHNSON.

Hoſt. You will not pay for the glaſſes you have burſt[6]?

Sly.

Shakſpeare repeats his uſe of the word in *Troilus and Creſſida*, where Ajax ſays he will *pheeſe* the pride of Achilles: and Love-wit in the *Alchemiſt* employs it in the ſame ſenſe. Again, in *Puttenham's Art of Poetry*, 1589:

"Your pride ſerves you to *feaze* them all alone."

Again, in Stanyhurſt's verſion of the firſt book of *Virgil's Æneid*:

"We are touz'd, and from Italye *feaz'd*."

—Italis longe *diſjungimur* oris.

Again, *ibid*:

"*Feaze* away the droane bees, &c." STEEVENS.

3 ———*no rogues*:] That is, *vagrants*, no mean fellows, but gentlemen. JOHNSON.

One *William Sly* was a performer in the plays of Shakſpeare, as appears form the liſt of comedians prefixed to the folio, 1623. This *Sly* is likewiſe mentioned in Heywood's *Actor's Vindication*, and the Induction to Marſton's *Malecontent*. He was alſo among thoſe to whom James I. granted a licence to act at the *Globe* theatre in 1603. STEEVENS.

4 ———paucas pallabris;] Sly, as an ignorant fellow, is purpoſely made to aim at languages out of his knowledge, and knock the words out of joint. The Spaniards ſay, *pocas palabras*, i. e. few words: as they do likewiſe, *Ceſſa*, i. e. be quiet. THEOBALD.

This is a burleſque on Hieronymo, which Theobald ſpeaks of in the following note. "*What new device have they deviſed now?* Pocas pallabras." In the comedy of the *Roaring Girl*, 1611, a cut-purſe makes uſe of the ſame words. Again, they appear in *The Wiſe Woman of Hogſden*, 1638, and in ſome others, but are always appropriated to the loweſt characters. STEEVENS.

5 ——*let the world ſlide*:] This expreſſion is proverbial. It is uſed in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money*:

"———will you go drink,

"And *let the world ſlide*, uncle?" STEEVENS.

6 ———*you have* burſt?] To *burſt* and to *break* were anciently ſynonymous. Falſtaff ſays—that "John of Gaunt *burſt* Shallow's head for crowding in among the marſhal's men."

Again, in *Soliman and Perſeda*:

"God ſave you, ſir, you have *burſt* your ſhin."

Again, in Dr. *Philemon Holland's* tranſlation of *Plutarch's* Apophthegms, edit. 1603, p. 405. To *braſt* and to *burſt*, have the ſame meaning. So, in *All for Money*, a tragedy by T. Lupton, 1574:

"If you forſake our father, for ſorrow he will *braſt*."

In

Sly. No, not a denier: Go by, Jeronimy;—Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee[7].

Hoſt. I know my remedy, I muſt go fetch the thirdborough[8]. [*Exit.*

Sly.

In the ſame piece *burſt* is uſed when it ſuited the rhime. Again, in the old Morality of *Every Man:*

" Though thou weep till thy hart to *braſt.*" STEEVENS.

Burſt is ſtill uſed for broke in the North of England. See Dodſley's *Collection of Old Plays.* Edition 1780. vol. xii. p. 375. EDITOR.

[7] *Go by, S. Jeronimy, go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.*] All the editions have coined a ſaint here, for Sly to ſwear by. But the poet had no ſuch intentions. The paſſage has particular humour in it, and muſt have been very pleaſing at that time of day. But I muſt clear up a piece of ſtage hiſtory to make it underſtood. There is a fuſtian old play, called *Hieronymo*; or, *The Spaniſh Tragedy:* which, I find, was the common butt of raillery to all the poets in Shakſpeare's time: and a paſſage, that appeared very ridiculous in that play, is here humorouſly alluded to. Hieronymo, thinking himſelf injur'd, applies to the king for juſtice; but the courtiers, who did not deſire his wrongs ſhould be ſet in a true light, attempt to hinder him from an audience.

" Hiero. *Juſtice! oh! juſtice to Hieronymo.*

" Lor. *Back;——ſee'ſt thou not the king is buſy?*

" Hiero. *Oh, is he ſo?*

" King. *Who is he, that interrupts our buſineſs?*

" Hiero. *Not I:—Hieronymo, beware*; go by, go by.

So Sly here, not caring to be dun'd by the Hoſteſs, cries to her in effect, " Don't be troubleſome, don't interrupt me, *go by*;" and to fix the ſatire in his alluſion, pleaſantly calls her Jeronimo. THEOBALD.

The firſt part of this tragedy is called *Jeronimo.* The Tinker therefore does not ſay *Jeronimo* as a miſtake for *Hieronymo.* STEEVENS.

[8] ——*I muſt go fetch the* Headborough.

Sly. Third, *or* fourth, *or* fifth *Borough*, &c.]

This corrupt reading had paſs'd down through all the copies, and none of the editors pretended to gueſs at the poet's conceit. What an inſipid, unmeaning reply does Sly make to his Hoſteſs? How do *third*, or *fourth*, or *fifth* borough relate to *Headborough?* The author intended but a poor witticiſm, and even that is loſt. The Hoſteſs would ſay, that ſhe'll fetch a *conſtable:* and this officer ſhe calls by his other name, a *Third-borough:* and upon this term Sly founds the conundrum in his anſwer to her. Who does not perceive at a ſingle glance, ſome conceit ſtarted by this certain

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll anſwer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly. [*Falls aſleep*[9].

correction? There is an attempt at wit, tolerable enough for a tinker, and one drunk too. *Third-borough* is a Saxon term ſufficiently explained by the gloſſaries: and in our ſtatute-books, no further back than the 28th year of Henry VIII. we find it uſed to ſignify a *conſtable*. THEOBALD.

Theobald took his explanation of *Third-borough*, from Cowel's *Law Dict.* which at the ſame time might have taught him to doubt of its propriety. In the Perſonæ Dramatis to Ben Jonſon's *Tale of a Tub*, the *high-conſtable*, the *petty-conſtable*, the *head-borough*, and the *third-borough*, are enumerated as diſtinct characters. It is difficult to ſay preciſely what the office of a *third-borough* was. STEEVENS.

A *third-borough* ſeems originally to have ſignified him who had the principal government within his own *tything*, or *trithing*. Norden's *Hiſt. of Cornwall*, decides for the former word *tithing*. See p. 29, 30. "The ſhirife has his bayliwickes; the hundreds have conſtables; tythings have *therd-barows*, in ſome places hedborows, in ſome borrowſhed, and in the weſte partes, a tythingman." TOLLET.

If the authority of Lambard and Cowel are not ſufficient to juſtify Theobald in preferring this word to *headborough*, gloſſarie are of no uſe. As to the office of *thirdborough* it is known to all acquainted with the civil conſtitution of this country to be coextenſive with that of the conſtable. See vol. ii. p. 404. Sir JOHN HAWKINS.

9 *Falls aſleep.*] The ſpurious play already mentioned, begins thus: "*Enter a Tapſter, beating out of his doores* Slie *drunken.*

"*Tapſ.* You whoreſon drunken ſlave, you had beſt be gone,
"And empty your drunken panch ſomewhere elſe,
"For in this houſe thou ſhalt not reſt to night. [*Exit Tapſter.*
"*Slie.* Tilly vally; by criſee Tapſter Ile *feſe you* anone:
"Fills the t'other pot, and all's paid for: looke you,
"I dooe drink it of mine own inſtigation. *Omne bene.*
"Heere Ile lie awhile: why Tapſter, I ſay,
"Fill's a freſh cuſhen heere:
"Heigh ho, heere's good warme lying. [*He falles aſleepe*

"*Enter a noble man and his men from hunting.*"
STEEVENS.

Wind

Wind horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with a train.

Lord. Huntſman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is imboſt[1],—
And

[1] Brach *Merriman,—the poor cur is imboſt,*
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.]
Here, ſays Pope, *brach* ſignifies a degenerate hound: but Edwards explains it a hound in general.

That the latter of theſe criticks is right, will appear from the uſe of the word *brach* in Sir T. More's *Comfort againſt Tribulation*, book iii. ch. 24. "Here it muſt be known of ſome men that can ſkill of hunting, whether that we miſtake not our terms, for then are we utterly aſhamed as ye wott well.—And I am ſo cunning, that I cannot tell, whether among them a bitche be a bitche or no; but as I remember ſhe is no bitch but a *brache*." The meaning of the latter part of the paragraph ſeems to be, "I am ſo little ſkilled in hunting, that I can hardly tell whether a bitch be a bitch or not; my judgment goes no further, than juſt to direct me to call either dog or bitch by their general name—Hound." I am aware that Spelman acquaints his reader, that *brache* was uſed in his days for a *lurcher*, and that Shakſpeare himſelf has made it a dog of a particular ſpecies.

"*Maſtiff, greyhound, mungrill grim,*
"*Hound or ſpaniel,* brache *or lym.*"
K. Lear, act iii. ſc. 5.

But it is manifeſt from the paſſage of *More* juſt cited, that it was ſometimes applied in a general ſenſe, and may therefore be ſo underſtood in the paſſage before us; and it may be added, that *brache* appears to be uſed in the ſame ſenſe by Beaumont and Fletcher. "*A.* Is that your brother? *E.* Yes, have you loſt your memory? *A.* As I live he is a pretty fellow. *Y.* O this is a ſweet *brache*." *Scornful Lady*, act i. ſc. 1. WARTON.

Sir T. Hanmer reads, Leech *Merriman*, that is, *apply ſome remedies* to Merriman, the poor cur has his *joints ſwell'd*. Perhaps we might read, *bathe* Merriman, which is I believe the common practice of huntſmen, but the preſent reading may ſtand:

——*tender well my hounds:*
Brach—Merriman——*the poor cur is imboſt.*
JOHNSON.

Imboſt,] A hunting term; when a deer is hard run and foams at the mouth, he is ſaid to be *emboſs'd*. A dog alſo when he is ſtrained with hard running (eſpecially upon hard ground) will have his knees ſwelled, and then he is ſaid to be *emboſs'd*; from

And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach,
Saw'ſt thou not, boy, how Silver made it good?

At

the French word *boſſe*, which ſignifies a tumour. This explanation of the word will receive illuſtration from the following paſſage in the old comedy, intitled, *A pleaſant Comedy of the gentle Craft*, acted at court, and printed in the year 1618. ſignat. C:

" ——— Beate ever brake, the game's not farre,
" This way with winged feet he fled from death:
" Beſides, the miller's boy told me even now,
" He ſaw him take ſoyle, and he hallowed him,
" Affirming him ſo *emboſs'd*." WARTON.

Mr. Warton's firſt explanation is juſt. Lilly, in his *Midas*, 1592, has not only given up the term, but the explanation of it.

" *Pet.* There was a boy leaſh'd on the ſingle, becauſe when he was *imboſs'd* he took ſoyle.

" *Li.* What's that?

" *Pet.* Why a boy was beaten on the tayle with a leathern thong, becauſe when he *fom'de at the mouth* with running, he went into the water." See vol. iv. p. 98. STEEVENS.

I believe *brach Merriman* means only *Merriman the brach*. So in the old ſong, " *Cow Crumbocke* is a very good cow." *Brach* however appears to have been a particular ſort of hound. In an old metrical charter, granted by Edward the Confeſſor to the hundred of Cholmer and Dancing, in Eſſex, there are the two following lines:

" Four greyhounds & ſix *Bratches*,
" For hare, fox, and wild-cattes."

Merriman ſurely could not be deſigned for the name of a *female* of the canine ſpecies. STEEVENS.

It ſeems from the commentary of Ulitius upon *Gratius*, from *Caius de Canibus Britannicis*, from *braceo*, in Spelman's *Gloſſary*, and from Markham's *Country Contentments*, that *brache* originally meant a bitch. *Ulitius*, p. 163, obſerves, that bitches have a ſuperior ſagacity of noſe, " fœminis [canibus] ſagacitatis plurimum ineſſe, uſus docuit;" and hence, perhaps, any hound with eminent quickneſs of ſcent, whether dog or bitch, was called *brache*, for the term *brache* is ſometimes applied to males. Our anceſtors hunted much with the large ſouthern hounds, and had in every pack a couple of dogs peculiarly good and cunning to find game, or recover the ſcent, as *Markham* informs us. To this cuſtom Shakſpeare ſeems here to allude, by naming *two braches*, which, in my opinion, are beagles; and this diſcriminates *brache* from the *lym*, a blood-hound mentioned together with it, in the tragedy of *King Lear*. In the following quotation offered by Mr. Steevens on another occaſion, the *brache*

hunts

At the hedge-corner, in the coldeſt fault?
I would not loſe the dog for twenty pound.

Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the mereſt loſs,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dulleſt ſcent:
Truſt me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Eccho were as fleet,
I would eſteem him worth a dozen ſuch.
But ſup them well, and look unto them all;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

Hun. I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

2 *Hun.* He breathes, my lord: Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to ſleep ſo ſoundly.

Lord. O monſtrous beaſt! how like a ſwine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathſome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practiſe on this drunken man.——
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrap'd in ſweet cloaths, rings put upon his fingers,
A moſt delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himſelf?

1 *Hun.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot chuſe.

2 *Hun.* It would ſeem ſtrange unto him when he wak'd,

hunts truely by the ſcent, behind the doe, while the hounds are on every ſide:

"For as the dogs purſue the ſilly doe,
"The *brache* behind, the hounds on every ſide;
"So trac'd they me among the mountains wide."

Phaer's *Legend of Owen Glendower*. TOLLET.

2 ——*how Silver* made it good] This, I ſuppoſe, is a technical term. It occurs likewiſe in the 23d ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"What's offer'd by the firſt, the other *good doth make*."

STEEVENS.

To make good in hunting is after the dogs have overrun the scent they fly back & the hound which recovers the scent is said to make it good S. A

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthleſs fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jeſt:—
Carry him gently to my faireſt chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head with warm diſtilled waters,
And burn ſweet wood to make the lodging ſweet:
Procure me muſick ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly ſound;
And if he chance to ſpeak be ready ſtraight,
And, with a low ſubmiſſive reverence,
Say,—What is it your honour will command?
Let one attend him with a ſilver baſon,
Full of roſe-water, and beſtrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And ſay,—Will't pleaſe your lordſhip cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a coſtly ſuit,
And aſk him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horſe,
And that his lady mourns at his diſeaſe:
Perſuade him, that he hath been lunatick;
And, when he ſays he is,——ſay that he dreams[2],
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly, gentle ſirs;
It will be paſtime paſſing excellent,

[2] *And when he ſays he is,—ſay that he dreams,*
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.]
I ſhould rather think that Shakſpeare wrote:
"And when he ſays he's *poor*, ſay, that he dreams."
The dignity of a lord is then ſignificantly oppoſed to the poverty which it would be natural for him to acknowledge. STEEVENS.
If any thing ſhould be inſerted, it may be done thus:
"And when he ſays he's *Sly*, ſay that he dreams."
The likeneſs in writing of *Sly* and *ſay* produced the omiſſion. JOHNSON.
This is hardly right; for how ſhould the lord know the beggar's name to be *Sly?* STEEVENS.
Perhaps the ſentence is left imperfect, becauſe he did not know by what name to call him. BLACKSTONE.

If

If it be huſbanded with modeſty [3].

1 *Hun.* My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,
As he ſhall think, by our true diligence,
He is no leſs than what we ſay he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
And each one to his office when he wakes.—
[*Some bear out Sly. Sound trumpets.*
Sirrah, go ſee what trumpet 'tis that ſounds:—
Belike, ſome noble gentleman; that means,
[*Exit Servant.*
Travelling ſome journey, to repoſe him here.—

Re-enter a Servant.

How now? who is it?

Ser. An't pleaſe your honour, players [4],
That offer ſervice to your lordſhip.

Lord. Bid them come near:

Enter Players [5].

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Play. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to ſtay with me to-night?

[3] ———*modeſty*.] By *modeſty* is meant *moderation*, without ſuffering our merriment to break into an exceſs. JOHNSON.

[4] *An't pleaſe your honour, players,*] I would rather regulate theſe lines thus;

——An it pleaſe your honour,
Players, that offer ſervice to your lordſhip. MALONE.

[5] *Enter Players.*] The old play already quoted reads:

" *Enter two of the plaiers with packs at their backs, and a boy.*"
" Now, ſirs, what ſtore of plaies have you?
" *San.* Marry my lord you may have a tragicall,
" Or a commoditie, or what you will.
" *The other.* A comedie thou ſhouldſt ſay, ſouns thou'lt ſhame us all.
" *Lord.* And what's the name of your comedie?
" *San.* Marrie my lord, 'tis calde *The Taming of a Shrew:*
' 'Tis a good leſſon for us my L. for us that are maried men," &c. STEEVENS.

2 *Play.* So pleaſe your lordſhip to accept our duty [6].

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldeſt ſon;—
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman ſo well:
I have forgot your name; but, ſure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

Play. I think, 'twas Soto that your honour means [7].

Lord.

[6] ——*to accept our duty.*] It was in thoſe times the cuſtom of players to travel in companies, and offer their ſervice at great houſes. JOHNSON.

In the fifth *Earl of Northumberland's Houſehold Book*, (with a copy of which I was honoured by the late dutcheſs) the following article occurs. The book was begun in the year 1512:

" Rewards to Playars.

" Item, to be payd to the ſaid Richard Gowge and Thomas Percy for rewards to players for playes playd in Chryſtinmas by ſtranegers in my houſe after xxd. every play by eſtimacion somme xxxiijs. iiijd. Which ys apoynted to be paid to the ſaid Richard Gowge and Thomas Percy at the ſaid Chriſtynmas in full contentacion of the ſaid rewardys xxxiijs. iiijd." STEEVENS.

[7] *I think, 'twas Soto*——] I take our author here to be paying a compliment to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Women Pleaſed*, in which comedy there is the character of Soto, who is a farmer's ſon, and a very facetious ſerving-man. Mr. Rowe and Mr. Pope prefix the name of *Sim* to the line here ſpoken; but the firſt folio has it *Sincklo*; which, no doubt, was the name of one of the players here introduced, and who had played the part of Soto with applauſe. THEOBALD.

As both the quarto and folio prefix the name of *Sincklo* to this line, why ſhould we diſplace it? *Sincklo* is a name elſewhere uſed by Shakſpeare. In one of the parts of *Henry* VI. *Humphrey* and *Sincklo* enter with their bows, as foreſters.

With this obſervation I was favoured by a learned lady, and have replaced the old reading. STEEVENS.

It is true that *Soto*, in the play of *Women Pleaſed*, is *a farmer's eldeſt ſon*, but *he does not woo any gentlewoman*; ſo that it may be doubted, whether that be the character alluded to. There can be little doubt that *Sincklo* was the name of one of the players, which has crept in, both here and in the Third Part of *Henry* VI. inſtead of the name of the perſon repreſented.

Again,

Lord. 'Tis very true;—thou didſt it excellent.—
Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have ſome ſport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can aſſiſt me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modeſties;
Leſt, over-eying of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play)
You break into ſome merry paſſion,
And ſo offend him; for I tell you, ſirs,
If you ſhould ſmile, he grows impatient.

Play. Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourſelves,
Were he the verieſt antick in the world[8].

Again, at the concluſion of the Second Part of *K. Henry* IV. "Enter *Sincklo* and three or four officers." See the quarto 1600. TYRWHITT.

Sincklo or *Sinkler*, was certainly an actor in the ſame company with Shakſpeare, &c.—He is introduced together with Burbage, Condell, Lowin, &c. in the Induction to Marſton's *Malcontent*, 1604, and was alſo a performer in the entertainment entitled *The Seven Deadlie Sinns.* MALONE.

[8] — *in the world.*] Here follows another inſertion made by Mr. Pope from the old play. Theſe words are neither found in the quarto, 1631, nor in the folio, 1623. I have therefore ſunk them into a note, as we have no proof that the firſt ſketch of the piece was written by Shakſpeare.

"2 *Play.* [*to the other*] Go, get a diſh-clout to make clean your ſhoes, and I'll ſpeak for the properties *. [*Exit Player.*

"My lord, we muſt have a ſhoulder of mutton for a property, and a little vinegar to make our devil roar †."

The *ſhoulder of mutton* might indeed be neceſſary afterwards for the dinner of Petruchio, but there is no devil in this piece, or in the original on which Shakſpeare form'd it; neither was it yet determined what comedy ſhould be repreſented. STEEVENS.

* *Property*] in the language of a playhouſe, is every implement neceſſary to the exhibition. See p. 23. JOHNSON.

† ——*a little vinegar to make our devil roar.*] When the acting the myſteries of the Old and New Teſtament was in vogue, at the repreſentation of the myſtery of the Paſſion, Judas and the devil made a part. And the devil, wherever he came, was always to ſuffer ſome diſgrace, to make the people laugh: as here, the buffoonery was to apply the gall and vinegar to make him roar. And the Paſſion being that, of all the myſteries, which was moſt frequently repreſented, vinegar became at length the ſtanding implement to torment the devil;

Lord. Go, ſirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one;

Let

devil; and was uſed for this purpoſe even after the myſteries ceaſed, and the moralities came in vogue; where the devil continued to have a conſiderable part.—The mention of it here was to ridicule ſo abſurd a circumſtance in theſe old farces. WARBURTON.

All Dr. Warburton has ſaid relative to *Judas* and the *vinegar* wants confirmation. I have met with no ſuch circumſtances in any myſteries, whether in MS. or in print; and yet both the *Cheſter* and *Coventry* collections are preſerved in the Britiſh Muſeum. See MS. Harl. 2013, and Cotton MS. Veſpaſian D. viii.

Perhaps, however, ſome entertainments of a farcical kind might have been introduced between the acts. Between the diviſions of one of the *Cheſter Myſteries*, I met with this marginal direction. *Here the boy and Pig;* and perhaps the devil in the intervals of this firſt comedy of the *Taming of a Shrew*, might be tormented for the entertainment of the audience; or, according to a cuſtom obſerved in ſome of our ancient puppet-ſhews, might beat his wife with a ſhoulder of mutton. In the Preface to Marlow's *Tamburlaine*, 1590, the Printer ſays:

"I have (purpoſelie) omitted and left out ſome fond and frivolous jeſtures, digreſſing (and in my poore opinion) farre unmeete for the matter, which I thought might ſeeme more tedious unto the wiſe, than any way els to be regarded, though (happly) they have bene of ſome vaine conceited fondlings greatly gaped at, what time they were ſhewed upon the ſtage in their graced deformities; nevertheleſſe now to be mixtured in print with ſuch matter of worth, it would prove a great diſgrace, &c."

The *bladder of vinegar* was, however, uſed for other purpoſes. I meet with the following ſtage direction in the old play of *Cambyſes*, (by T. Preſton) when one of the characters is ſuppoſed to die from the wounds he had juſt received.—*Here let a ſmall bladder of vinegar be prick'd.* I ſuppoſe to counterfeit blood: red-wine vinegar was chiefly uſed, as appears from the ancient books of cookery.

In the ancient *Tragedy*, or rather *Morality*, called *All for Money*, by T. Lupton, 1578. *Sin* ſays:

"I knew I would make him ſoon change his note,
"I will make him ſing the Black Sanctus, I hold him a groat.
"Here *Satan* ſhall *cry and roar.*"

Again, a little after.

"Here he *roareth and crieth.*"

Of the kind of wit current through theſe productions, a better ſpecimen can hardly be found than the following:

"*Satan.* Whatever thou wilt have, I will not thee denie.
"*Sinne.* Then give me a piece of thy tayle to make a flappe for a flie.
"For if I had a piece thereof, I do verely believe
"The humble bees ſtinging ſhould never me grieve.
Satan. No, my friend, no, my tayle I cannot ſpare,
"But aſke what thou wilt beſides, and I will it prepare.
"*Sinne.* Then your noſe I would have to ſtop my tayle behind,
"For I am combred with collike and letting out of winde:

Let them want nothing that my houſe affords.—
[*Exit one with the players.*
Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page,
And ſee him dreſs'd in all ſuits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him—madam, do him obeiſance.
Tell him from me, (as he will win my love)
He bear himſelf with honourable action,
Such as he hath obſerv'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accompliſhed:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With ſoft low tongue, and lowly courteſy;
And ſay,—What is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May ſhew her duty, and make known her love?
And then—with kind embracements, tempting kiſſes,
And with declining head into his boſom,—
Bid him ſhed tears, as being over-joy'd
To ſee her noble lord reſtor'd to health,
Who for twice ſeven years hath eſteemed him [8]
No better than a poor and loathſome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a ſhower of commanded tears,

[8] *Who for twice ſeven years*——] In former editions:
Who for theſe *ſeven years hath eſteemed himſelf*
No better than a poor and loathſome beggar.
I have ventured to alter a word here, againſt the authority of the printed copies; and hope, I ſhall be juſtified in it by two ſubſequent paſſages. That the poet deſigned, the tinker's ſuppoſed lunacy ſhould be of fourteen years ſtanding at leaſt, is evident upon two parallel paſſages in the play to that purpoſe.
THEOBALD.
The remark is juſt, but perhaps the alteration may be thought unneceſſary by thoſe who recollect that our author rarely reckons time with any great correctneſs. Both *Falſtaff* and *Orlando* forget the true hour of their appointments. The old copy, however, reads—for *this* ſeven years, &c. STEEVENS.

" And if it be too little to make thereof a caſe,
" Then I would be ſo bold to borrowe your face."
Such were the entertainments, of which our maiden queen ſat a ſpectatreſs in the earlier part of her reign. STEEVENS.

An

An [9] onion will do well for ſuch a ſhift;
Which in a napkin being cloſe convey'd,
Shall in deſpight enforce a watry eye.
See this diſpatch'd with all the haſte thou canſt;
Anon I'll give thee more inſtructions.——
[*Exit Servant.*
I know, the boy will well uſurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard, huſband;
And how my men will ſtay themſelves from laughter,
When they do homage to this ſimple peaſant.
I'll in to counſel them: haply, my preſence
May well abate the over-merry ſpleen,
Which otherwiſe would grow into extremes.
[*Exit Lord.*

SCENE II.

A room in the lord's houſe [1].

Enter Sly [2], *with Attendants, ſome with apparel, baſon and ewer, and other appurtenances. Re-enter Lord.*

Sly. For God's ſake, a pot of ſmall ale [3].

1 *Man.* Will't pleaſe your lordſhip drink a cup of ſack?

2 *Man.*

[9] *An onion*——] It is not unlikely that the *onion* was an expedient uſed by the actors of interludes. JOHNSON.
So, in *Anthony* and *Cleopatra:*
" *The tears live in an* onion *that ſhould water this ſorrow.*"
STEEVENS.

[1] *A room in the lord's houſe*——*Enter Sly* &c.] From the original ſtage direction in the firſt folio it appears that Sly and all the perſons mentioned in the Induction, were intended to be exhibited in a balcony above the ſtage. The direction here is: " *Enter* aloft the *drunkard with attendants*, &c." So afterwards at the end of this ſcene——" *The Preſenters* above *ſpeak.*" MALONE.

[2] *Enter Sly*, &c.] Thus in the original play. " Enter two with a table and banquet on it, and two other with *Slie* aſleepe in a chaire, richlie apparelled, and the muſick plaieng."

" *One.*

2 *Man.* Will't pleaſe your honour taſte of theſe conſerves?

3 *Man.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am Chriſtophero Sly; call not me—honour, nor lordſhip: I ne'er drank ſack in my life; and if you give me any conſerves, give me conſerves of beef: Ne'er aſk me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more ſtockings than legs, nor no more ſhoes than feet; nay, ſometimes more feet than ſhoes, or ſuch ſhoes as my toes look through the overleather.

" *One.* So, ſirha, now go call my lord;
" And tell him all things are ready as he will'd it.
" *Another.* Set thou ſome wine upon the boord,
" And then Ile go fetch my lord preſently. [*Exit.*
" *Enter the Lord and his men.*
" *Lord.* How now, what is all things readie?
" *One.* Yea, my lord.
" *Lord.* Then ſound the muſick, and Ile wake him ſtrait,
" And ſee you doe as earſt I gave in charge.
" My lord, my lord, (he ſleeps ſoundly) my lord.
" *Slie.* Tapſter, gives a little ſmall ale: heigh ho.
" *Lord.* Here's wine, my lord, the pureſt of the grape.
" *Slie.* For which lord?
" *Lord.* For your honor, my lord.
" *Slie.* Who I, am I a lord?—What fine apparell have I got!
" *Lord.* More richer far your honour hath to weare,
" And if it pleaſe you I will fetch them ſtraight.
" *Wil.* And if your honour pleaſe to ride abroad,
" Ile fetch your luſtie ſteedes more ſwift of pace
" Then winged Pegaſus in all his pride,
" That ran ſo ſwiftlie over Perſian plaines.
" *Tom.* And if your honour pleaſe to hunt the deere,
" Your hounds ſtands readie cuppled at the doore,
" Who in running will oretake the row,
" And make the long-breathde tygre broken-winded." STEEVENS.

3 ——*ſmall ale.*] This beverage is mentioned in the accounts of the Stationers' Company in the year 1558: "For a ſtande of *ſmall ale*; I ſuppoſe it was what we now call *ſmall beer*, no mention of that liquor being made on the ſame books, though, duble bere, and duble, duble ale are frequently recorded." STEEVENS.

Lord.

Lord. Heaven ceaſe this idle humour in your honour!
Oh, that a mighty man, of ſuch deſcent,
Of ſuch poſſeſſions, and ſo high eſteem,
Should be infuſed with ſo foul a ſpirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Chriſtopher Sly, old Sly's ſon[4] of Burton-heath; by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by tranſmutation a bear-herd, and now by preſent profeſſion a tinker? Aſk Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if ſhe know me not: if ſhe ſay I am not fourteen pence on the ſcore for ſheer-ale, ſcore me up for the lying'ſt knave in Chriſtendom. What, I am not beſtraught[5]: Here's——

1 *Man.*

4 ——*of Burton-heath*——*Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot,*] I ſuſpect we ſhould read *Barton-heath*. *Barton* and *Woodmancot*, or, as it is vulgarly pronounced, *Woncot*, are both of them in Glouceſterſhire, near the reſidence of Shakſpeare's old enemy, Juſtice Shallow. Very probably too, this fat ale-wife might be a real character. STEEVENS.

Wilnecotte is a village in Warwickſhire, with which Shakſpeare was well acquainted, near Stratford. The houſe kept by our genial hoſteſs, ſtill remains, but is at preſent a mill. The meaneſt hovel to which Shakſpeare has an alluſion, intereſts curioſity, and acquires an importance: at leaſt, it becomes the object of a poetical antiquarian's inquiries. WARTON.

Burton Dorſet, the author of THE REMARKS, ſays is a village in Warwickſhire. EDITOR.

5 *I am not* beſtraught:] I once thought that if our poet did not deſign to put a corrupted word into the mouth of the Tinker, we ought to read, *diſtraught*, i. e. *diſtracted*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"O, if I wake, ſhall I not be *diſtraught*, &c."

For there is no verb extant from which the participle *beſtraught* can be formed. In *Albion's England*, however, by *Warner*, 1602, I meet with the word as ſpelt by Shakſpeare:

"Now teares had drowned further ſpeech, till ſhe as one *beſtrought*
"Did crie, &c."

Again, in the old *Song*, beginning, "When griping griefes, &c."

"*Be-ſtraughted* heads relyef hath founde."

Again,

1 *Man.* Oh, this it is that makes your lady mourn.
2 *Man.* Oh, this it is that makes your ſervants droop.
Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred ſhun your houſe,
As beaten hence by your ſtrange lunacy.
Oh, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;
Call home thy ancient thoughts from baniſhment,
And baniſh hence theſe abject lowly dreams:
Look, how thy ſervants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have muſick? hark! Apollo plays,
[*Muſick.*
And twenty caged nightingales do ſing;
Or wilt thou ſleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and ſweeter than the luſtful bed
On purpoſe trim'd up for Semiramis.
Say, thou wilt walk; we will beſtrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horſes ſhall be trapp'd,
Their harneſs ſtudded all with gold and pearl.
Doſt thou love hawking? thou haſt hawks, will ſoar
Above the morning lark: Or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds ſhall make the welkin anſwer them,
And fetch ſhrill echoes from the hollow earth.
1 *Man.* Say, thou wilt courſe; thy greyhounds are as ſwift
As breathed ſtags, ay, fleeter than the roe.
2 *Man.* Doſt thou love pictures? we will fetch thee ſtraight
Adonis, painted by a running brook;
And Cytherea all in ſedges hid;
Which ſeem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving ſedges play with wind.
Lord. We'll ſhew thee Io, as ſhe was a maid;

Again, in Lord Surrey's Tranſlation of the 4th book of *Virgil's Æneid:*

"Well near *beſtraught,* upſtart his heare for dread."

STEEVENS.

And how ſhe was beguiled and ſurpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Man.* Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood;
Scratching her legs, that one ſhall ſwear ſhe bleeds:
And at that ſight ſhall ſad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou haſt a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waining age.

1 *Man.* And, 'till the tears, that ſhe hath ſhed for thee,
Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the faireſt creature in the world;
And yet ſhe is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I ſuch a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not ſleep: I ſee, I hear, I ſpeak;
I ſmell ſweet ſavours, and I feel ſoft things:—
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Chriſtopher Sly.—
Well, bring our lady hither to our ſight;
And once again, a pot o' the ſmalleſt ale.

2 *Man.* Will't pleaſe your mightineſs to waſh your hands?
Oh, how we joy to ſee your wit reſtor'd!
Oh, that once more you knew but what you are!
Theſe fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or, when you wak'd, ſo wak'd as if you ſlept.

Sly. Theſe fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never ſpeak of all that time?

1 *Man.* Oh, yes, my lord: but very idle words:—
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you ſay, ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hoſteſs of the houſe;
And ſay, you would preſent her at the [6] leet,

[6] —*Leet,*] As the *Court leet,* or courts of the manor. JOHNSON.

Becauſe ſhe brought ſtone jugs, and no ſeal'd quarts:
Sometimes, you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the houſe.

3 *Man.* Why, ſir, you know no houſe, nor no ſuch maid;
Nor no ſuch men, as you have reckon'd up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece[7],
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;
And twenty more ſuch names and men as theſe,
Which never were, nor no man ever ſaw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen[6].

Sly. I thank thee; thou ſhalt not loſe by it.

Enter the Page, as a lady, with attendants[7].

Lady. How fares my noble lord?

7 ——*John Naps of* Greece,] A *hart of Greece* was a *fat hart*; *Graiſſe*, Fr. So, in the old ballad of *Adam Bell*, &c.

"Eche of them ſlew a hart of *graece*."

Again, in *Ives's Select Papers*, at the coronation feaſt of Elizabeth of York, queen of king Henry VII. among other diſhes were "capons *of high Greece*."

Perhaps this expreſſion was uſed to imply that *John Naps* (who might have been a real character) was *a fat man:* or as Poins calls the aſſociates of Falſtaff *Trojans*, John Naps might be called a *Grecian* for ſuch another reaſon. STEEVENS.

For *old John Naps* of Greece read, *old John Naps* o' th' Green. BLACKSTONE.

In *The London Chanticleers*, a comedy, 1659, a ballad entitled "George *o' the Green*" is mentioned. The addition ſeems to have been a common one. MALONE.

6 In this place, Mr. Pope, and after him other editors, had introduced the three following ſpeeches, from the old edition, 1607. I have already obſerved that it is by no means probable, that the former comedy of the *Taming of the Shrew* was written by Shakſpeare, and have therefore removed them from the text.

"*Sly.* By the maſs, I think I am a lord indeed:
"What is thy name?
"*Man. Sim*, an it pleaſe your honour.
"*Sly. Sim?* that's as much as to ſay, *Simeon*,
"or *Simon*. Put forth thy hand, and fill the pot."
STEEVENS.

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough. Where is my wife?

Lady. Here, noble lord; What is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me—husband? My men ſhould call me—lord, I am your good-man.

Lady. My huſband and my lord, my lord and huſband; I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well:—What muſt I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Alce madam, or Joan madam?

7 *Enter the Page*, &c.] Thus in the original play.

" *Enter the boy in woman's attire.*

" *Slie. Sim*, is this ſhe?

" *Lord.* I, my lord.

" *Slie.* Maſſe 'tis a pretty wench; what's her name?

" *Boy.* Oh that my lovelie lord would once vouchſafe

" To looke on me, and leave theſe frantike fits!

" Or were I now but half ſo eloquent

" To paint in words what Ile perform in deedes,

" I know your honour then would pittie me.

" *Slie.* Harke you, miſtreſſe; will you eat a piece of bread?

" Come, ſit down on my knee: drink to her, *Sim*;

" For ſhe and I will go to bed anon.

" *Lord.* May it pleaſe you, your honour's plaiers be come

" To offer your honour a plaie.

" *Slie.* A plaie, *Sim*, O brave! be they my plaiers?

" *Lord.* I my lord.

" *Slie.* Is there not a foole in the plaie?

" *Lord.* Yes, my lord.

" *Slie.* When will they plaie, *Sim?*

" *Lord.* Even when it pleaſe your honor; they be readie.

" *Boy.* My lord, Ile go bid them begin their plaie.

" *Slie.* Doo, but looke that you come again.

" *Boy.* I warrant you, my lord; I will not leave you thus. [*Exit Boy.*

" *Slie.* Come, *Sim*, where be the plaiers? *Sim* ſtand by me,

" And we'll flowt the plaiers out of their coates.

" *Lord.* Ile cal them my lord. Ho, where are you there?

" *Sound trumpets.*

" *Enter two young gentlemen, and a man, and a boy.*"

STEEVENS.

Lord.

Lord. Madam, and nothing elſe; ſo lords call ladies.

Sly. [8]Madam wife, they ſay, that I have dream'd, and ſlept
Above ſome fifteen years and more.

Lady. Ay, and the time ſeems thirty unto me;
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much;——Servants, leave me and her alone.——
Madam, undreſs you, and come now to bed [9].

Lady. Thrice noble lord, let me intreat of you,
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or, if not ſo, until the ſun be ſet:
For your phyſicians have expreſsly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I ſhould yet abſent me from your bed:
I hope, this reaſon ſtands for my excuſe.

Sly. Ay, it ſtands ſo, that I may hardly tarry ſo long. But I would be loth to fall into my dreams again; I will therefore tarry, in deſpight of the fleſh and the blood.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleaſant comedy,
For ſo your doctors hold it very meet;
Seeing too much ſadneſs hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurſe of frenzy,
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thouſand harms, and lengthens life.

[8] Mr. Pope made likewiſe the following addition to this ſpeech from the elder play.

"*Sly.* Come, ſit down on my knee. *Sim*, drink to her." Madam, &c. STEEVENS.

[9] —*come now to bed.*] Here Mr. Pope adds again.—*Sim, drink to her.* STEEVENS.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it: Is not a commonty a Chriſtmas gambol, or a tumbling trick[1]?

Lady. No, my good lord; it is more pleaſing ſtuff.

Sly. What, houſhold ſtuff?

Lady. It is a kind of hiſtory.

Sly. Well, we'll ſee't: Come, madam wife, ſit by my ſide, and let the world ſlip; we ſhall ne'er be younger.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in Padua.

Flouriſh. Enter Lucentio, and his man Tranio.

Luc. Tranio, ſince—for the great deſire I had
To ſee fair Padua, nurſery of arts,—
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy[2],
The pleaſant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
Moſt truſty ſervant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and happily inſtitute
A courſe of learning, and[3] ingenious ſtudies.

Piſa

[1] *Is not a* commonty *a Chriſtmas gambol, or a tumbling trick?*] Thus the old copies; the modern ones read, *It is not a commodity*, &c. *Commonty* for comedy, &c. STEEVENS.

In the old play (ſee p. 403.) the players themſelves uſe the word *commodity* corruptly for a *comedy*. BLACKSTONE.

[2] ——from *fruitful Lombardy*,] So, Mr. Theobald. The former editions, inſtead of *from* had *for*. JOHNSON.

Padua is a city of Lombardy, therefore Mr. Theobald's emendation is unneceſſary. STEEVENS.

[3] —— *ingenious*] I rather think it was written *ingenuous ſtudies*, but of this and a thouſand ſuch obſervations there is little certainty. JOHNSON.

In

Piſa, renowned for grave citizens [4],
Gave me my being, and my father firſt,
A merchant of great traffick through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio his ſon, brought up in Florence,
It ſhall become, to ſerve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I ſtudy,
Virtue, and that part of philoſophy [6]
Will I apply, that treats of happineſs
By virtue 'ſpecially to be atchiev'd.
Tell me thy mind: for I have Piſa left,
And am to Padua come; as he that leaves
A ſhallow plaſh, to plunge him in the deep,
And with ſatiety ſeeks to quench his thirſt.
Tra. Me pardonato [8], gentle maſter mine,
I am in all affected as yourſelf;

In *Coles's* Dictionary 1677, it is remarked——"*ingenuous* and *ingenious* are too often confounded." Thus in *The Match at Midnight*, by Rowley, 1633:

"Methinks he dwells in my opinion: a right *ingenious* ſpirit, veil'd merely with the variety of youth, and wildneſs.

Again, in *The Bird in a Cage*, 1633:

"——deal *ingeniouſly*, ſweet lady. EDITOR.

[4] *Piſa renowned for grave citizens,*] This paſſage, I think, ſhould be read and pointed thus:

Piſa, renowned for grave citizens
Gave me my being, and my father firſt,
A merchant of great traffick through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.

In the next line, which ſhould begin a new ſentence, *Vincentio his ſon*, is the ſame as *Vincentio's ſon*, which the author of the *Reviſal* not apprehending, has propoſed to alter Vincentio into Lucentio. It may be added, that Shakſpeare in other places expreſſes the genitive caſe in the ſame improper manner. See *Troilus and Creſſida*, act ii. ſc. 1: "*Mars his* ideot." And *Twelfth Night*, act iii. ſc. 3: "The *Count his* gallies. TYRWHITT.

[6] *Virtue, and that part of philoſophy*] Sir Thomas Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read *to* virtue; but formerly *ply* and *apply* were indifferently uſed, as to *ply* or *apply* his ſtudies. JOHNSON.

[8] *Me pardonato*] We ſhould read, *Mi pardonate*. STEEVENS.

Glad that you thus continue your reſolve,
To ſuck the ſweets of ſweet philoſophy.
Only, good maſter, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral diſcipline,
Let's be no ſtoicks, nor no ſtocks, I pray;
Or ſo devote to Ariſtotle's checks [7],
As Ovid be an outcaſt quite abjur'd:
[8] Talk logick with acquaintance, that you have,
And practice rhetorick in your common talk;
Muſick, and poeſy, uſe to quicken you;
The mathematicks, and the metaphyſicks,
Fall to them, as you find your ſtomach ſerves you:
No profit grows, where is no pleaſure ta'en;—
In brief, ſir, ſtudy what you moſt affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well doſt thou adviſe,
If, Biondello, thou wert come aſhore,
We could at once put us in readineſs;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua ſhall beget.
But ſtay a while: What company is this?

Tra. Maſter, ſome ſhow to welcome us to town.

Enter Baptiſta, with Katharina and Bianca. Gremio and Hortenſio. Lucentio and Tranio ſtand by.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am reſolv'd you know;
That is, not to beſtow my youngeſt daughter,
Before I have a huſband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,

[7] —*Ariſtotle's checks,*] are, I ſuppoſe, the harſh rules of Ariſtotle. STEEVENS.

Tranio is here deſcanting on academical learning, and mentions by name ſix of the ſeven liberal ſciences. I ſuſpect this to be a miſ-print, made by ſome copyiſt or compoſitor, for *ethicks*. The ſenſe confirms it. BLACKSTONE.

[8] *Talk logick*] The old copies read—*Balke* logick &c. MALONE.

9 Acquaintance here means the knowledge you have already attained S.A. Because

Becauſe I know you well, and love you well,
Leave ſhall you have to court her at your pleaſure.
Gre. To cart her rather: She's too rough for me:
There, there, Hortenſio, will you any wife?
Kath. I pray you, ſir, is it your will
To make a ſtale of me amongſt theſe mates?
Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unleſs you were of gentler, milder mould.
Kath. I'faith, ſir, you ſhall never need to fear;
I-wis, it is not half way to her heart:
But, if it were, doubt not, her care ſhall be
To comb your noddle with a three legg'd ſtool,
And paint your face, and uſe you like a fool.
Hor. From all ſuch devils, good Lord, deliver us!
Gre. And me too, good Lord!
Tra. Huſh, maſter! here is ſome good paſtime toward;
That wench is ſtark mad, or wonderful froward.
Luc. But in the other's ſilence I do ſee
Maid's mild behaviour and ſobriety.
Peace, Tranio.
Tra. Well ſaid, maſter; mum! and gaze your fill.
Bap. Gentlemen, that I may ſoon make good
What I have ſaid—Bianca, get you in:
And let it not diſpleaſe thee, good Bianca;
For I will love thee ne'er the leſs, my girl.
Kath. A pretty peat[1]! 'tis beſt
Put finger in the eye,—an ſhe knew why.

Bian.

[1] *A pretty* peat!] *Peat* or *pet* is a word of endearment from *petit*, *little*, as if it meant pretty little thing. JOHNSON.

This word is uſed in the old play of *King Leir* (not Shakſpeare's):

"*Gon.* I marvel, Ragan, how you can endure
"To ſee that proud, pert *peat*, our youngeſt ſiſter, &c."

Again, in *Coridon's Song*, by Tho. Lodge; publiſhed in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

"And

Bian. Siſter, content you in my diſcontent.—
Sir, to your pleaſure humbly I ſubſcribe:
My books, and inſtruments, ſhall be my company;
On them to look, and practiſe by myſelf.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'ſt hear Minerva ſpeak. [*aſide.*

Hor. Signior Baptiſta, will you be ſo [2] ſtrange?
Sorry am I, that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew her up,
Signior Baptiſta, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am reſolv'd:——
Go in, Bianca. [*Exit Bianca.*
And for I know, ſhe taketh moſt delight
In muſick, inſtruments, and poetry,
Schoolmaſters will I keep within my houſe,
Fit to inſtruct her youth.—If you, Hortenſio,—
Or ſignior Gremio, you,—know any ſuch,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men [3]
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up;
And ſo farewel. Katharina, you may ſtay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*

Kath. Why, and I truſt, I may go too, May I not?
What, ſhall I be appointed hours; as though, belike,
I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha!
[*Exit.*

" And God ſend every *pretty peate*,
" Heigh hoe the *pretty peate*, &c."

and is, I believe, of Scotch extraction. I find it in one of the proverbs of that country, where it ſignifies *darling*.

" He has fault of a wife, that marries mam's *pet*." i. e. He is in great want of a wife who marries one that is her mother's darling. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*ſo ſtrange?*] That is, ſo odd, ſo different from others in your conduct. JOHNSON.

[3] *Cunning men*] *Cunning* had not yet loſt its original ſignification of *knowing*, *learned*, as may be obſerved in the tranſlation of the Bible. JOHNSON.

Gre.

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts are ſo good, here is none will hold you. Their love is not ſo great, Hortenſio, but we may blow our nails together, and faſt it fairly out; our cake's dough on both ſides. Farewel;—Yet, for the love I bear my ſweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man, to teach her that wherein ſhe delights, I will [4]wiſh him to her father.

Hor. So will I, ſignior Gremio: But a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel never yet brook'd parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have acceſs to our fair miſtreſs, and be happy rivals in Bianca' love,—to labour and effect one thing 'ſpecially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry ſir, to get a huſband for her ſiſter.

Gre. A huſband! a devil.

Hor. I ſay, a huſband.

Gre. I ſay, a devil: Think'ſt thou, Hortenſio, though her father be very rich, any man is ſo very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tuſh, Gremio! though it paſs your patience, and mine, to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all her faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipp'd at the high croſs every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you ſay, there's ſmall choice in rotten apples. But, come; ſince this bar in law makes us friends, it ſhall be ſo far forth friendly maintain'd,—till by helping Baptiſta's eldeſt daughter to a huſband, we ſet his youngeſt free for a huſband, and then have to't afreſh.—Sweet Bianca!—

[4] *wiſh him*] i. e. recommend him. See vol. ii. p. 317. EDITOR.

Happy

Happy man be his dole[3]! He that runs faſteſt gets the ring. How ſay you ſignior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the beſt horſe in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the houſe of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt Gremio and Hortenſio.*

Manent Tranio, and Lucentio.

Tra. I pray, ſir, tell me,—Is it poſſible
That love ſhould of a ſudden take ſuch hold?

Luc. Oh, Tranio, 'till I found it to be true,
I never thought it poſſible, or likely;
But ſee! while idly I ſtood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleneſs:
And now in plainneſs do confeſs to thee,—
That art to me as ſecret, and as dear,
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I periſh Tranio,
If I atchieve not this young modeſt girl:
Counſel me, Tranio, for I know thou canſt;
Aſſiſt me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Maſter, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but ſo[4],
[5] *Redime te captum quam queas minimo.*

[3] —*happy man be his dole!*] See vol. iv. p. 312. STEEVENS.

[4] *If love hath* touch'd *you, nought remains but ſo,*] The next line from Terence, ſhews that we ſhould read:

"*If Love hath* toyl'd *you,*" ———

i. e. taken you in his toils, his nets. Alluding to the *captus eſt, habet*, of the ſame author. WARBURTON.

[5] *Redime* &c] Our author had this line from *Lilly*, which I mention, that it may not be brought as an argument of his learning JOHNSON.

Dr. Farmer's pamphlet affords an additional proof that this line was taken from *Lilly*, and not from *Terence*; becauſe it is quoted, as it appears in the *grammarian*, and not as it appears in the *poet*. It may be added, that *captus eſt, habet*, is not in the ſame play which furniſhed the quotation. STEEVENS.

Luc.

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents;
The reſt will comfort, for thy counſel's ſound.
Tra. Maſter, you look'd ſo longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.
Luc. O yes, I ſaw ſweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor[6] had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiſs'd the Cretan ſtrand.
Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her ſiſter
Began to ſcold; and raiſe up ſuch a ſtorm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?
Luc. Tranio, I ſaw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath ſhe did perfume the air;
Sacred, and ſweet, was all I ſaw in her.
Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to ſtir him from his trance.
I pray, awake, ſir; If you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to atchieve her. Thus it ſtands:—
Her eldeſt ſiſter is ſo curſt and ſhrewd,
That, till the father rid his hands of her,
Maſter, your love muſt live a maid at home;
And therefore has he cloſely mew'd her up,
Becauſe ſhe ſhall not be annoy'd with ſuitors.
Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not adviſ'd, he took ſome care
To get her cunning ſchoolmaſters to inſtruct her?
Tra. Ay, marry, am I, ſir; and now 'tis plotted.
Luc. I have it, Tranio.
Tra. Maſter, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.
Luc. Tell me thine firſt.
Tra. You will be ſchool-maſter,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.

[6] —— *daughter of Agenor,*] Europa, for whoſe ſake Jupiter transformed himſelf into a bull. STEEVENS.

Luc.

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tra. Not poſſible; For who ſhall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's ſon?
Keep houſe, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
Viſit his countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc. Baſta[7]; content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been ſeen in any houſe;
Nor can we be diſtinguiſh'd by our faces,
For man, or maſter: then it follows thus;—
Thou ſhalt be maſter, Tranio, in my ſtead,
Keep houſe, and[8] port, and ſervants, as I ſhould:
I will ſome other be; ſome Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Piſa.—
'Tis hatch'd, and ſhall be ſo:—Tranio, at once
Uncaſe thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes he waits on thee:
But I will charm him firſt to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*
In brief, ſir, ſith it your pleaſure is,
And I am ty'd to be obedient;
(For ſo your father charg'd me at our parting;
Be ſerviceable to my ſon, quoth he,
Although, I think, 'twas in another ſenſe)
I am content to be Lucentio.
Becauſe ſo well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be ſo, becauſe Lucentio loves:
And let me be a ſlave, to atchieve that maid
Whoſe ſudden ſight hath thraſl'd my wounded eye.

[7] *Baſta*;] i. e. *'tis enough*; Italian and Spaniſh. This expreſſion occurs in the *Mad Lover*, and the *Little French Lawyer*, of Beaumont and Fletcher. STEEVENS.

[8] *port*,] *Port*, is figure, ſhow, appearance. JOHNSON.
So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"'Tis not unknown to you, Anthonio,
"How much I have diſabled mine eſtate
"By ſometime ſhewing a more ſwelling *port*,
"Than my faint means, would grant continuance."

EDITOR.

Enter

Enter Biondello.

Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now, where are you?
Maſter, has my fellow Tranio ſtolen your cloaths?
Or you ſtoln his? or both? pray what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 'tis no time to jeſt,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to ſave my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my eſcape have put on his;
For in a quarel, ſince I came aſhore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I am deſcry'd:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to ſave my life:
You underſtand me?

Bion. Ay, ſir, ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him; 'Would, I were ſo too!

Tra. So would I, 'faith boy, to have the next wiſh after,—
That Lucentio indeed had Baptiſta's youngeſt daughter.
But ſirrah,—not for my ſake, but your maſter's,—I adviſe
You uſe your manners diſcreetly in all kind of companies:
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places elſe, your maſter Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go:—
One thing more reſts, that thyſelf execute;—
To make one among theſe wooers: If thou aſk me why,—
Sufficeth, my reaſons are both good and weighty [9].

[*Exeunt.*

1 Man.

[9] ——*good and weighty.* The diviſion for the ſecond act of this play is neither marked in the folio nor quarto editions.

Shakſpeare

1 Man. *My lord you nod; you do not mind the play.*

Sly. *Yes, by ſaint Anne, do I. A good matter, ſurely; Comes there any more of it?*

Pag. *My lord, 'tis but begun.*

Sly. *'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady; 'Would it were done!*

SCENE II.

Before Hortenſio's houſe in Padua.

Enter Petruchio, and Grumio.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To ſee my friends in Padua; but, of all,
My beſt beloved and approved friend,
Hortenſio; and, I trow, this is his houſe;
Here, ſirrah Grumio; knock, I ſay.

Gru. Knock, ſir! whom ſhould I knock? is there any man has rebus'd your worſhip[1]?

Pet. Villain, I ſay, knock me here ſoundly.

Gru. Knock you here, ſir? why, ſir, what am I, ſir,
That I ſhould knock you here, ſir?

Pet. Villain, I ſay, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My maſter is grown quarrelſome: I ſhould knock you firſt,
And then I know after who comes by the worſt.

Pet. Will it not be?
Faith, ſirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it;
I'll try how you can *ſol, fa,* and ſing it.

[*He wrings him by the ears.*

Shakſpeare ſeems to have meant the firſt act to conclude here, where the ſpeeches of the Tinker are introduced; though they have been hitherto thrown to the end of the firſt act, according to a modern and arbitrary regulation. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*has* rebus'd *your worſhip?*] What is the meaning of *rebus'd?* or is it a falſe print for *abus'd?* TYRWHITT.

Gru.

Gru. Help, maſters, help! my maſter is mad.

Pet. Now knock when I bid you: ſirrah! villain!

Enter Hortenſio.

Hor. How now? what's the matter?—My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio!—How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortenſio, come you to part the fray? *Con tutto il core ben trovato*, may I ſay.

Hor. *Alla noſtra caſa ben venuto,*
Molto honorato ſignor mio Petruchio.
Riſe, Grumio, riſe; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he 'leges[2] in Latin.—If this be not a lawful cauſe for me to leave his ſervice,—Look you, ſir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him ſoundly, ſir: Well, was it fit for a ſervant to uſe his maſter ſo; being, perhaps, (for ought I ſee) two and thirty,—a pip out?
Whom, would to God, I had well knock'd at firſt,
Then had not Grumio come by the worſt.

Pet. A ſenſeleſs villain!—Good Hortenſio,
I bid the raſcal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate?—O heavens!—
Spake you not theſe words plain,—*Sirrah, knock me here, Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me ſoundly*[3]?
And come you now with—knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I adviſe you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:

[2] —— *what he* 'leges *in Latin.*] i. e. I ſuppoſe, what he *alleges* in Latin. Petruchio has been juſt ſpeaking Italian to Hortenſio, which Grumio miſtakes for the other language. STEEVENS.

I cannot help ſuſpecting that we ſhould read: "Nay, 'tis no matter what *be leges* in Latin, if this be not a lawful cauſe for me to leave his ſervice. Look you, ſir."—That is, *'Tis no matter what is* law, *if this be not a lawful cauſe*, &c. TYRWHITT.

[3] ——knock me *ſoundly?*] Shakſpeare ſeems to deſign a ridicule on this clipt and ungrammatical phraſeology; which yet he has introduced in *Othello*:

"I pray *talk me* of Caſſio." STEEVENS.

Why, this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;
Your ancient, truſty, pleaſant ſervant Grumio.
And tell me now, ſweet friend,—what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as ſcatters young men through the world,
To ſeek their fortunes farther than at home,
[4] Where ſmall experience grows. But, in a few,
Signior Hortenſio, thus it ſtands with me:—
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;
And I have thruſt myſelf into this maze,
Happly to wive, and thrive, as beſt I may:
Crowns in my purſe I have, and goods at home,
And ſo am come abroad to ſee the world.

Hor. Petruchio, ſhall I then come roundly to thee,
And wiſh thee to a ſhrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'dſt thank me but a little for my counſel:
And yet I'll promiſe thee ſhe ſhall be rich,
And very rich:—but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wiſh thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortenſio, 'twixt ſuch friends as we,
Few words ſuffice: and, therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
(As wealth is burden of my wooing dance [5])
Be ſhe as foul as was Florentius' love [6],

As

[4] *Where ſmall experience grows. But, in a few,*] *In a few,* means the ſame as *in ſhort, in few* words. JOHNSON.
So, in *K. Henry* IV. Part ii:
"In *few*;—his death, whoſe ſpirit lent a fire," &c.
STEEVENS.

[5] (*As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance*)] The *burthen* of a *dance* is an expreſſion which I have never heard; the *burthen of his wooing ſong* had been more proper. JOHNSON.

[6] *Be ſhe as foul as was Florentius' love,*] I ſuppoſe this alludes to the ſtory of a Florentine, which is met with in an old book, called, *A Thouſand Notable Things*, and perhaps in other Collections. "He was raviſhed over-night with the luſtre of jewels, and was mad till the marriage was ſolemnized; but next morning, viewing his lady before ſhe was ſo gorgeouſly trim'd up,—

As old as Sibyl, and as curſt and ſhrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worſe,
She moves me not, or not removes, at leaſt,
[7] Affection's edge in me, were ſhe as rough

As

She was ſuch a leane, yellow, rivell'd, deform'd creature, that he never lived with her afterwards." FARMER.

The alluſion is to a ſtory told by Gower in the firſt book *De Confeſſione Amantis*. *Florent* is the name of a knight who had bound himſelf to marry a deformed hag, provided ſhe taught him the ſolution of a riddle on which his life depended. The following is the deſcription of her.

" *Florent* his wofull heed up lifte,
" And ſaw this vecke, where that ſhe ſit,
" Which was the lotheſt wighte
" That ever man caſte on his eye:
" Hir noſe baas, hir browes hie,
" Hir eyes ſmall, and depe ſette,
" Hir chekes ben with teres wette,
" And rivelyn as an empty ſkyn,
" Hangyng downe unto the chyn;
" Hir lippes ſhronken ben for age,
" There was no grace in hir viſage.
" Hir front was narowe, hir lockes hore,
" She loketh foorth as doth a more:
" Hir neck is ſhorte, hir ſhulders courbe,
" That might a mans luſte diſtourbe:
" Hir bodie great, and no thyng ſmall,
" And ſhortly to deſcribe hir all,
" She hath no lith without a lacke,
" But like unto the woll ſacke: &c."———

" Though ſhe be the *fouleſte* of all, &c.

This ſtory might have been borrowed by Gower from an older narrative in the *Geſta Romanorum*. See the Introductory Diſcourſe to the *Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, laſt edit. vol. iv. p. 153. STEEVENS.

[7] *Affection's* edge *in* me,] This man is a ſtrange talker. He tells you he wants money only. And, as to *affection*, he thinks ſo little of the matter, that give him but a rich miſtreſs, and he will take her though incruſted all over with the worſt bad qualities of age, uglineſs, and ill-manners. Yet after this, he talks of *affection's edge* being ſo ſtrong in him that nothing can abate it. Some of the old copies indeed, inſtead of *me* read *time*: this will direct us to the true reading, which I am perſuaded is this:

" *Affection* ſieg'd in coin,

As are the ſwelling Adriatick ſeas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, ſir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: Why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby[8]; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though ſhe have as many diſeaſes as two and fifty horſes[9]: why, nothing comes amiſs, ſo money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, ſince we have ſtept thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jeſt.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;
Brought up, as beſt becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault (and that is fault enough)
Is,—that ſhe is intolerably curſt,
And ſhrewd, and froward; ſo beyond all meaſure,
That, were my ſtate far worſer than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

i. e. placed, ſeated, fixed. This makes him ſpeak to the purpoſe, that his *affection* is all love of money. The expreſſion too is proper, as the metaphor is entire—— *to remove affection fieg'd in coin.* WARBURTON.

Surely the ſenſe of the preſent reading is too obvious to be miſſed or miſtaken. Petruchio ſays, that, *if a girl has money enough, no bad qualities of mind or body will* remove affection's edge; i. e. hinder him from liking her. JOHNSON.

[8] *aglet*] the tag of a point.
So, in the *Spaniſh Tragedy*, 1605:

"And all thoſe ſtars that gaze upon her face,
"Are *aglets* on her ſleeve-pins and her train."

See vol. ii. p. 318. STEEVENS.

An aglet-*baby* was a ſmall image or head cut on the tag of a point, or lace. That ſuch figures were ſometimes appended to them, Dr. Warburton has proved, in a former note, by a paſſage in Mezeray, the French Hiſtorian:—"portant meme ſur les *aiguilletes* [points] des petites *tetes* de mort." MALONE.

[9] ——*as many diſeaſes as two and fifty horſes.*] I ſuſpect this paſſage to be corrupt, though I know not well how to rectify it—*The fifty diſeaſes of a horſe* ſeems to have been proverbial. So, in *The Yorkſhire Tragedy*, 1608: "O ſtumbling jade! the ſpavin o'ertake thee! the *fifty diſeaſes* ſtop thee!" MALONE.

Pet. Hortenſio, peace; thou know'ſt not gold's effect:——
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though ſhe chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptiſta Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is, Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her ſcolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceaſed father well:—
I will not ſleep, Hortenſio, till I ſee her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this firſt encounter,
Unleſs you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, ſir, let him go while the humour laſts. O' my word, an ſhe knew him as well as I do, ſhe would think ſcolding would do little good upon him: She may, perhaps, call him half a ſcore knaves, or ſo: why, that's nothing; [1] an he begin once,

[1] *an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks.*] This is obſcure. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *he'll rail in his* rhetorick; *I'll tell you*, &c. Rhetorick agrees very well with *figure* in the ſucceeding part of the ſpeech, yet I am inclined to believe that *rope-tricks* is the true word. JOHNSON.

In *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakſpeare uſes *ropery* for *roguery*, and therefore certainly wrote *rope-tricks*.

Rope-tricks we may ſuppoſe to mean tricks of which the contriver would deſerve the *rope*. STEEVENS.

Rope-tricks is certainly right.—*Ropery* or *rope-tricks* originally ſignified abuſive language, without any determinate idea; ſuch language as parrots are taught to ſpeak. So, in *Hudibras:*

"——Could tell what ſubt'leſt parrots mean,
That ſpeak, and think contrary clean;
What member 'tis of whom they talk,
When they cry *rope*, and walk knave, walk."

The following paſſage in Wilſon's *Arte of Rhetorique*, 1553; ſhews that this was the meaning of the term: "Another good fellow in the countrey, being an officer and maiour of a toune, and deſirous to ſpeak like a fine learned man, having juſt occaſion to rebuke a runnegate fellow, ſaid after this wiſe in a greate heate:

once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, ſir,—an ſhe ſtand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and ſo disfigure her with it, [2] that ſhe ſhall have no more eyes to ſee withal than a cat: you know him not, ſir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I muſt go with thee;
For [3] in Baptiſta's keep my treaſure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngeſt daughter, beautiful Bianca;

Thou yngram and vacation knave, if I take thee any more within the circumciſion of my dampnacion, I will ſo corrupte thee that all vacation knaves ſhall take ill ſample by thee." This the author in the margin calls *rope ripe* chiding." So, in *May-day*, a comedy by Chapman, 1611: "Lord! how you roll in your *rope-ripe* terms." MALONE.

[2] ——*that ſhe ſhall have no more eyes to ſee withal than a cat:*] The humour of this paſſage I do not underſtand. This animal is remarkable for the keenneſs of its ſight. Probably the poet meant to have ſaid—*a cat in a bottle*. Of this diverſion ſee an account in *Much Ado About Nothing*, act i. to the note on which, the following paſſages may be added from a poem called *Cornu-copiæ, or Paſquil's Night-cap, or an Antidote for the Head ache*, 1623, p. 48:

"Fairer than any ſtake in Greys-inn-field, &c.
"Guarded with gunners, bill-men, and a rout
"Of bow-men bold, which *at a cat do ſhoot*."

Again, *ibid:*

"Nor on the top a *cat-a-mount* was fram'd,
"Or ſome wilde beaſt that ne'er before was tam'd;
"Made at the charges of ſome archer ſtout,
"To have his name canoniz'd in the clout."

I did not meet with theſe inſtances till the play to which they belong was printed off. They ſerve, however, to ſhew that it was cuſtomary to ſhoot at factitious as well as real cats.

There are two proverbs which any reader who can, may apply to this alluſion of Grumio:

"Well might the *cat* wink when both her eyes were out."
"A *muffled* cat was never a good hunter."

The firſt is in *Ray's Collection*, the ſecond in *Kelly's*. STEEVENS.

It may mean, that he ſhall ſwell up her eyes with blows, till ſhe ſhall ſeem to peep with a contracted pupil, like a cat in the light. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*in Baptiſta's* keep] *Keep* is cuſtody. The ſtrongeſt part of an ancient caſtle was called the *keep*. STEEVENS.

And

[4] And her witholds he from me, and other more
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:
Suppoſing it a thing impoſſible,
(For thoſe defects I have before rehears'd)
That ever Katharina will be woo'd,
Therefore this order hath Baptiſta ta'en;—
That none ſhall have acceſs unto Bianca,
'Till Katharine the curſt have got a huſband.

Gru. Katharine the curſt!
A title for a maid, of all titles the worſt.

Hor. Now ſhall my friend Petruchio do me grace;
And offer me, diſguis'd in ſober robes,
To old Baptiſta as a ſchool-maſter
[5] Well ſeen in muſick, to inſtruct Bianca:
That ſo I may by this device, at leaſt,
Have leave and leiſure to make love to her,
And, unſuſpected, court her by herſelf.

Enter Gremio, and Lucentio diſguis'd, with books under his arm.

Gru. Here's no knavery! See; to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Maſter, maſter, look about you; Who goes there? ha.

Hor. Peace, Grumio; 'tis the rival of my love:—
Petruchio, ſtand by a while.

[4] *And her witholds*, &c.] It ſtood thus:

And her witholds he from me.
Other more ſuitors to her, and rivals in my love. &c.

The regulation which I have given to the text, was dictated to me by the ingenious Dr. Thirlby. THEOBALD.

[5] *Well* ſeen *in muſick*,] *Seen* is *verſed*, practiſed. So, in *The longer thou Liveſt the more Fool thou art*, 1570:

"Sum would have you *ſeen* in ſtories,
"Sum to feates of arms will you allure, &c.
"Sum will move you to reade Scripture.
"Marry, I would have you *ſeene* in cardes and diſe."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. iv. c. 2:

"Well *ſeene* in every ſcience that mote bee." STEEVENS.

Gru. A proper ſtripling, and an amorous!
Gre. O, very well; I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, ſir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, ſee that at any hand [5];
And ſee you read no other lectures to her:
You underſtand me:—Over and beſide
Signior Baptiſta's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largeſs:—Take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For ſhe is ſweeter than perfume itſelf,
To whom they go. What will you read to her?
Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron, (ſtand you ſo aſſur'd)
As firmly as yourſelf were ſtill in place:
Yea, and (perhaps,) with more ſucceſsful words
Than you, unleſs you were a ſcholar, ſir.
Gre. O this learning! what a thing it is!
Gru. O this woodcock! what an aſs it is!
Pet. Peace, ſirrah.
Hor. Grumio, mum!—God ſave you, ſignior Gremio!
Gre. And you are well met, ſignior Hortenſio. Trow you
Whither I am going?—To Baptiſta Minola.
I promis'd to enquire carefully
About a ſchoolmaſter for the fair Bianca:
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning and behaviour,
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,
And other books,—good ones, I warrant you.
Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promis'd me to help me [6] to another,
A fine muſician to inſtruct our miſtreſs;
So ſhall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, ſo belov'd of me.

[5] —*at any hand,*] i. e. at all events. See vol. iv. p. 96. STEEVENS.

[6] — help *me*] The old copy reads:—help *one*. STEEVENS.

Gre. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds ſhall prove.
Gru. And that his bags ſhall prove. [*Aſide.*
Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love;
Liſten to me, and if you ſpeak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curſt Katharine;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry pleaſe.
Gre. So ſaid, ſo done, is well:—
Hortenſio, have you told him all her faults?
Pet. I know, ſhe is an irkſome brawling ſcold;
If that be all, maſters, I hear no harm.
Gre. No, ſay'ſt me ſo, friend? What countryman?
Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's ſon[7]:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days, and long, to ſee.
Gre. Oh, ſir, ſuch a life, with ſuch a wife, were ſtrange:
But, if you have a ſtomach, to't o'God's name;
You ſhall have me aſſiſting you in all.
But will you woo this wild cat?
Pet. Will I live?
Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her. [*Aſide.*
Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think, you a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the ſea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with ſweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the ſkies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing ſteeds, and[8] trumpets' clang?
And

[7] —*old* Antonio's *ſon.*] The folio 1623, and quarto 1613,—read old *Butonio's* ſon. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*and trumpets clang?*] Probably the word *clang* is here uſed

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;
That gives not half ſo great a blow to the ear[9],
As will a cheſnut in a farmer's fire?
Tuſh! tuſh! fear boys[1] with bugs.

Gru. For he fears none. [*Aſide.*

Gre. Hortenſio, hark!
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind preſumes, for his own good, and ours.

Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatſoe'er.

Gre. And ſo we will; provided, that he win her.

Gru. I would, I were as ſure of a good dinner.
[*Aſide.*

uſed adjectively, as in the *Paradiſe Loſt*, b. xi. v. 834, and not as a verb:

" ——— *an iſland ſalt and bare,*
" *The haunt of ſeals, and orcs, and ſea-mews* clang."

WARTON.

I believe Mr. Warton is miſtaken. *Clang* as a ſubſtantive, is uſed in *The Noble Gentleman* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

" *I hear the* clang *of trumpets in this houſe.*"

Again, in *Tamburlaine*, &c. 1590:

" ——— hear you the *clang*
" Of Scythian trumpets?" ———

Again, in *The Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:

" The trumpet's *clang*, and roaring noiſe of drums."

Again, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

" Hath not the *clang* of harſh Armenian troops, &c."

Again, in Drant's tranſlation of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, 1567:

" Fit for a chorus, and as yet the boyſtus ſounde and ſhryll
" Of trumpetes *clang* the ſtalles was not accuſtomed to fill."

The trumpet's clang is certainly the *clang of trumpets*, and not an epithet beſtowed on thoſe inſtruments. STEEVENS.

[9] *That gives not half ſo great a blow to* hear,] This aukward phraſe could never come from Shakſpeare. He wrote, without queſtion,

——*ſo great a blow to* th' ear. WARBURTON.

So, in *K. John*:

" Our *ears* are *cudgell'd*; not a word of his
" But *buffets* better than a fiſt of France." STEEVENS.

[1] ——*with bugs.*] i. e. with *bug-bears.*

So, in *Cymbeline*:

" ——— *are become*
" *The mortal* bugs *o' th' field.*" STEEVENS.

To

To them Tranio bravely apparell'd, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen, God ſave you! If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beſeech you, which is the readieſt way
To the houſe of ſignior Baptiſta Minola?

Gre. He that has the two fair daughters[2]? is't he you mean?

Tra. Even he. Biondello!

Gre. Hark you, ſir; You mean not her to——

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, ſir? What have you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, ſir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, ſir: Biondello, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio. [*Aſide.*

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;—
Are you a ſuitor to the maid you talk of yea, or no?

Tra. An if I be, ſir, is it any offence?

Gre. No; if, without more words, you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, ſir, I pray, are not the ſtreets as free
For me, as for you?

Gre. But ſo is not ſhe.

Tra. For what reaſon, I beſeech you?

Gre. For this reaſon, if you'll know,——
That ſhe's the choice love of ſignior Gremio.

Hor. That ſhe's the choſen of ſignior Hortenſio.

Tra. Softly, my maſters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.
Baptiſta is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And, were his daughter fairer than ſhe is,

[2] *He that has the two fair daughters*, &c.] This ſpeech ſhould rather be given to Gremio: to whom, with the others, Tranio has addreſſed himſelf. The following paſſages might be written thus:

Tra. *Even he. Biondello!*
Gre. *Hark, you, ſir; you mean not her* too. TYRWHITT.

This ſpeech in the old copy, is given to *Tranio*. STEEVENS.

It is given in the firſt folio to Biondello. MALONE.

She may more ſuitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thouſand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have:
And ſo ſhe ſhall; Lucentio ſhall make one,
Though Paris came, in hope to ſpeed alone.

Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortenſio, to what end are all theſe words?

Hor. Sir, let me be ſo bold as to aſk you,
Did you yet ever ſee Baptiſta's daughter?

Tra. No, ſir; but hear I do that he hath two:
The one as famous for a ſcolding tongue,
As the other is for beauteous modeſty.

Pet. Sir, ſir, the firſt's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, underſtand you this of me, inſooth;—
The youngeſt daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all acceſs of ſuitors;
And will not promiſe her to any man,
Until the eldeſt ſiſter firſt be wed:
The youngeſt then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be ſo, ſir, that you are the man
Muſt ſtead us all, and me among the reſt;
An if you break the ice, and do this feat [3],—
Atchieve the elder, ſet the younger free
For our acceſs,—whoſe hap ſhall be to have her,
Will not ſo graceleſs be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you ſay well, and well you do conceive;
And ſince you do profeſs to be a ſuitor,
You muſt, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all reſt generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I ſhall not be ſlack: in ſign whereof,
Pleaſe ye, we may contrive this afternoon [4],

And

[3] ——*this* feat——] The old copy reads——this *ſeeke*——
The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

[4] *Pleaſe ye we may* contrive *this afternoon,*] Mr. Theobald aſks

what

And quaff carouſes to our miſtreſs' health;
And do as adverſaries do in law,—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.
Gru. O excellent motion! fellows let's begone.
Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it ſo;—
Petruchio, I ſhall be your *ben venuto.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Baptiſta's houſe in Padua.

Enter Katharina and Bianca.

Bian. Good ſiſter, wrong me not, nor wrong yourſelf,
To make a bondmaid and a ſlave of me;
That I diſdain: [5] but for theſe other gawds,—
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myſelf,

what they were to contrive? and then ſays, *a fooliſh corruption poſſeſſes the place*, and ſo alters it to *convive*; in which he is followed, as he pretty conſtantly is, when wrong, by the Oxford editor, But the common reading is right, and the critic was only ignorant of the meaning of it. *Contrive* does not ſignify here to *project* but to *ſpend*, and *wear out*. As in this paſſage of *Spenſer*:

"*Three ages ſuch as mortal men* contrive."

Fairy Queen, b. xi. ch. 9. WARBURTON.

The word is uſed in the ſame ſenſe of *ſpending* or *wearing out* in Painter's *Palace of Pleaſure* JOHNSON.

So, in *Damon and Pithias*, 1582:

"In travelling countries, we three have *contrived*
"Full many a year, &c."

Contrive, I ſuppoſe, is from *contero*. So, in the *Hecyra* of Terence. "Totum hunc *contrivi* diem." STEEVENS.

[5] — *but for theſe other* goods,] This is ſo trifling and unexpreſſive a word, that I am ſatisfied our outhor wrote *gawds*, i. e. toys, trifling ornaments;) a term that he frequently uſes and ſeems fond of. THEOBALD.

Yea,

Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or, what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy ſuitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'ſt beſt: ſee thou diſſemble not.

Bian. Believe me, ſiſter, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that ſpecial face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou ly'ſt; Is't not Hortenſio?

Bian. If you affect him, ſiſter, here I ſwear,
I'll plead for you myſelf but you ſhall have him.

Kath. Oh then, belike, you fancy riches more;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair[6].

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me ſo?
Nay, then you jeſt; and now I well perceive,
You have but jeſted with me all this while:
I pr'ythee, ſiſter Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jeſt, then all the reſt was ſo.

[*Strikes her.*

Enter Baptiſta.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this inſolence?——
Bianca, ſtand aſide;—poor girl! ſhe weeps:
Go ply the needle; meddle not with her.—
For ſhame, thou hilding[7] of a deviliſh ſpirit,
Why doſt thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did ſhe croſs thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her ſilence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

[*Flies after Bianca.*

Bap. What, in my ſight?—Bianca, get thee in.

[*Exit Bianca.*

[6] *— to keep you fair.*] I wiſh to read, *To keep you fine.* But either word may ſerve. JOHNSON.

[7] *——hilding——*] The word *hilding* or *hinderling*, is a *low wretch*; it is applied to Katharine for the coarſeneſs of her behaviour. JOHNSON.

Kath.

Kath. Will you not ſuffer me? Nay, now I ſee,
She is your treaſure, ſhe muſt have a huſband;
I muſt dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me; I will go ſit and weep,
'Till I can find occaſion of revenge. [*Exit Kath.*
Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

Enter Gremio, Lucentio in the habit of a mean man; Petruchio with Hortenſio, like a muſician; Tranio, and Biondello bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptiſta.
Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio: God ſave you, gentlemen!
Pet. And you, good ſir! Pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd Katharina, fair, and virtuous?
Bap. I have a daughter, ſir, call'd Katharina.
Gre. You are too blunt; go to it orderly.
Pet. You wrong me, ſignior Gremio; give me leave.—
I am a gentleman of Verona, ſir,
That,—hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and baſhful modeſty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,—
Am bold to ſhew myſelf a forward gueſt
Within your houſe, to make mine eye the witneſs
Of that report which I ſo oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
[*Preſenting Hortenſio.*
I do preſent you with a man of mine,
Cunning in muſick, and the mathematicks,
To inſtruct her fully in thoſe ſciences,
Whereof, I know, ſhe is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or elſe you do me wrong;
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap.

Bap. You're welcome, ſir; and he, for your good ſake:
But for my daughter Katharine,—this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I ſee, you do not mean to part with her;
Or elſe you like not of my company.

Bap. Miſtake me not, I ſpeak but as I find.
Whence are you, ſir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's ſon,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his ſake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, ſpeak too:
Baccare! you are marvellous forward[8].

Pet. Oh, pardon me, ſignior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

[8] ——Baccare, *you are marvellous forward.*] We muſt read, *Baccalare*; by which the Italians mean, thou arrogant, preſumptuous man! the word is uſed ſcornfully upon any one that would aſſume a port of grandeur. WARBURTON.

The word is neither wrong nor Italian: it was an old proverbial one, uſed by John Heywood; who hath made, what he pleaſes to call, *Epigrams* upon it. Take two of them, ſuch as they are:

" *Backare*, quoth Mortimer to his ſow,
" Went that ſow *backe* at that bidding, trow you?"
" *Backare*, quoth Mortimer to his ſow: ſe
" Mortimer's ſow ſpeaketh as good Latin as he."

Howel takes this from Heywood, in his *Old Sawes and Adages:* and Philpot introduces it into the proverbs collected by Camden. FARMER.

Again, in the ancient Enterlude of the *Repentance of Mary Magdalene*, 1567:

" Nay, hoa there, *Backare*, you muſt ſtand apart:
" You love me beſt, I trow, myſtreſſe Mary."

Again, in John *Lylly's Midas*—1592: " The maſculine gender is more worthy than the feminine, and therefore Licio *Backare*." Again, in John Grange's *Golden Aphroditis*, 1577: " ——yet wreſted he ſo his effeminate bande to the ſiege of *backwarde* affection, that both trumpe and drumme ſounded nothing for their larum, but *Baccare, Baccare.*" STEEVENS.

Gre.

Gre. [9]I doubt it not, ſir; but you will curſe your wooing —
Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am ſure of it. To expreſs the like kindneſs myſelf, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, free leave give to this young ſcholar[1], that hath been long ſtudying at Rheims; [*Preſenting Lucentio,*] as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in muſick and mathematicks: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his ſervice.

Bap. A thouſand thanks, ſignior Gremio: welcome, good Cambio.—But, gentle ſir, methinks, you walk like a ſtranger; [*To Tranio.*] May I be ſo bold to know the cauſe of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, ſir, the boldneſs is mine own;
That, being a ſtranger in this city here,
Do make myſelf a ſuitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.
Nor is your firm reſolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldeſt ſiſter:
This liberty is all that I requeſt,—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongſt the reſt that woo,
And free acceſs and favour as the reſt.
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here beſtow a ſimple inſtrument,
And this ſmall packet of Greek and Latin books[2]:

If

[9] *I doubt it not, ſir, but you will curſe your wooing neighbours. This is a gift*] This nonſenſe may be rectified by only pointing it thus, *I doubt it not, ſir, but you will curſe your wooing. Neighbour, this is a gift,* &c. addreſſing himſelf to Baptiſta. WARBURTON.

[1] —*free leave give to this young ſcholar,*] This is an injudicious correction of the firſt folio, which reads—*freely give unto* this young ſcholar. We ſhould read, I believe ———

I freely give unto *you* this young ſcholar,
That hath been long ſtudying at Rheims, as cunning
In Greek, &c. TYRWHITT.

[2] —*this ſmall packet of Greek and Latin books.*] In queen Eli-

If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Piſa, ſir; ſon to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Piſa; by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, ſir.—
Take you the lute, and you the ſet of books,
[*To Hortenſio and Lucentio.*
You ſhall go ſee your pupils preſently.
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead
Theſe gentlemen to my daughters; and tell them both,
Theſe are their tutors; bid them uſe them well.
[*Exit Servant with Hortenſio and Lucentio.*
We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner: You are paſſing welcome,
And ſo I pray you all to think yourſelves.

Pet. Signior Baptiſta, my buſineſs aſketh haſte,
And every day I cannot come to woo[3].
You knew my father well; and in him, me,
Left ſolely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:
Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry ſhall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands;
And, in poſſeſſion, twenty thouſand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dow'ry I'll aſſure her of
Her widowhood,—be it that ſhe ſurvive me,—

zabeth's time the young ladies of quality were uſually inſtructed in the learned languages, if any pains were beſtowed on their minds at all. Lady Jane Gray and her ſiſters, queen Elizabeth, &c. are trite inſtances. PERCY.

[3] *And every day I cannot come to woo.*] This is the burthen of part of an old ballad entitled the *Ingenious Braggadocia:*

"And I cannot come every day to wooe."

STEEVENS.

In

In all my lands and leaſes whatſoever:
Let ſpecialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the ſpecial thing is well obtained,
This is,—her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as ſhe proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do conſume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extream guſts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and ſo ſhe yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'ſt thou woo, and happy be thy ſpeed!
But be thou arm'd for ſome unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That ſhake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter Hortenſio with his head broke.

Bap. How now, my friend? why doſt thou look ſo pale?

Hor. For fear, I promiſe you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good muſician?

Hor. I think, ſhe'll ſooner prove a ſoldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canſt not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for ſhe hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her, ſhe miſtook her frets[9],
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a moſt impatient deviliſh ſpirit,
Frets, call you theſe? quoth ſhe: *I'll fume with them:*
And, with that word, ſhe ſtruck me on the head,

[4] —*her* frets] A fret is that ſtop of a muſical inſtrument which cauſes or regulates the vibration of the ſtring. JOHNSON.

And through the inſtrument my pate made way;
And there I ſtood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
While ſhe did call me,—raſcal fiddler,
And—twangling Jack[4]; with twenty ſuch vile terms,
As ſhe had ſtudied to miſuſe me ſo.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a luſty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
Oh, how I long to have ſome chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not ſo diſcomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us;
Or ſhall I ſend my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,

[*Exit Baptiſta with Gremio, Hortenſio, and Tranio.*

And woo her with ſome ſpirit when ſhe comes.
Say, that ſhe rail; why, then I'll tell her plain,
She ſings as ſweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that ſhe frown; I'll ſay, ſhe looks as clear
As morning roſes newly waſh'd with dew:
Say, ſhe be mute, and will not ſpeak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And ſay—ſhe uttereth piercing eloquence:
If ſhe do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though ſhe bid me ſtay by her a week;
If ſhe deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I ſhall aſk the banns, and when be married:—
But here ſhe comes; and now, Petruchio, ſpeak.

[4] *And*—twangling Jack;—] Of this contemptuous appellation I know not the preciſe meaning. Something like it, however, occurs in *Magnificence* an ancient folio interlude by Skelton, printed by Raſtell:

"———ye wene I were ſome hafter,
"Or ellys ſome *jangelynge jacke* of the vale." STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Katharine.

Good-morrow, Kate [5]; for that's your name, I hear.
Kath. Well have you heard, but ſomething hard of hearing;

[5] *Good-morrow Kate*; &c] Thus in the original play:
" *Feran.* Twenty good-morrows to my lovely *Kate.*
" *Kate.* You jeaſt I am ſure; is ſhe yours already?
" *Feran.* I tel thee *Kate*, I know thou lov'ſt me wel.
" *Kate.* The divel you do; who told you ſo?
" *Feran.* My mind, ſweet *Kate*, doth ſay I am the man,
" Muſt wed, and bed, and marrie bonnie *Kate.*
" *Kate.* Was ever ſeene ſo groſſe an aſſe as this?
" *Feran.* I, to ſtand ſo long and never get a kiſſe.
" *Kate.* Hands off, I ſay, and get you from this place;
" Or I will ſet my ten commandements in your face.
" *Feran.* I prithy do, *Kate*; they ſay thou art a ſhrew,
" And I like thee the better, for I would have thee ſo.
" *Kate.* Let go my hand, for feare it reach your eare.
" *Feran.* No, *Kate*, this hand is mine, and I thy love.
" *Kate.* Yfaith, ſir, no; the woodcoke wants his taile.
" *Feran.* But yet his bil will ſerve, if the other faile.
" *Alſon.* How now, *Ferando?* what [ſays] my daughter?
" *Feran.* Shee's willing, ſir, and loves me as her life.
" *Kate.* 'Tis for your ſkin then, but not to be your wife.
" *Alſon.* Come hither, *Kate*, and let me give thy hand,
" To him that I have choſen for thy love;
" And thou to-morrow ſhall be wed to him.
" *Kate.* Why father, what do you mean to do with me,
" To give me thus unto this brainſicke man,
" That in his mood cares not to murder me?
[*She turns aſide and ſpeaks.*
" But yet I will conſent and marry him,
" (For I methinkes have liv'd too long a maide)
" And match him too, or elſe his manhood's good.
" *Alſon.* Give me thy hand: *Ferando* loves thee wel,
" And will with wealth and eaſe maintaine thy ſtate.
" Here *Ferando*, take her for thy wife,
" And Sunday next ſhall be your wedding-day.
" *Feran.* Why ſo, did not I tel thee I ſhould be the man?
" Father, I leave my lovely *Kate* with you.
" Provide yourſelves againſt our marriage day,
" For I muſt hie me to my country houſe
" In haſte, to ſee proviſion may be made
To entertaine my *Kate* when ſhe doth come, &c. STEEVENS.

They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lye, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and ſometimes Kate the curſt;
But Kate, the prettieſt Kate in Chriſtendom,
Kate of Kate-hall, my ſuper-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates: and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my conſolation;—
Hearing thy mildneſs prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues ſpoke of, and thy beauty ſounded,
(Yet not ſo deeply as to thee belongs)
Myſelf am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Mov'd! in good time; let him that mov'd you hither,
Remove you hence: I knew you at the firſt,
You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Kath. A joint-ſtool [6].

Pet. Thou haſt hit it: come, ſit on me.

Kath. Aſſes are made to bear, and ſo are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and ſo are you.

Kath. [7] No ſuch jade, ſir, as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate! I will not burden thee:
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kath. Too light for ſuch a ſwain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight ſhould be.

Pet. Should be? ſhould buz.

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. Oh, ſlow-wing'd turtle! ſhall a buzzard take thee?

[6] *A joint ſtool.*] This is a proverbial expreſſion:
"Cry you mercy, I took you for a join'd ſtool."
See Ray's *Collection*. It is likewiſe repeated as a proverb in *Mother Bombie*, a comedy by Lilly, 1594, and by the Fool in *King Lear*. STEEVENS.

[7] No ſuch *jade*, ſir.] Perhaps we ſhould read *jack*. However there is authority for *jade* in a male ſenſe. So, in *Soliman and Perſida*, *Piction* ſays of *Baſilico*, "He juſt like a *knight!* He'll *juſt* like a *jade*." FARMER.

Kath.

Kath. Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard[8].
Pet. Come, come, you waſp; i'faith you are too angry.
Kath. If I be waſpiſh, beſt beware my ſting.
Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.
Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.
Pet. Who knows not where a waſp doth wear his ſting?
In his tail.
Kath. In his tongue.
Pet. Whoſe tongue?
Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and ſo farewel.
Pet. What with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,
Good Kate; I am a gentleman.
Kath. That I'll try. [*She ſtrikes him.*
Pet. I ſwear, I'll cuff you, if you ſtrike again.
Kath. So may you loſe your arms:
If you ſtrike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.
Pet. A herald, Kate? oh, put me in thy books.
Kath. What is your creſt? a coxcomb?
Pet. A combleſs cock, ſo Kate will be my hen.
Kath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven[9].

[8] *Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.*] Perhaps we may read better:

Ay, for a turtle, and *he takes a buzzard.*

That is, he may take me for a *turtle*, and he ſhall find me a hawk. JOHNSON.

This kind of expreſſion likewiſe ſeems to have been proverbial. So, in the *Three Lords of London*, 1590:

" ——— haſt no more ſkill,
" Than *take a faulcon for a buzzard?*" STEEVENS.

[9] ——— *a* craven.] A *craven* is a degenerate, diſpirited cock. So, in *Rhodon and Iris*, 1631:

" That he will pull the *craven* from his neſt." STEEVENS.

Craven was alſo applied to thoſe who in appeals of battle became recreant, and by pronouncing this word, called for quarter from their opponents; the conſequence of which was, that they for ever after were deemed infamous.

See Note on *'Tis Pity ſhe's a Whore.* Dodſley's Collection of Old Plays, vol. viii. p. 10. edit. 1780. EDITOR.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you muſt not look ſo ſour.

Kath. It is my faſhion, when I ſee a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not ſour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then ſhew it me.

Kath. Had I a glaſs, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Kath. Well aim'd of ſuch a young one.

Pet. Now, by ſaint George, I am too young for you.

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in ſooth, you 'ſcape not ſo.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit; I find you paſſing gentle.
'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and ſullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleaſant, gameſome, paſſing courteous,
But ſlow in ſpeech, yet ſweet as ſpring-time flowers:
Thou canſt not frown, thou canſt not look aſkance.
Nor bite the lip as angry wenches will;
Nor haſt thou pleaſure to be croſs in talk;
But thou with mildneſs entertain'ſt thy wooers,
With gentle conference, ſoft and affable.
Why doth the world report that Kate doth limp?
O ſlanderous world! Kate, like the hazle-twig,
Is ſtrait, and ſlender; and as brown in hue
As hazle nuts, and ſweeter than the kernels.
O, let me ſee thee walk: thou doſt not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'ſt command[9].

9 *Go fool, and whom thou keep'ſt command.*] This is exactly the Πασσάμενος ἐπίτασσε of Theocritus, Eid. xv. v. 90. and yet I would not be poſitive that Shakſpeare had ever read even a tranſlation of Theocritus. TYRWHITT.

Pet

Pet. Did ever Dian ſo become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaſte, and Dian ſportful!

Kath. Where did you ſtudy all this goodly ſpeech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother! witleſs elſe her ſon.

Pet. Am I not wiſe[1]?

Kath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, ſo I mean, ſweet Katharine, in thy bed:
And therefore, ſetting all this chat aſide,
Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath conſented
That you ſhall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you[2], I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a huſband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I ſee thy beauty,
(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well)
Thou muſt be married to no man but me:
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate;
And bring you from a wild Cat to a Kate[3]
Conformable, as other houſhold Kates.
Here comes your father; never make denial,
I muſt and will have Katharine to my wife.

[1] *Am I not wiſe?*
Yes; keep you warm.]
So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady:*
" ——*your houſe has been kept* warm, *ſir.*
" *I am glad to hear it; pray God, you are* wiſe *too.*"
Again, in our poet's *Much Ado about Nothing:*
" ——*that if he has wit enough to keep himſelf* warm."
STEEVENS.

[2] —*nill you,*] So, in the *Death of Robert Earl of Huntington,* 1601:
" Will you or *nill* you, you muſt yet go in."
Again, in *Damon and Pythias,* 1582:
" Neede hath no law; *will I, or nill I,* it muſt be done."
STEEVENS.

[3] ——*a wild* Kate *to a Kate*
Conformable,]
Thus the folio, and the quarto 1631. The ſecond folio reads—
——*a wild* Kat *to a Kate,* &c. STEEVENS.

Re-enter

Re-enter Baptiſta, Gremio, and Tranio.

Bap. Now, ſignior Petruchio; how ſpeed you with my daughter?

Pet. How but well, ſir? how but well?
It were impoſſible, I ſhould ſpeed amiſs.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine? in your dumps?

Kath. Call you me daughter? now, I promiſe you,
You have ſhew'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wiſh me wed to one half lunatick;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a ſwearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus,—yourſelf and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiſs of her;
If ſhe be curſt, it is for policy:
For ſhe's not froward, but modeſt as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience ſhe will prove a ſecond Griſſel [4];
And Roman Lucrece for her chaſtity:
And to conclude,—we have 'greed ſo well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I'll ſee thee hang'd on Sunday firſt.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio! ſhe ſays ſhe'll ſee thee hang'd firſt.

Tra. Is this your ſpeeding? nay, then, good night our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I chuſe her for myſelf;
If ſhe and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,

[4] ——— *a ſecond* Griſſel; &c.] So, in the *Fair Maid of Briſtow*, 1605, bl. l.

" I will become as mild and dutiful
" As ever *Griſſel* was unto her lord,
" And for my conſtancy as *Lucrece* was."

There is a play entered at Stationers' Hall, May 28, 1599, called " The plaie of *Patient Griſſel*." Bocaccio was the inventor of the ſtory, and Chaucer copied in it his *Clerke of Oxenforde's Tale*. STEEVENS.

That ſhe ſhall ſtill be curſt in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much ſhe loves me: Oh, the kindeſt Kate!—
She hung about my neck; and kiſs on kiſs [5]
She vy'd ſo faſt, proteſting oath to oath,
That in a twink ſhe won me to her love.
Oh, you are novices! 'tis a world to ſee [6],
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch [7] can make the curſteſt ſhrew.—
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainſt the wedding-day:
Provide the feaſt, father, and bid the gueſts;
I will be ſure, my Katharine ſhall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to ſay: but give me your hands;
God ſend you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, ſay we; we will be witneſſes.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice, Sunday comes apace:——
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And kiſs me, Kate, we will be married o'Sunday.

[*Exeunt Petruchio, and Katharine ſeverally.*

5 ——*kiſs on kiſs*
She vy'd *ſo faſt*——]

Vie and revye were terms at cards, now ſuperſeded by the more modern word, *brag*. Our author has in another place, "*time revyes us*," which has been unneceſſarily altered. The words were frequently uſed in a ſenſe ſomewhat remote from their original one. In the famous trial of the ſeven biſhops, the chief juſtice ſays, "We muſt not permit *vying and revying* upon one another." See vol. iv. p. 126. FARMER.

6 ——*'tis a world to ſee,*] i. e. It is wonderful to ſee. See vol. ii. p. 342. STEEVENS.

7 —*a* meacock *wretch,*] i. e. a timorous daſtardly creature. So, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1635:

"A woman's well holp up with ſuch a *meacock*."

Again, in Glapthorne's *Hollander*, 1640:

"They are like my huſband; mere *meacocks* verily."

Again, in *Apius and Virginia*, 1575:

"As ſtout as a ſtockfiſh, as meek as a *meacock*.

STEEVENS.

Gre.

Gre. Was ever match clap'd up ſo ſuddenly?
Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a deſperate mart.
Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:
'Twill bring you gain, or periſh on the ſeas.
Bap. The gain I ſeek is—quiet in the match.
Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptiſta, to your younger daughter;—
Now is the day we long have looked for;
I am your neighbour, and was ſuitor firſt.
Tra. And I am one, that love Bianca more
Than words can witneſs, or your thoughts can gueſs.
Gre. Youngling! thou canſt not love ſo dear as I.
Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fry[8].
Skipper, ſtand back; 'tis age that nouriſheth.
Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flouriſheth.
Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I will compound this ſtrife:
'Tis deeds, muſt win the prize; and he, of both,
That can aſſure my daughter greateſt dower,
Shall have Bianca's love.—
Say, ſignior Gremio, what can you aſſure her?

[8] *But thine doth fry.*] Old Gremio's notions are confirmed by *Shadwell:*

" *The fire of love in youthful blood,*
" *Like what is kindled in bruſh-wood,*
" *But for a moment burns* ———
" *But when crept into aged veins,*
" *It ſlowly burns, and long remains,*
" *It glows, and with a ſullen heat,*
" *Like fire in logs, it burns, and warms us long;*
" *And though the flame be not ſo great,*
" *Yet is the heat as ſtrong.*" JOHNSON.

A ſimilar thought occurs in *A Woman never Vex'd*, a comedy by Rowley, 1632:

" My old dry wood ſhall make a luſty bonfire, when thy green chips lie hiſſing in the chimney-corner." STEEVENS.

Gre.

Gre. First, as you know, my houſe within the city
Is richly furniſhed with plate and gold;
Baſons, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapeſtry:
In ivory coffers I have ſtuff'd my crowns;
In cypreſs cheſts my arras, counterpoints [9],
Coſtly apparel, tents [1], and canopies,
Fine linen, Turky cuſhions boſs'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,
Pewter [2] and braſs, and all things that belong
To houſe, or houſe-keeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixſcore fat oxen ſtanding in my ſtalls,
And all things anſwerable to this portion.
Myſelf am ſtruck in years, I muſt confeſs;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If whilſt I live, ſhe will be only mine.

Tra. That, only, came well in——Sir, liſt to me,
I am my father's heir, and only ſon:

[9] —*counterpoints*,] So, in a *Knack to know a Knave*, 1594:
"Then I will have rich *counterpoints*, and muſk."
Theſe coverings for beds are at preſent called *counterpanes*; but either mode of ſpelling is proper.

Counterpoint is the monkiſh term for a particular ſpecies of muſic, in which notes of equal duration, but of different harmony, are ſet in oppoſition to each other.

In like manner *counterpanes* were anciently compoſed of patch-work, and ſo contrived that every *pane* or partition in them, was contraſted with one of a different colour, though of the ſame dimenſions. STEEVENS.

[1] tents *and canopies*,] I ſuppoſe by *tents* old Gremio means work of that kind which the ladies call *tent-ſtitch*. He would hardly enumerate *tents* (in their common acceptation) among his domeſtic riches. STEEVENS.

[2] Pewter—] We may ſuppoſe that *pewter* was, even in the time of queen Elizabeth, too coſtly to be uſed in common. It appears from "The regulations and eſtabliſhment of the houſe-hold of Henry Algernon Percy, the fifth earl of Northumberland, &c." that veſſels of *pewter* were hired by the year. *This houſehold-book* was begun in the year 1512. See Holinſhed's Deſcription of England, p. 188, and 189. STEEVENS.

If

If I may have your daughter to my wife.
I'll leave her houſes three or four as good,
Within rich Piſa walls, as any one
Old ſignior Gremio has in Padua;
Beſides two thouſand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all which ſhall be her jointure.—
What, have I pinch'd you ſignior Gremio?

Gre. Two thouſand ducats by the year, of land [3]!
My land amounts not to ſo much in all:
That ſhe ſhall have; beſides an argoſy?
That now is lying in Marſeilles' road:——
What, have I choak'd you with an argoſy?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no leſs
Than three great argoſies; beſides two galliaſſes [4],
And twelve tight gallies: theſe I will aſſure her,

[3] Gre. *Two thouſand ducats by the year, of land!*
My land amounts not *to ſo much in all*:
That ſhe ſhall have; *beſides* ———]
Though all the copies concur in this reading, ſurely, if we examine the reaſoning, ſomething will be found wrong. Gremio is ſtartled at the high ſettlement Tranio propoſes: ſays, his whole eſtate in land can't match it, yet he'll ſettle ſo much a year upon her, &c. This is playing at croſs purpoſes. The change of the *negative* in the ſecond line ſalves the abſurdity, and ſets the paſſage right. Gremio and Tranio vyeing in their offers to carry Bianca: the latter boldly propoſes to ſettle land to the amount of two thouſand ducats per annum. My whole eſtate, ſays the other, in land, amounts *but* to that value; yet ſhe ſhall have *that*: I'll endow her with the *whole*; and conſign a rich veſſel to her uſe over and above. Thus all is intelligible, and he goes on to out-bid his rival. WARBURTON.

Gremio only ſays, his whole eſtate in land doth not indeed amount to two thouſand ducats a year, but ſhe ſhall have that, whatever be its value, and an argoſy over and above; which argoſy muſt be underſtood to be of very great value from his ſubjoining:

What, have I choak'd you with an argoſy? REVISAL.

[4] ——— *two* galliaſſes] A *galeas* or *galliaſs*, is a heavy low-built veſſel of burthen, with both ſails and oars, partaking at once of the nature of a ſhip and a galley. So, in the *Noble Soldier*, 1634:

"—to have rich gulls come aboard their pinnaces, for then they are ſure to build *galliaſſes*." STEEVENS.

And

And twice as much, what'er thou offer'ſt next.
Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And ſhe can have no more than all I have;—
If you like me, ſhe ſhall have me and mine.
Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promiſe; Gremio is out-vied [5].
Bap. I muſt confeſs, your offer is the beſt;
And, let your father make her the aſſurance,
She is your own; elſe, you muſt pardon me:
If you ſhould die before him, where's her dower?
Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.
Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?
Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus reſolv'd:—On Sunday next you know,
My daughter Katharine is to be marry'd:
Now, on the Sunday following, ſhall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this aſſurance;
If not, to ſignior Gremio:
And ſo I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*
Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not;
Sirrah, young gameſter, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and, in this waining age,
Set foot under thy table: Tut! a toy!
An old Italian fox is not ſo kind, my boy. [*Exit.*
Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten [6].

'Tis

[5] —*out-vied.*] This is a term at the old game of *gleek*. When one man was *vied* upon another, he was ſaid to be *out-vied*. See p. 475. STEEVENS.

[6] *Yet I have fac'd it with a* card of ten.] That is, with the higheſt card, in the old ſimple games of our anceſtors. So that this became a proverbial expreſſion. So, Skelton:

" *Fyrſte pycke a quarrel, and fall out with him then,*
" *And ſo outface him with* a card of ten.

And, Ben Jonſon, in his *Sad Shepherd:*

" ——— *a* Hart of ten
" *I trow he be.*"

i. e. an extraordinary good one. WARBURTON.

'Tis in my head to do my maſter good:—
I ſee no reaſon, but ſuppos'd Lucentio
Muſt get a father, call'd—ſuppos'd Vincentio;
And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,
Do get their children; but, in this caſe of wooing,
A child ſhall get a ſire, if I fail not of my cunning[7].

[*Exit.*

ACT

If the word *hart* be right, I do not ſee any uſe of the latter quotation. JOHNSON.

A hart of ten is an expreſſion taken from the *Laws of the Foreſt*, and relates to the age of the deer. When a hart is paſt ſix years of age, he is generally call'd *a heart of ten*.

Foreſt Laws, 4to, 1598.

Again, in the ſixth ſcene of the *Sad Shepherd*:

"——— a great large deer!
"*Rob.* What head?
"*John.* Forked. *A hart of ten.*"

The former expreſſion is very common. So, in *Law-Tricks*, &c. 1608:

"*I may be out-fac'd with a* card of ten."

In the *Chances*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, *a card of five* is mentioned; and in the *Emperor of the Eaſt*, by Maſſinger:

"He is a *deer* of *ten*, at the leaſt."

As we are on the ſubject of cards, it may not be amiſs to take notice of a common blunder relative to their names. We call the *king*, *queen*, and *knave*, *court-cards*, whereas they were antiently denominated *coats* or *coat-cards*, from their *coats* or dreſſes. So, Ben Jonſon, in his *New Inn*:

"*When ſhe is pleas'd to trick or trump mankind,*
"*Some may be* coats, *as in the cards.*"

Again, in *May-Day*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1611:

'She had in her hand the ace of harts and a *coat-card*. She led the board with her *coat*; I plaid the varlet, and took up her *coat*; and meaning to lay my finger on her ace of hearts, up ſtarted a quite contrary card."

Again, in Rowley's *When you ſee me you know me*, 1613:

"You have been at *noddy*, I ſee.
"Ay, and the firſt *card* comes to my hand is a *knave*.
"I am a *coat-card*, indeed.
"Then thou muſt needs be a *knave*, for thou art neither *queen* nor *king*." STEEVENS.

7 —*If I fail not of my* cunning.] As this is the concluſion of an act, I ſuſpect that the poet deſign'd a rhyming couplet. Inſtead

ACT III. SCENE I.

Baptiſta's houſe.

Enter Lucentio, Hortenſio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fidler, forbear; you grow too forward, ſir:
Have you ſo ſoon forgot the entertainment
Her ſiſter Katharine welcom'd you withal?
Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroneſs of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in muſick we have ſpent an hour,
Your lecture ſhall have leiſure for as much.
Luc. Prepoſterous aſs! that never read ſo far
To know the cauſe why muſick was ordain'd!

ſtead of *cunning* we might read—*doing*, which is often uſed by Shakſpeare in the ſenſe here wanted and agrees perfectly well with the beginning of the line—"a child ſhall *get* a fire."

After this, the former editors add,

Sly. *Sim, when will the fool come again*?*
Sim. *Anon, my lord.*
Sly. *Give us ſome more drink here; where's the tapſter? Here, Sim, eat ſome of theſe things.*
Sim. *I do, my lord.*
Sly. *Here, Sim, I drink to thee.*

Theſe ſpeeches of the preſenters, (as they are called) are neither to be found in the folio or quarto. Mr. Pope, as in ſome former inſtances, introduced them from the old ſpurious play of the ſame name; and therefore we may eaſily account for their want of connection with the preſent comedy. I have degraded them as uſual into the note. By the *fool* in the original piece, is either meant *Sander* the ſervant to *Ferando* (who is the *Petruchio* of Shakſpeare) or *Ferando* himſelf. STEEVENS.

* *When will the fool come again?*] The character of the *fool* has not been introduced in this drama, therefore I believe that the word *again* ſhould be omitted, and that Sly aſks, *When will the fool come?* the fool being the favourite of the vulgar, or, as we now phraſe it, of the upper gallery, was naturally expected in every interlude. JOHNSON.

Was it not, to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholar[8] in the schools;
I'll not be ty'd to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:—
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

[*Hortensio retires.*

Luc. That will be never;—tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam:——

Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon[9].

Hor.

[8] —*no* breeching *scholar*] i. e. no school-boy liable to corporal correction. So, in *King Edward the Second*, by Marlow, 1622:

"Whose looks were as a *breeching* to a boy."

Again, in *The Hog has lost his Pearl*, 1614:

"—he went to fetch whips I think, and, not respecting my honour, he would have *breech'd* me."

Again, in *Amends for Ladies*, 1639:

"If I had had a son of fourteen that had served me so, I would have *breech'd* him." STEEVENS.

[9] *Pantaloon*,] the old cully in Italian farces. JOHNSON.

Hor. Madam, my inſtrument's in tune.

[*Returning.*

Bian. Let's hear:—O fie! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me ſee if I can conſtrue it: *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not;—*hic eſt Sigeia tellus*, I truſt you not;—*Hic ſteterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not;—*regia*, preſume not;—*celſa ſenis*, deſpair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the baſe.

Hor. The baſe is right; 'tis the baſe knave that jars.

How fiery and forward our pedant is!
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
Pedaſcule, I'll watch you better yet [1].

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I miſtruſt [2].

Luc. Miſtruſt it not; for, ſure, Æacides [3]
Was Ajax,—call'd ſo from his grandfather.

Bian. I muſt believe my maſter; elſe, I promiſe you,
I ſhould be arguing ſtill upon that doubt:
But let it reſt.—Now, Licio, to you:—
Good maſters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleaſant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave awhile;
My leſſons make no muſick in three parts.

[1] *Pedaſcule*—] He would have ſaid *Didaſcale*, but thinking this too honourable, he coins the word *Pedaſcule*, in imitation of it, from *pedant*. WARBURTON.

I believe it is no coinage of Shakſpeare's. It is more probable that *it lay in his way, and he found it.* STEEVENS.

[2] *In time, I may believe, yet I miſtruſt.*] This and the ſeven verſes that follow, have in all the editions been ſtupidly ſhuffled and miſplaced to wrong ſpeakers; ſo that every word ſaid was glaringly out of character. THEOBALD.

[3] ——*for, ſure, Æacides*, &c.] This is only ſaid to deceive Hortenſio who is ſuppoſed to liſten. STEEVENS.

Luc. Are you ſo formal, ſir? well, I muſt wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine muſician groweth amorous. [*Aſide.*

Hor. Madam, before you touch the inſtrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I muſt begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer ſort,
More pleaſant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am paſt my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortenſio.

Bian. [*reading.*] Gamut *I am, the ground of all accord,*
A re, *to plead Hortenſio's paſſion;*
B mi, *Bianca, take him for thy lord,*
C faut, *that loves with all affection:*
D ſol re, *one cliff, two notes have I;*
E la mi, *ſhew pity, or I die.*
Call you this—gamut? tut! I like it not:
Old faſhions pleaſe me beſt; I am not ſo nice [4],
To change true rules for odd inventions.

4 *Old faſhions pleaſe me beſt; I am not ſo nice*
To change true rules for new inventions.]
This is ſenſe and the meaning of the paſſage; but the reading of the ſecond verſe, for all that, is ſophiſticated. The genuine copies all concur in reading:
To change true rules for old inventions. THEOBALD.
I ſuppoſe we may ſafely read *odd* inventions. I know not who firſt propoſed it. STEEVENS.
Mr. Theobald is unfaithful in his account of the old copies. The quarto and folio read:
To *charge* true rules for old inventions.
I believe that an oppoſition was intended, and that *old* is right.—As *change* was corrupted into *charge*, why might not *true* have been put inſtead of *new*, I think the author wrote:
To change *new* rules for old inventions;
i. e. to accept of new rules in exchange for old inventions.
MALONE.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Miſtreſs, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dreſs your ſiſter's chamber up;
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewel, ſweet maſters, both; I muſt be gone. [*Exit.*

Luc. Faith, miſtreſs, then I have no cauſe to ſtay. [*Exit.*

Hor. But I have cauſe to pry into this pedant;
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love:—
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be ſo humble,
To caſt thy wand'ring eyes on every ſtale,
Seize thee, that liſt: If once I find thee ranging,
Hortenſio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Baptiſta, Gremio, Tranio, Katharine, Lucentio, Bianca, and attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day
That Katharine and Petruchio ſhould be marry'd,
And yet we hear not of our ſon-in-law:
What will be ſaid? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the prieſt attends
To ſpeak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What ſays Lucentio to this ſhame of ours?

Kath. No ſhame but mine: I muſt, forſooth, be forc'd
To give my hand, oppos'd againſt my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudeſby, full of ſpleen [5];
Who woo'd in haſte, and means to wed at leiſure.
I told you, I, he was a frantick fool,
Hiding his bitter jeſts in blunt behaviour;

[5] *full of ſpleen*;] That is, *full of* humour, caprice, and inconſtancy. JOHNSON.

And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thouſand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now muſt the world point at poor Katharine,
And ſay,—*Lo there is mad Petruchio's wife,*
If it would pleaſe him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptiſta too;
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune ſtays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him paſſing wiſe;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honeſt.

Kath. Would, Katharine had never ſeen him though!
[*Exit weeping.*

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For ſuch an injury would vex a ſaint,
Much more a ſhrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter Biondello,

Bion. Maſter, maſter! news, old news [6], and ſuch news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, ſir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he ſtands where I am, and ſees you there.

[6] ——— *old news,*] Theſe words have been added by ſome of the editors, and neceſſarily, for the reply of Baptiſta ſuppoſes them to have been already ſpoken,—*old laughing,*—*old utis,* &c. are expreſſions of that time merely hyperbolical, and have been more than once uſed by Shakſpeare. See Note on *Henry* IV. p. 2. act ii. ſc. 4. STEEVENS.

Old was inſerted by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Tra.

Tra. But, ſay, what to thine old news?

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat, and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turn'd; [7] a pair of boots that have been candle-caſes, one buckled, another lac'd; an old ruſty ſword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeleſs, with two broken points: His horſe hip'd with an old mothy ſaddle, the ſtirrups of no kindred: beſides, poſſeſs'd with the glanders, and like to moſe in the chine; troubled with the lampaſs, infected with the faſhions, full of windgalls, ſped with ſpavins, raid with the yellows [9], paſt cure of the fives, ſtark ſpoiled

[7] *a pair of boots—one buckled, another laced; an old ruſty ſword ta'en out of the town-a-mory, with a broken hilt, and chapeleſs, with two broken points:*] How a ſword ſhould have *two broken points*, I cannot tell. There is, I think, a tranſpoſition cauſed by the ſeeming relation of *point* to *ſword*. I read, *a pair of boots, one buckled, another laced* with two broken points; *an old ruſty ſword—with a broken hilt, and chapeleſs.* JOHNSON.

I ſuſpect that ſeveral words giving an account of Petruchio's *belt* are wanting. The belt was then broad and rich, and worn on the outſide of the clothes.—*Two broken points* might therefore have concluded the deſcription of its oſtentatious meanneſs. STEEVENS.

The broken *points* might be the two broken tags to the laces. TOLLET.

[8] ——*that have been candle-caſes,*] That is, I ſuppoſe, boots long left off, and after having been converted into caſes to hold the ends of candles, returning to their firſt office. I do not know that I have ever met with the word *candle-caſe* in any other places, except the following preface to a dramatic dialogue, 1604, entitled, *The Caſe is alter'd, How?* —— "I write upon caſes, neither knife-caſes, pin-caſes, nor *candle-caſes.*"

And again, in *How to chooſe a Good Wife from a Bad*, 1602:

"A bow-caſe, a cap-caſe, a tomb-caſe, a lute-caſe, a fiddle-caſe, and a *candle-caſe.*" STEEVENS.

[9] ——*infected with the* faſhions,——*paſt cure of the* fives,] *Faſhions.* So called in the Weſt of England, but by the beſt writers on farriery, *farcens*, or *farcy.*

Fives. So called in the Weſt: *vives* elſewhere, and *avives* by the French; a diſtemper in horſes, little differing from the ſtrangles. GREY.

Shakſpeare is not the only writer who uſes *faſhions* for *farcy*.

ſpoiled with the ſtaggers, begnawn with the bots; ſway'd in the back, and ſhoulder-ſhotten; ne'er-legg'd before [1], and with a half-check'd bit, and a headſtall of ſheep's leather, which, being reſtrain'd to keep him from ſtumbling, hath been often burſt, and now repair'd with knots: one girt ſix times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velure [2], which hath two letters for her name, fairly ſet down in ſtuds, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. Oh, ſir, his lacquey, for all the world capariſon'd like the horſe; with a linen ſtock [3] on one leg, and a kerſey boot-hoſe on the other, garter'd with a red and blue liſt; [4] an old hat, and *The humour of forty*

So, in Decker's comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:

"*Shad.* What ſhall we learn by travel?

"*Andel. Faſhions.*

"*Shad.* That's a *beaſtly diſeaſe.*"

Again, in the *New Ordinary*, by Brome:

"My old beaſt is infected with the *faſhions*, faſhion-ſick."

Again, in Decker's *Guls Hornbook*, 1609:—"*Faſhions* was then counted a diſeaſe, and *horſes* died of it." STEEVENS.

[1] —*near-legg'd before.*] Perhaps we ſhould read—"*ne'er*-legg'd before,"—i. e. founder'd in his fore feet; having, as the jockies term it, *never* a *fore leg* to ſtand on. The ſubſequent words—"which being reſtrain'd, to keep him from *ſtumbling*"—ſeem to countenance this interpretation.

To go *near* before, is not reckoned a defect, but a perfection in a horſe.

Since I wrote the above, I have found my conjecture confirmed; for ſo reads the firſt folio. MALONE.

[2] —*a crupper of* velure,] *Velure* is velvet. *Velours*, Fr. So, in the *World toſſed at Tennis*, 1620, by Middleton and Rowley:

"Come, my well-lin'd ſoldier (with valour
"Not *velure*) keep me warm."

Again, in the *Noble Gentleman*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"———— an old hat,
"Lin'd with *velure.*" STEEVENS.

[3] ———*ſtock*] i. e. ſtocking. See vol. i. p. 197. STEEVENS.

[4] *an old hat, and* the humour of forty fancies *prick'd in't for a feather*:] This was ſome ballad of drollery of that time, which the

forty fancies prick'd in't for a feather: a monſter, a very monſter in apparel; and not like a Chriſtian foot boy, or a gentleman's lacquey.

Tra. 'Tis ſome odd humour pricks him to this faſhion;—
Yet often times he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howſoever he comes.

Bion. Why, ſir, he comes not.

Bap. Didſt thou not ſay, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, ſir; I ſay, his horſe comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by ſaint Jamy, I hold you a penny,
A horſe and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchico and Grumio [5].

Pet. Come, where be theſe gallants? who is at home?

Bap.

the poet here ridicules, by making Petruchio prick it up in his foot boy's old hat for a feather. His ſpeakers are perpetually quoting ſcraps and ſtanzas of old ballads, and often very obſcurely; for, ſo well are they adapted to the occaſion, that they ſeem of a piece with the reſt. In Shakſpeare's time, the kingdom was overrun with theſe doggrel compoſitions. And he ſeems to have borne them a very particular grudge. He frequently ridicules both them and their makers with excellent humour. In *Much Ado about Nothing*, he makes Benedick ſay, *Prove that ever I loſe more blood with love than I get again with drinking, prick out my eyes with a ballad-maker's pen.* As the bluntneſs of it would make the execution of it extremely painful. And again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, Pandarus in his diſtreſs having repeated a very ſtupid ſtanza from an old ballad, ſays, with the higheſt humour, *There never was a truer rhyme; let's caſt away nothing, for we may live to have need of ſuch a verſe. We ſee it, we ſee it.* WARBURTON.

[5] *Enter Petruchio and Grumio.* Thus in the original play—
" *Enter* Ferando, *baſely attired, and a red cap on his head.*"
" *Feran* Good-morrow, father: *Polidor* well met:
" You wonder, I know, that I have ſtaide ſo long.

" *Alſon.*

Bap. You are welcome, ſir.
Pet. And yet I come, not well,
Bap. And yet you halt not.
Tra. Not ſo well apparell'd
As I wiſh you were.
Pet. Were it better, I ſhould ruſh in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company;
As if they ſaw ſome wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unuſual prodigy?
Bap. Why, ſir, you know, this is your wedding-day:
Firſt, were we ſad, fearing you would not come;
Now ſadder, that you come ſo unprovided.

" *Alſon.* Yea, marry ſonne: we were almoſt perſuaded
" That we ſhould ſcarce have had our bridegroom here:
" But ſay, why art thou thus baſely attired?
" *Feran.* Thus richly, father, you ſhould have ſaide;
" For when my wife and I are married once,
" Shee's ſuch a ſhrew, if we ſhould once fall out,
" Sheele pull my coſtly ſutes over mine ears,
" And therefore I am thus attir'd a while:
" For many things I tell you's in my head,
" And none muſt know thereof but *Kate* and I;
" For we ſhall live like lambes and lions ſure:
" Nor lambes nor lions never were ſo tame,
" If once they lie within the lions pawes,
" As Kate to me, if we were married once:
" And therefore, come, let's to church preſently.
" *Pol.* Fie, *Ferando!* not thus attir'd: for ſhame,
" Come to my chamber, and there ſuite thyſelfe,
" Of twenty ſutes that I did never weare.
" *Feran.* Tuſh, *Polidor*, I have as many ſutes
" Fantaſtike made to fit my humour ſo,
" As any in *Athens*; and as richly wrought
" As was the maſſie robe that late adorn'd
" The ſtately legat of the *Perſian* king,
" And this from them I have made choice to weare.
" *Alſon.* I prethee, *Ferando*, let me intreat,
" Before thou go'ſt unto the church with us,
" To put ſome other ſute upon thy backe.
" *Feran.* Not for the world," &c. STEEVENS.

Fye!

Fye! doff this habit, ſhame to your eſtate,
An eye-ſore to our ſolemn feſtival.
Tra. And tell us, what occaſion of import
Hath all ſo long detain'd you from your wife,
And ſent you hither ſo unlike yourſelf?
Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harſh to hear;
Sufficeth I am come to keep my word,
Though in ſome part enforced to digreſs [4];
Which, at my leiſure, I will ſo excuſe
As you ſhall well be ſatisfied withal.
But, where is Kate? I ſtay too long from her;
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.
Tra. See not your bride in theſe unreverend robes;
Go to my chamber, put on cloaths of mine.
Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I'll viſit her.
Bap. But thus, I truſt, you will not marry her.
Pet. Good ſooth, even thus; therefore have done with words;
To me ſhe's marry'd, not unto my cloaths:
Could I repair what ſhe will wear in me,
As I can change theſe poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myſelf.
But what a fool am I, to chat with you,
When I ſhould bid good-morrow to my bride,
And ſeal the title with a lovely kiſs?
[*Exeunt Pet. Gru. and Bion.*
Tra. He hath ſome meaning in his mad attire:
We will perſuade him, be it poſſible,
To put on better ere he go to church.
Bap. I'll after him, and ſee the event of this. [*Exit.*
Tra. But ſir, our love [5] concerneth us to add
Her

[4] —— *to digreſs*;] to deviate from any promiſe. JOHNSON.
[5] *Tra. But, ſir,* our *love*] *Our* is an injudicious interpolation. The firſt folio reads —*But, ſir, love concerneth us to add, Her father's liking*—which I think, ſhould be thus corrected:
But, ſir, *to her* love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking.——

We

Her father's liking: Which to bring to paſs,
As I before imparted to your worſhip,
I am to get a man,—what'er he be,
It ſkills not much; we'll fit him to our turn—
And he ſhall be Vincentio of Piſa;
And make aſſurance, here in Padua,
Of greater ſums than I have promiſed.
So ſhall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry ſweet Bianca with conſent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow ſchool-maſter
Doth watch Bianca's ſteps ſo narrowly,
'Twere good methinks to ſteal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world ſay---no,
I'll keep mine own, deſpight of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this buſineſs:—
We'll over-reach the grey-beard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola;
The quaint muſician, amorous Licio;
All for my maſter's ſake, Lucentio.—

Re-enter Gremio.

Signior Gremio! came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from ſchool[6].

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom, ſay you? 'tis a groom, indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl ſhall find.

Tra. Curſter than ſhe? why, 'tis impoſſible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

We muſt ſuppoſe, that Lucentio had before informed Tranio in private of his having obtained Bianca's love; and Tranio here reſumes the converſation, by obſerving, that *to her love* it concerns them to add *her father' conſent*; and then goes on to propoſe a ſcheme for obtaining the latter. TYRWHITT.

[6] *As willingly* &c.] This is a proverbial ſaying. See Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

Tra.

Tra. Why, ſhe's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.
Gre. Tut! ſhe's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
I'll tell you, ſir Lucentio; When the prieſt
Should aſk—if Katharine ſhould be his wife,
Ay, by gogs-wouns, quoth he; and ſwore ſo loud,
That all amaz'd the prieſt let fall the book:
And as he ſtoop'd again to take it up,
The mad-brain'd bride-groom took him ſuch a cuff,
That down fell prieſt and book, and book and prieſt;
Now take them up, quoth he, *if any liſt.*
Tra. What ſaid the wench, when he roſe up again?
Gre. Trembled and ſhook; for why, he ſtamp'd, and ſwore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine:
A health, quoth he; as if he had been aboard,
Carowſing to his mates after a ſtorm:
Quaff'd off the muſcadel[7], and threw the ſops
All

7 —— *quaff'd off the muſcadel,*] It appears from this paſſage, and the following one in *The Hiſtory of the two Maids of Mor-clacke*, a comedy by Robert Armin, 1609, that it was the cuſtom to drink wine immediately after the marriage ceremony. Armin's play begins thus:

Enter a Maid ſtrewing flowers, and a ſerving-man perfuming the door.

" *Maid.* Strew, ſtrew.
" *Man.* The *muſcadine* ſtays for the bride at church.
" The prieſt and Hymen's ceremonies 'tend
" To make them man and wife."

Again, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*, 1602:

—" and when we are at church, bring the *wine* and cakes."

In Ben Jonſon's *Magnetic Lady*, the wine drank on this occaſion is called a " *knitting cup.*"

Again, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, by Middleton:

" Even when my lip touch'd the *contracting cup.*"

There was likewiſe a flower that borrowed its name from this ceremony.

" Bring ſweet carnations and *ſops in wine,*
" Worne of paramours."

Hobbinol's Dittie, &c. by Spenſer.

Again,

All in the ſexton's face; having no other reaſon,—
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And ſeem to aſk him ſops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck;
And kiſs'd her lips with ſuch a clamorous ſmack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo.
I, ſeeing this, came thence for very ſhame;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming:
Such a mad marriage never was before:
Hark! hark! I hear the minſtrels play. [*Muſick plays.*

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady:*

" Were the roſemary branches dipp'd, and all
" The *hippocras* and *cakes* eat and drunk off;
" Were theſe two arms encompaſs'd with the hands
" Of batchelors to lead me to the church, &c." STEEVENS.

In an old canzonet on a wedding, ſet to muſick by Morley, 1606:

" *Sops in wine*, ſpice-cakes are a dealing." FARMER.

The faſhion of introducing a bowl of wine into the church at a wedding to be drank by the bride and bridegroom and perſons preſent, was very anciently a conſtant ceremony; and, as appears from this paſſage, not aboliſhed in our author's age. We find it practiſed at the magnificent marriage of queen Mary and Philip, in Wincheſter cathedral, 1554. " The trumpetts ſounded, and they both returned to their traverſes in the quire, and there remayned untill maſſe was done: at which tyme, *wyne* and *ſopes* were hallowed and delyvered to them both." Collect. Append. vol. iv. p. 400. edit. 1770. WARTON.

I inſert the following quotation merely to ſhew that the cuſtom remained in Shakſpeare's time. At the marriage of the Elector Palatine to king James's daughter, the day of February, 1612, we are told by one who aſſiſted at the ceremonial: —" In concluſion, a joy pronounced by the king and queen, and ſeconded with congratulations of the lords there preſent, which crowned with draughts of *Ippocras* out of a great golden bowle, as a health to the proſperity of the marriage, began by the prince Palatine and anſwered by the princeſs; after which were ſerved up by ſix or ſeven barons ſo many bowles filled with wafers, ſo much of that work was conſummate." *Finet's Philoxenis*, 1656, p. 11. EDITOR.

Enter

Enter Petruchio, Katharine, Bianca, Hortenſio, and Baptiſta.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know, you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great ſtore of wedding cheer;
But ſo it is, my haſte doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't poſſible, you will away to-night?

Pet. I muſt away to-day, before night come:—
Make it no wonder; if you knew my buſineſs,
You would entreat me rather go than ſtay.
And, honeſt company, I thank you all,
That hath beheld me give away myſelf
To this moſt patient, ſweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I muſt hence, and farewel to you all.

Tra. Let us intreat you ſtay 'till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me intreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me intreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to ſtay?

Pet. I am content you ſhall intreat me ſtay;
But yet not ſtay, intreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, ſtay.

Pet. Grumio my horſes.

Gru. Ay, ſir, they be ready; the oats have eaten the horſes [8].

Kath.

[8] —*the oats have eaten the horſes.*] There is ſtill a ludicrous expreſſion uſed when horſes have ſtaid ſo long in a place as to have eaten more than they are worth—viz. that *their heads are too big for the ſtable-door*. I ſuppoſe Grumio has ſome ſuch meaning, though it is more openly expreſs'd, as follows, in the original play.

" *Enter*

Kath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canſt, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor 'till I pleaſe myſelf.
The door is open, ſir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging, while your boots are green;

" *Enter* Ferando *and* Kate, *and* Alfonſo *and* Polidor, *and* Emilia, *and* Aurelius *and* Phylema."

" *Feran.* Father, farewel; my *Kate* and I muſt home:
" Sirrha, go make ready my horſe preſently.
" *Alfon.* Your horſe! what ſon, I hope you do but jeſt;
" I am ſure you will not go ſo ſuddainely.
" *Kate.* Let him go or tarry, I am reſolv'd to ſtay;
" And not to travel on my wedding day.
" *Feran.* Tut, *Kate*, I tel thee we muſt needes go home;
" Vilaine, haſt thou ſadled my horſe?
" *San.* Which horſe? your curtall?
" *Feran.* Souns you ſlave. ſtand you prating here?
" Saddle the bay gelding for your miſtris.
" *Kate.* Not for me, for I will not go.
" *San. The oſtler will not let me have him: you owe ten pence*
" *For his meate, and 6 pence for ſtuffing my miſtris ſaddle.*
" *Feran.* Here, vilaine; goe pay him ſtrait.
" *San.* Shall I give him another pecke of lavender?
" *Feran.* Out ſlave, and bring them preſently to the dore.
" *Alfon.* Why ſon, I hope at leaſt youle dine with us.
" *San.* I pray you, maſter, lets ſtay til dinner be done.
" *Feran.* Sounes vilaine, art thou here yet? [*Exit Sander.*
" Come, *Kate*, our dinner is provided at home.
" *Kate.* But not for me, for here I mean to dine:
" Ile have my wil in this as well as you;
" Though you in madding mood would leave your friends,
" Deſpite of you Ile tarry with them ſtill.
" *Feran.* I *Kate* thou ſhalt, but at ſome other time:
" When as thy ſiſters here ſhall be eſpouſed,
" Then thou and I wil keepe our wedding-day,
" In better ſort then now we can provide;
" For heere I promiſe thee before them all,
" We will ere longe returne to them againe:
" Come, *Kate*, ſtand not on termes; we will away;
" This is my day, to-morrow thou ſhalt rule,
" And I will doe whatever thou commandes.
" Gentlemen, farewell, wee'l take our leaves;
" It will be late before that we come home
[*Exeunt* Ferando *and* Kate.
" *Pol.* Farewell *Ferando*, ſince you will be gone.
" *Alfon.* So mad a couple did I never ſee, &c." STEEVENS.

For

For me, I'll not be gone, 'till I pleaſe myſelf:—
'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly ſurly groom,
That take it on you at the firſt ſo roundly.
Pet. O, Kate, content thee; pr'ythee, be not angry.
Kath. I will be angry; What haſt thou to do?—
Father, be quiet; he ſhall ſtay my leiſure.
Gre. Ay, marry, ſir: now it begins to work.
Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:—
I ſee, a woman may be made a fool,
If ſhe had not a ſpirit to reſiſt.
Pet. They ſhall go forward, Kate, at thy command:——
Obey the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feaſt, revel and domineer,
Carouſe full meaſure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry,——or go hang yourſelves;
But for my bonny Kate, ſhe muſt with me.
Nay, look not big, nor ſtamp, nor ſtare, nor fret;
I will be maſter of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; ſhe is my houſe,
My houſhold-ſtuff, my field, my barn,
My horſe, my ox, my aſs, my any thing;
And here ſhe ſtands, touch her whoever dare;
I'll bring my action on the proudeſt he
That ſtops my way in Padua.——Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we're beſet with thieves;
Reſcue thy miſtreſs, if thou be a man:—
Fear not, ſweet wench, they ſhall not touch thee, Kate;
I'll buckler thee againſt a million.
[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katharine.*
Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.
Gre. Went they not quickly, I ſhould die with laughing.
Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like!
Luc. Miſtreſs, what's your opinion of your ſiſter?
Bian. That, being mad herſelf, ſhe's madly mated.
Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants
For to ſupply the places at the table,
You know, there wants no junkets at the feaſt;—
Lucentio, you ſhall ſupply the bridegroom's place;
And let Bianca take her ſiſter's room.

Tra. Shall ſweet Bianca practiſe how to bride it?

Bap. She ſhall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen, let's go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Petruchio's country houſe.

Enter Grumio.

Gru. Fye, fye, on all tired jades! on all mad maſters! and all foul ways! Was ever man ſo beaten? [9] was ever man ſo ray'd? was ever man ſo weary? I am ſent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot [1], and ſoon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth,

9 *Was ever man ſo ray'd?*] That is, was ever man ſo mark'd with laſhes. JOHNSON.

It rather means *bewray'd*, i. e. made dirty. So Spenſer ſpeaking of a fountain, b. ii. cant. 8. ſt. 32:

" *Which ſhe increaſed with her bleeding heart,*
" *And the clean waves with purple gore did* ray."

Again, b. iii. cant. 8. ſt. 32:

" *Who whiles the piteous lady up did riſe,*
" *Ruffled and foully* ray'd *with filthy ſoil.*" TOLLET.

So, in *The laſt Will and Teſtament of Summer*, 1600: " Let there be a few ruſhes laid in the place where Backwinter ſhall tumble, for fear of *raying* his clothes." STEEVENS.

1 *a little pot, and ſoon hot,*] This is a proverbial expreſſion. It s introduced in the *Iſle of Gulls*, 1633:

" —Though I be but a *little pot*, I ſhall be as *ſoon hot* as another." STEEVENS.

my

my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I ſhould come by a fire to thaw me:—But, I, with blowing the fire, ſhall warm myſelf; for, conſidering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, hoa! Curtis!

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that, calls ſo coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou may'ſt ſlide from my ſhoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my maſter and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. Oh, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; caſt on no water [2].

Curt. Is ſhe ſo hot a ſhrew as ſhe's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this froſt: but, thou know'ſt, [3] winter tames man, woman, and beaſt; for

[2] ——*fire, fire; caſt on no water.*] There is an old popular catch of three parts, in theſe words:

"Scotland burneth, Scotland burneth.
"Fire, fire;——Fire, fire;
"Caſt on ſome more water." BLACKSTONE.

[3] Gru. ——*winter tames man, woman, and beaſt; for it hath tam'd my old maſter, and my new miſtreſs, and* my *ſelf, fellow Curtis.*

Curt. *Away, you three inch'd fool; I am no beaſt.*]

"*Winter*, ſays Grumio, tames *man, woman, and beaſt:* for it has tamed my old maſter, my new miſtreſs, and *myſelf*, fellow *Curtis.*——Away, you three-inch'd fool, replies *Curtis*, *I am no beaſt.* Why, aſks Dr. Warburton, had Grumio call'd him one? he alters therefore *myſelf* to *thyſelf*, and all the editors follow him. But there is no neceſſity; if Grumio calls *himſelf* a *beaſt*, and *Curtis, Fellow*; ſurely he calls *Curtis a beaſt* likewiſe. Malvolio takes this ſenſe of the word, "let this *fellow* be look'd to!—— *Fellow!* not *Malvolio*, after my degree, but *fellow!*"

In Ben Jonſon's *Caſe is Altered*, "What ſays my *Fellow Onion?*" quoth *Chriſtophero.*—"All of a houſe, replies *Onion*, but not *fellows.*"

In the old play, call'd *The Return from Parnaſſus*, we have a curious paſſage, which ſhews the opinion of contemporaries con-

for it hath tam'd my old maſter, and my new miſtreſs, and myſelf, fellow Curtis.

Curt. [3] Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beaſt.

Gru. Am I but three inches? [4] why, thy horn is a foot; and ſo long am I, at the leaſt. But wilt thou make a fire, or ſhall I complain on thee to our miſtreſs, whoſe hand (ſhe being now at hand) thou ſhalt ſoon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being ſlow in thy hot office.

Curt. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my maſter and miſtreſs are almoſt frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; And therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gru. Why, [5] *Jack boy! ho boy!* and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt.

cerning the *learning of Shakſpeare*; this uſe of the word *fellow* brings it to my remembrance. Burbage and Kempe are introduced to teach the univerſity-men the art of acting, and are repreſented (particularly Kempe) as *leaden ſpouts—very illiterate.* "Few of the univerſity, ſays Kempe, pen plays well; *they* ſmell too much of that writer *Ovid*, and that writer *Metamorphoſis*:—why here's our *Fellow Shakſpeare* puts them all down."

FARMER.

The ſentence delivered by Grumio is proverbial:

"Wedding, and ill-wintering, tame both man and beaſt."

See *Ray's Collection.* STEEVENS.

[3] *Away, you three-inch fool!*] i. e. with a ſkull three inches thick, a phraſe taken from the thicker ſort of planks.

WARBURTON.

[4] *Why* thy *horn is a foot, and ſo long am I, at the leaſt.*] *Though all the copies agree in this reading*, Mr. Theobald ſays, *yet he cannot find what horn Curtis had*; therefore he alters it to *my horn.* But the common reading is right, and the meaning is that he had made Curtis a cuckold. WARBURTON.

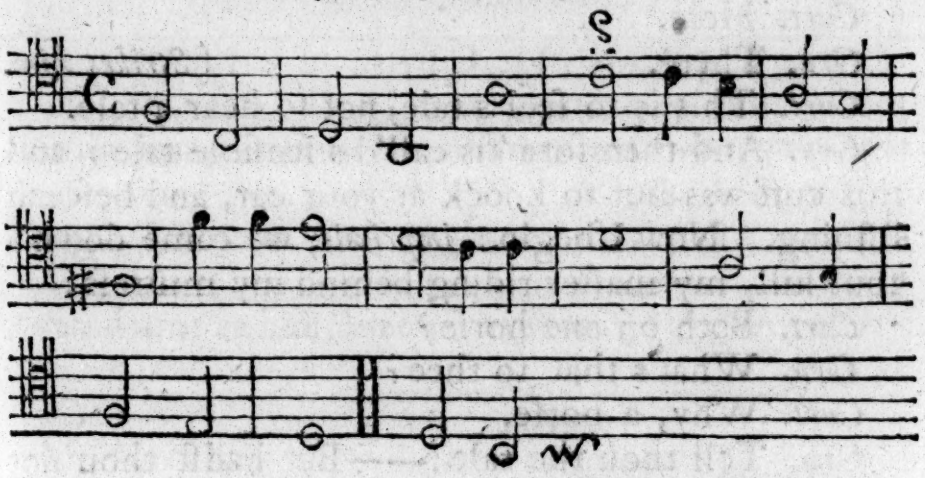
[5] *Jack boy*, &c.] fragment of ſome old ballad. WARBURTON.

Curt. Come, you are ſo full of conycatching:—

Gru. Why therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is ſupper ready, the houſe trimm'd, ruſhes ſtrew'd, cobwebs ſwept; the ſerving-men in their new fuſtian, their white ſtockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? [6] be the

Jack boy, ho boy. Dr Warburton is nearly right in his conjecture on this paſſage: It is the beginning of an old round in three parts, here given with the muſic.

Jack boy! ho Boy!



Sir JOHN HAWKINS.

[6] *be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without?* i. e. Are the drinking veſſels clean, and the maid ſervants dreſs'd? But the Oxford Editor alters it thus:

Are the Jacks fair without, the Jills fair within?

What his conceit is in this, I confeſs I know not.

WARBURTON.

Hanmer's meaning ſeems to be this: *Are the men who are waiting without the houſe to receive my maſter, dreſs'd; and the maids, who are are waiting within, dreſs'd too?*

I believe the poet meant to play upon the words *Jack* and *Jill*, which ſignify *two drinking meaſures*, as well as *men* and *maid ſervants*. The diſtinction made in the queſtions concerning them, was owing to this. The *Jacks* being of leather, could not be made to appear beautiful on the outſide, but were very apt to contract foulneſs within; whereas, the *Jills*, being of metal, were expected to be kept bright externally, and were not liable to dirt on the inſide like the leather.

The quibble on the former of theſe words I find in the *Atheiſt's Tragedy*, by C. Turner, 1611:

"——have

the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; And, therefore, I pray thee, news?

Gru. Firſt, know my horſe is tired; my maſter and miſtreſs fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their ſaddles into the dirt; And thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [*Strikes him.*

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis call'd a ſenſible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beſeech liſtning. Now I begin: *imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my maſter riding behind my miſtreſs:—

Curt. Both on one horſe?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horſe.

Gru. Tell thou the tale:——But hadſt thou not croſs'd me, thou ſhould'ſt have heard how the horſe fell, and ſhe under her horſe; thou ſhould'ſt have heard, in how miry a place: how ſhe was bemoil'd [7]; how he left her with the horſe upon her; how he beat me becauſe her horſe ſtumbled; how ſhe waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; [8] how he

"——have you drunk yourſelves mad?

"1 *Ser.* My lord, the *Jacks* abus'd me.

"*D'Am.* I think they are *jacks* indeed that have abus'd thee."

"I owe money to ſeveral hoſteſſes, and you know ſuch *jills* will quickly be upon a man's *jack*." *Puritan Widow*, 1607. In this laſt inſtance, the alluſion to drinking meaſures is evident. STEEVENS.

7 ——*bemoil'd*;] i. e. be-draggled, bemired. STEEVENS.

8 ——*how he ſwore,*
And how ſhe pray'd—that never pray'd before;]

Theſe lines, with little variation, are found in the old copy of *K. Leir*, publiſhed before that of Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

ſwore;

ſwore; how ſhe pray'd—that never pray'd before; how I cry'd; how the horſes ran away; how her bridle was burſt; how I loſt my crupper;—with many things of worthy memory; which now ſhall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more ſhrew than ſhe.

Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudeſt of you all ſhall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—call forth Nathaniel, Joſeph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarſop, and the reſt: let their heads be ſleekly comb'd, [9] their blue coats bruſh'd, and their [1] garters of an indifferent knit: let them

9 ——*their* blue coats *be bruſh'd*,] The dreſs of ſervants at the time. So, in *Decker's Belman's Night Walkes*, ſig. E 3: "—the other act their parts in *blew coates*, as they were their *ſerving men*, though indeed they be all fellowes." Again, in *The Curtain Drawer of the World*, 1612. p. ii. "Not a *ſerving man* dare appeare in a *blew coat*, not becauſe it is the livery of charity, but leſt he ſhould be thought a retainer to their enemy. EDITOR.

1 *garters of an indifferent knit:*] What is the ſenſe of this I know not, unleſs it means, that their *garters* ſhould be *fellows*: *indifferent*, or *not different*, one from the other. JOHNSON.

This is rightly explained. So, in *Hamlet*:

"As the *indifferent* children of the earth."

Again, in *King Richard* II.

"Look on my wrongs with an *indifferent* eye, i. e. an *impartial* one. STEEVENS.

In Shakſpeare's time *indifferent* was uſed for *different*. Thus Speed in his *Hiſt. of Great Britaine*, 1614, p. 779, deſcribing the French and Engliſh armies at the battle of Agincourt, ſays, —"The face of theſe hoaſts were diverſe and *indifferent*; the French gallant, freſh, and through vaine hope of honour already mounted above men of mean rank;—the Engliſh weake, weary, and ſore-ſtarved." So, in Aretine's *Hiſt. of the Goths*, tranſlated by Golding, 1563. In a place of advantage and eaſie to the Goths, but very untoward and un-*indifferent* for the ſouldiers of Beliſarius."

That garters of a *different knit* were formerly worn, appears from TEXNOΓAMIA, *or the Marriages of the Arts*, by Barton Holyday, 1630, where the following ſtage direction occurs. "Phantaſtes in a branched velvet jerkin—red ſilk ſtockings, and *particoloured garters*. MALONE.

curtſy with their left legs; and not preſume to touch a hair of my maſter's horſe-tail, 'till they kiſs their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you muſt meet my maſter, to countenance my miſtreſs.

Gru. Why, ſhe hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it ſeems; that call'ſt for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter four or five ſerving men.

Gru. Why, ſhe comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Joſ. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my ſpruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things are ready: How near is our maſter?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not,——Cock's paſſion, ſilence!——I hear my maſter.

Enter Petruchio, and Katharine [1].

Pet. Where be theſe knaves? What, no man at the door,

To

[1] *Enter Petruchio*, &c.] Thus the original play. "Enter *Ferando* and *Kate*.

"*Ferand.* Now welcome *Kate*. Wheres theſe villaines,
"Heere? what, not ſupper yet upon the boord!

"Nor

To hold my ſtirrup, nor to take my horſe!
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?——
All Serv. Here, here, ſir; here ſir.
Pet. Here, ſir! here, ſir! here, ſir! here ſir!—
You logger-headed and unpoliſh'd grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?—
Where is the fooliſh knave I ſent before?

" Nor table ſpread, nor nothing done at all!
" Where's that villaine that I ſent before?
" *San.* Now, adſum, ſir.
" *Feran.* Come hither you villaine; Ile cut your noſe
" You rogue: help me off with by boots: wilt pleaſe
" You to lay the cloth? Sowns the villaine
" Hurts my foote: pull eaſily I ſay: yet againe?
He beates them all.
They cover the board, and fetch in the meate.
" Sowns, burnt and ſcorch't! who dreſt this meate?
" *Will.* Forſooth, *John Cooke.*
He throwes down the table and meate, and all, and beates them all.
" *Feran.* Goe, you villaines; bring me ſuch meate?
" Out of my ſight, I ſay, and bear it hence.
" Come, *Kate*, wee'l have other meate provided:
" Is there a fire in my chamber, ſir?
" *San.* I, forſooth. [*Exeunt Ferando and Kate.*
" *Manent ſerving men, and eate up all the meate.*
" *Tom.* Sownes, I thinke of my conſcience my maſter's madde ſince he was married.
" *Will.* I laſt what a box he gave *Sander*
" For pulling off his bootes.
Enter Ferando again.
" *San.* I hurt his foot for the nonce man.
" *Feran.* Did you ſo, you damned villaine?
He beates them all out againe.
" This humour muſt I hold me to a while,
" To bridle and holde back my head-ſtrong wife,
" With curbes of hunger, eaſe, and want of ſleepe:
" Nor ſleep nor meate ſhall ſhe enjoy to night;
" Ile mew her up as men do mew their hawkes,
" And make her gently come unto the lewre:
" Were ſhe as ſtubborne and as full of ſtrength
" As was the Thracian horſe Alcides tamde,
" That king *Egeus* fed with fleſh of men,
" Yet would I pull her downe and make her come,
" As hungry hawkes do flie unto their lewre. [*Exit.*"

STEEVENS.

Gru.

Gru. Here, ſir; as fooliſh as I was before.

Pet. You peaſant ſwain! you whoreſon malt-horſe drudge!
Did not I bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along theſe raſcal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, ſir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat[2],
And Walter's dagger was not come from ſheathing:
There was none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The reſt were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, raſcals, go, and fetch my ſupper in.—
[*Exeunt Servants.*

Where is the life that late I led[3]— [*Singing.*
Where are thoſe,——Sit down, Kate, and welcome.
Soud, ſoud, ſoud, ſoud[4]!

Re-enter Servants, with ſupper.

Why, when, I ſay?—Nay, good ſweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues, you villians; When?

It was the friar of orders grey[5], [*Sings.*
As he forth walked on his way:—

Out,

[2] ——*no link to colour Peter's hat,*] A *link* is a torch of pitch. Greene, in his *Mihil Mumchance*, ſays—"This cozenage is uſed likewiſe in ſelling old hats found upon dung-hills, inſtead of newe, blackt over with the *ſmoake of an old linke.*" STEEVENS.

[3] *Where*, &c.] A ſcrap of ſome old ballad. Ancient Piſtol elſewhere quotes the ſame line. In an old black letter book intituled, "*A gorgious Gallery of gallant Inventions*, London, 1578, 4to, is a ſong to the tune of *Where is the life that late I led.*" REMARKS.

[4] ——*Soud, ſoud*, &c.] That is, *ſweet, ſweet. Soot*, and ſometimes *ſooth*, is *ſweet.* So, in Milton, *to ſing ſoothly*, is to ſing ſweetly. JOHNSON.

So, in *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:

"He'll hang handſome young men for the *ſoote* ſinne of love." STEEVENS.

[5] *It was the friar of orders grey,*] Diſperſed through Shakſpeare's plays are many little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which cannot now be recovered. Many of theſe being

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.—
[*Strikes him.*
Be merry, Kate:—Some water, here; what ho!—

Enter one with water.

Where's my ſpaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,
[6] And bid my couſin Ferdinand come hither:—
One, Kate, that you muſt kiſs, and be acquainted with.—
Where are my ſlippers?—Shall I have ſome water?—
Come, Kate, and waſh, and welcome heartily:—
You, whoreſon, villain! will you let it fall?

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreſon, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!
Come, Kate, ſit down; I know, you have a ſtomach.
Will you give thanks, ſweet Kate; or elſe ſhall I?—
What's this? mutton?

1 *Ser.* Ay.

Pet. Who brought it?

Ser. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and ſo is all the meat:
What dogs are theſe?—Where is the raſcal cook?
How durſt you, villians, bring it from the dreſſer,
And ſerve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
[*Throws the meat, &c. about the ſtage.*
You heedleſs jolt-heads, and unmanner'd ſlaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you ſtraight.

being of the moſt beautiful and pathetic ſimplicity, Dr. Percy has ſelected ſome of them, and connected them together with a few ſupplemental ſtanzas; a work, which at once ſhews his own poetical abilities, as well as his reſpect to the truely venerable remains of our moſt ancient bards. STEEVENS.

[6] *And bid my couſin Ferdinand come hither:*] This couſin Ferdinand, who does not make his perſonal appearance on the ſcene, is mentioned, I ſuppoſe for no other reaſon than to give Katharine a hint, that he could keep even his own relations in order, and make them obedient as his ſpaniel Troilus. STEEVENS.

Kath.

Kath. I pray you, huſband, be not ſo diſquiet;
The meat was well, if you were ſo contented.
Pet. I tell thee Kate, 'twas burnt, and dry'd away.
And I expreſsly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere, that both of us did faſt,—
Since, of ourſelves, ourſelves are cholerick,—
Than feed it with ſuch over-roaſted fleſh.
Be patient; to-morrow it ſhall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll faſt for company:—
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Servants ſeverally.

Nath. Peter, didſt ever ſee the like?
Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter Curtis.

Gru. Where is he?
Curt. In her chamber,
Making a ſermon of continency to her:
And rails, and ſwears, and rates; that ſhe poor ſoul,
Knows not which way to ſtand, to look, to ſpeak;
And fits as one new-riſen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I politickly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end ſucceſsfully:
My faulcon now is ſharp, and paſſing empty;
And, 'till ſhe ſtoop, ſhe muſt not be full-gorg'd[7],

[7] ——*full-gorg'd*, &c.] A hawk too much fed was never tractable. So, in the *Tragedie of Cræſus*, 1604:

" And like a hooded hawk, *gorg'd* with vain pleaſures,
" At random flies, and wots not where he is."

Again, in the *Booke of Hauking*, bl. l. no date:

" —ye ſhall ſay your hauke is *full-gorg'd* and not cropped."

The *lure* was only a thing ſtuff'd like that kind of bird which the hawk was deſigned to purſue. The uſe of the *lure* was to tempt him back after he had flown. STEEVENS.

For

For then ſhe never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard [8],
To make her come, and know her keeper's call;
That is,—to watch her, as we watch theſe kites [9],
That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none ſhall eat;
Laſt-night ſhe ſlept not, nor to-night ſhe ſhall not:
As with the meat, ſome undeſerved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolſter,
This way the coverlet, another way the ſheets:—
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And, in concluſion, ſhe ſhall watch all night:
And, if ſhe chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her ſtill awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindneſs [1];
And thus I'll curb her mad and head-ſtrong humour:—
He that knows better how to tame a ſhrew,
Now let him ſpeak; 'tis charity to ſhew. [*Exit.*

[8] ——*to man my* haggard,] A *haggard* is a *wild hawk*; to *man* a hawk is to *tame* her. See vol. ii. p. 316, vol. iii. p. 233. JOHNSON.

[9] ——watch *her as we* watch *theſe kites*,] Thus in the ſame book of *Haukyng*, &c. bl. l. commonly called, *The Book of St. Albans*. "And then the ſame night after the teding, *wake* her all night, and on the morrowe all day."
Again, in the *Lady Errant*, by Cartwright: "We'll keep you as they do *hawks*; *watching* you until you leave your wildneſs." STEEVENS.

[1] *This is the way to kill a wife with kindneſs*;] An alluſion might be intended to Heywood's play, called, *A Woman killed with Kindneſs*, which was acted in 1604, and perhaps before. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Before Baptiſta's Houſe.

Enter Tranio, and Hortenſio.

Tra. Is't poſſible, friend Licio, that miſtreſs Bianca[2]
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, ſir, ſhe bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to ſatisfy you in what I have ſaid,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

[*They ſtand by.*

Enter Bianca, and Lucentio.

Luc. Now, miſtreſs, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, maſter, read you? firſt, reſolve me that.

Luc. I read that I profeſs, the art to love.

[2] *Is't poſſible, friend Licio,* &c.] This ſcene, Mr. Pope, upon what authority, I can't pretend to gueſs, has in his editions made the *firſt* of the *fifth* act: in doing which, he has ſhewn the very power and force of criticiſm. The conſequence of this judicious regulation is, that two unpardonable abſurdities are fixed upon the author, which he could not poſſibly have committed. For, in the firſt place, by this ſhuffling the ſcenes out of their true poſition, we find Hortenſio, in the fourth act, already gone from Baptiſta's to Petruchio's country-houſe; and afterwards in the beginning of the fifth act we find him firſt forming the reſolution of quitting Bianca; and Tranio immediately informs us, he gone to the Taming-ſchool to Petruchio. There is a figure, indeed, in rhethorick, call'd ὕστερον πρότερον; but this is an abuſe of it, which the rhetoricians will never adopt upon Pope's authority. Again, by this miſplacing, the Pedant makes his firſt entrance, and quits the ſtage with Tranio in order to go and dreſs himſelf like Vincentio, whom he was to perſonate: but his ſecond *entrance* is upon the very heels of his *exit*; and without any interval of an *act*, or one word intervening, he comes out again equipp'd like Vincentio. If ſuch a critic be fit to publiſh a ſtage-writer, I ſhall not envy Mr. Pope's admirers, if they ſhould think fit to applaud his ſagacity. I have replaced the ſcenes in that order, in which I found them in the old books. THEOBALD.

Bian.

Bian. And may you prove, ſir, maſter of your art!

Luc. While you, ſweet dear, prove miſtreſs of my heart. [*They retire backward.*

Hor. [1] Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durſt ſwear that your miſtreſs Bianca
[2] Lov'd none in the world ſo well as Lucentio.

Tra. O deſpightful love! unconſtant womankind!—
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Miſtake no more: I am not Licio.
Nor a muſician, as I ſeem to be;
But one that ſcorn to live in this diſguiſe,
For ſuch a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of ſuch a cullion:
Know, ſir, that I am call'd—Hortenſio.

Tra. Signior Hortenſio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And ſince mine eyes are witneſs of her lightneſs,
I will with you,—if you be ſo contented,—
Forſwear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiſs and court!——Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow—
Never to woo her more; but do forſwear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
[3] That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,—
Never to marry her though ſhe would entreat:
Fye on her! ſee, how beaſtly ſhe doth court him.

[1] *Quick* proceeders, *marry!*] Perhaps here an equivoque was intended. To *proceed* Maſter of Arts, &c. is the academical term. See vol. ii. p. 399. MALONE.

[2] *Lov'd* none *in the world*——] The old copy has
Lov'd *me* in the world——.
Mr. Rowe made this neceſſary correction. MALONE.

[3] *That I have fondly flatter'd* her *withall.*] The old copy reads —"*them* withal." The emendation by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

Hor.

Hor. 'Would all the world, but he, had quite forſworn!
For me,—that I may ſurely keep mine oath,
I will be marry'd to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days paſs; which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud diſdainful haggard:
And ſo farewel, ſignior Lucentio.—
Kindneſs in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love:—and ſo I take my leave.
In reſolution as I ſwore before. [*Exit Hortenſio.*

Tra. Miſtreſs Bianca, bleſs you with ſuch grace
As 'longeth to a lover's bleſſed caſe!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;
And have forſworn you, with Hortenſio.

[*Lucentio and Bianca came forward.*

Bian. Tranio, you jeſt; but have you both forſworn me?

Tra. Miſtreſs, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I'faith, he'll have a luſty widow now,
That ſhall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her[3].

Bian. He ſays ſo, Tranio.

Tra. 'Faith he is gone unto the taming ſchool.

Bian. The taming ſchool! what, is there ſuch a place?

Tra. Ay, miſtreſs, and Petruchio is the maſter;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a ſhrew, and charm her chattering tongue[4].

[3] *Ay, and he'll tame her, &c.*] Thus in the original play:
"————he means to tame his wife ere long.
"*Val.* Hee ſaies ſo.
"*Aurel.* Faith he's gon unto the taming-ſchoole.
"*Val.* The taming-ſchoole! why is there ſuch a place?
"*Aurel.* I: and *Ferando* is the maiſter of the ſchoole."
STEEVENS.

[4] —charm *her chattering tongue.*] So, in *K. Henry* VI. P. III.
"Peace, wilful boy, or I will *charm* your tongue."
See vol. iv. p. 399. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Biondello, running.

Bion. Oh maſter, maſter, I have watch'd ſo long
That I'm dog-weary; but at laſt I ſpied
[5] An ancient angel coming down the hill,
Will ſerve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello?

Bion. Maſter, a mercatantè [6], or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance ſurely like a father [7].

[5] *An ancient* angel] For *angel* Mr. Theobald, and after him ſir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton, read *engle*. JOHNSON.

It is true that the word *enghle*, which ſir T. Hanmer calls a gull, deriving it from *engluer*, Fr. to catch with bird-lime, is ſometimes uſed by B. Jonſon. It cannot, however, bear that meaning at preſent, as Biondello confeſſes his ignorance of the quality of the perſon who is afterwards perſuaded to repreſent the father of Lucentio. The preciſe meaning of it is not aſcertained in Jonſon, neither is the word to be found in any of the original copies of Shakſpeare.

Angel primitively ſignifies a *meſſenger*, but perhaps this ſenſe is not ſtrictly applicable to the paſſage before us. So, Ben Jonſon, in the *Sad Shepherd:*

" ——the dear good *angel* of the ſpring,
" The nightingale."——

And Chapman, in his tranſlation of *Homer*, always calls a meſſenger an *angel*. See particularly B. xxiv.

In the *Scornful Lady* of Beaumont and Fletcher, an old uſurer is indeed called:

" ——old *angel* of gold." STEEVENS.

[6] *Maſter, a mercatantè, or a pedant,*] The old editions read *marcantant*. The Italian word *mercatantè* is frequently uſed in the old plays for a merchant, and therefore I have made no ſcruple of placing it here. The modern editors, who printed the word as they found it ſpelt in the folio and quarto, were obliged to ſupply a ſyllable to make out the verſe, which the Italian pronunciation renders unneceſſary. A *pedant* was the common name for a teacher of languages. So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonſon: " He loves to have a fencer, a *pedant*, and a muſician, ſeen in his lodgings." STEEVENS.

Mercatantè. So, Spenſer, in the third book of his *Fairy Queen:*

" Sleeves dependant Albanesè-wiſe."

And our author has *Veronesè* in his *Othello*. FARMER.

[7] ——*Surely* like a father.] I know not what he is, ſays the ſpeaker, however this is certain, he has the gait and countenance of a fatherly man. WARBURTON.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio?

Tra. If he be credulous, and truſt my tale,
I'll make him glad to ſeem Vincentio;
And give aſſurance to Baptiſta Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt Lucentio, and Bianca.*

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God ſave you, ſir!

Tra. And you, ſir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the fartheſt?

Ped. Sir, at the fartheſt for a week or two:
But then up farther; and as far as Rome;
And ſo to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, ſir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careleſs of your life?

Ped. My life, ſir! how I pray? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua[8]
To come to Padua; Know you not the cauſe?
Your ſhips are ſtaid at Venice; and the duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him)
Hath publiſh'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it elſe proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, ſir, it is worſe for me than ſo;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and muſt here deliver them.

Tra. Well, ſir, to do you courteſy,
This will I do, and this will I adviſe you;—
Firſt, tell me, have you ever been at Piſa?

[8] *'Tis death for any one in Mantua* &c.] So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

"——if any Syracuſan born
"Come to the bay of Epheſus, he dies." STEVEENS.

Ped. Ay, ſir, in Piſa have I often been;
Piſa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, ſir; and, ſooth to ſay,
In countenance ſomewhat doth reſemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyſter, and all one. [*Aſide.*

Tra. To ſave your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his ſake;
And think it not the worſt of all your fortunes,
That you are like to ſir Vincentio.
His name and credit ſhall you undertake,
And in my houſe you ſhall be friendly lodg'd;
Look that you take upon you as you ſhould;
You underſtand me, ſir;—ſo ſhall you ſtay
'Till you have done your buſineſs in the city:
If this be courteſy, ſir, accept of it.

Ped. Oh, ſir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you underſtand;—
My father is here look'd for every day,
To paſs aſſurance [9] of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptiſta's daughter here:
In all theſe circumſtances I'll inſtruct you:
[1] Go with me, ſir, to cloath you as becomes you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

9 *To paſs* aſſurance *&c.*] To *paſs aſſurance* means to make a conveyance or deed. Deeds are by law-writers called, "The common *aſſurances* of the realm," becauſe thereby each man's property is *aſſured* to him. So, in a ſubſequent ſcene of this act, "they are buſied about a counterfeit *aſſurance*. MALONE.

1 *Go with me*, &c.] There is an old comedy called *Suppoſes*, tranſlated from *Arioſto*, by George Gaſcoigne. Thence Shakſpeare borrowed this part of the plot, (as well as ſome of the phraſeology) though Theobald pronounces it his own invention.

SCENE III.

Enter Katharine, and Gramio[2].

Gru. No, no, forſooth; I dare not for my life.
Kath. The more my wrong, the more his ſpite appears:
What, did he marry me to famiſh me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon

There likewiſe he found the quaint name of Petruchio. My young maſter and his man exchange habits, and perſuade a *Scenæſe*, as he is called, to perſonate *the father*, exactly as in this play, by the pretended danger of his coming from *Sienna* to *Ferrara*, contrary to the order of the government. FARMER.

[2] *Enter Katharine and Grumio.*] Thus the original play,——
" Enter *Sander* and his miſtris.
" *San.* Come, miſtris.
" *Kate. Sander*, I prethee helpe me to ſome meat;
" I am ſo faint that I can ſcarcely ſtand.
" *San.* I marry miſtris: but you know my maiſter
" Has given me a charge that you muſt eat nothing,
" But that which he himſelf giveth you.
" *Kate.* Why man thy maiſter needs never know it.
San. You ſay true, indeed. Why look you, miſtris;
" What ſay you to a pece of bieffe and muſtard now?
" *Kate.* Why, I ſay, 'tis excellent meat; canſt thou helpe me to ſome?
" *San.* I, I could helpe you to ſome, but that
" I doubt the muſtard is too chollerick for you.
" But what ſay you to a ſheapes head and garlicke?
" *Kate.* Why any thing; I care not what it be.
San. I, but the garlicke I doubt will make your breath ſtincke; and then my maſter wil courſe me for letting you eate it. But what ſay you to a fat capon?
" *Kate.* That's meate for a king; ſweete *Sander* help me to ſome of it.
" *San.* Nay, berlady, then 'tis too deere for us; we muſt not meddle with the king's meate.
" *Kate.* Out villaine! doſt thou mocke me?
" Take that for thy ſawſineſſe. [*She beats him.*
" *San.* Sounes are you ſo light-fingred, with a murrin;
" Ile keepe you faſting for it theſe two daies.
" *Kate* I tell thee villaine, Ile tear the fleſh off
" Thy face and eate it, and thou prate to me thus.
" *San.* Here comes my maſter now: heele courſe you.

" *Enter.*

Upon entreaty, have a preſent alms;
If not, elſewhere they meet with charity:
But I,—who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I ſhould entreat,—
Am ſtarv'd for meat, giddy for lack of ſleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which ſpites me more than all theſe wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who ſhould ſay,—if I ſhould ſleep, or eat,
'Twere deadly ſickneſs, or elſe preſent death,—
I pry'thee go, and get me ſome repaſt;
I care not what, ſo it be wholeſome food.

Gru. What ſay you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis paſſing good; I pr'ythee, let me have it.

" *Enter* Ferando *with a piece of meate upon his dagger point, and* Polidor *with him.*

" *Ferran.* See here, *Kate*, I have provided meat for thee;
" Here, take it: what, is't not worthy thanks?
" Go, ſirha, take it away againe, you ſhall be
" Thankful for the next you have.
" *Kate.* Why, I thanke you for it.
" *Ferran.* Nay, now 'tis not worth a pin: go, ſirha, and take it hence, I ſay.
" *San.* Yes, ſir, Ile carrie it hence: Maſter, let her
" Have none; for ſhe can fight, as hungry as ſhe is.
" *Pol.* I pray you, ſir, let it ſtand; for Ile eat
" Some with her myſelfe.
" *Ferran.* Wel, ſirha, ſet it down againe.
" *Kate.* Nay, nay, I pray you, let him take it hence,
" And keep it for your own diet, for Ile none;
" Ile nere be beholding to you for your meat:
" I tel thee flatly here unto thy teeth,
" Thou ſhalt not keepe me nor feed me as thou liſt,
" For I will home againe unto my father's houſe.
" *Ferran.* I, when y'are meeke and gentle, but not before:
" I know your ſtomacke is not yet come downe,
" Therefore no marvel thou canſt not eat;
" And I will go unto your father's houſe.
" Come *Polidor*, let us go in againe;
" And *Kate* come in with us: I know, ere long,
" That thou and I ſhall lovingly agree."

The circumſtance of *Petruchio* bringing meat to *Katharine* on the point of his dagger, is a ridicule on Marloe's *Tamburlaine*, who treats *Bajazet* in the ſame manner. STEEVENS.

Gru. [3] I fear, it is too cholerick a meat:—
How ſay you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?
Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis cholerick.
What ſay you to a piece of beef, and muſtard?
Kath. A diſh that I do love to feed upon.
Gru. Ay, but the muſtard is too hot a little.
Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the muſtard reſt.
Gru. Nay, then I will not; you ſhall have the muſtard,
Or elſe you get no beef of Grumio.
Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why, then the muſtard without the beef.
Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou falſe deluding ſlave,
[*Beats him.*
That feed'ſt me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my miſery!
Go, get thee gone, I ſay.

Enter Petruchio and Hortenſio, with meat.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What ſweeting, all amort [4]?
Hor. Miſtreſs, what cheer?
Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.
Pet. Pluck up thy ſpirits, look chearfully upon me.
Here, love; thou ſee'ſt how diligent I am,
To dreſs thy meat myſelf, and bring it thee:
I am ſure, ſweet Kate, this kindneſs merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'ſt it not;

[3] *I fear it is too* phlegmatick *a meat*—] This is a capricious alteration made by the editor of the ſecond folio. The firſt copy has *cholerick*, which is certainly right So before:

"And I expreſsly am forbid to eat it,
"For it engenders *choler*. MALONE.

[4] ——*what, ſweeting, all* amort?] This Galliciſm is common to many of the old plays. So, in *Wily Beguil'd:*

"Why how now, Sophos, all *amort?*

Again, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"What all *amort!* What's the matter." STEEVENS.

And

And all my pains is ſorted to no proof[5]:——
Here, take away this diſh.

Kath. I pray you, let it ſtand.

Pet. The pooreſt ſervice is repaid with thanks:
And ſo ſhall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, ſir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fye! you are to blame:
Come, miſtreſs Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortenſio, if thou lov'ſt me.—
[*Aſide.*
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace:—And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's houſe;
And revel it as bravely as the beſt,
With ſilken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and[6] fardingals, and things;
With ſcarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, haſt thou din'd? The taylor ſtays thy leiſure,
To deck thy body with his ruſtling treaſure.—

Enter Taylor.

Come, taylor, let us ſee theſe ornaments;

[5] *And all my pains is* ſorted *to no proof:*] And all *my* labour has ended in nothing, or *proved* nothing. "*We tried an experiment, but it* ſorted *not.*" *Bacon.* JOHNSON.

[6] —*fardingals, and* things;] Though *things* is a poor word, yet I have no better, and perhaps the authour had not another that would rhime. I once thought to tranſpoſe the words *rings* and *things*, but it would make little improvement. JOHNSON.

However poor the word, the poet muſt be anſwerable for it, as he had uſed it before, act ii. ſc. 5. when the rhime did not force it upon him.

We will have rings and things, *and fine array.*

Again, in the *Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1632:

"'Tis true that I am poor, and yet have *things*,
"And golden rings, &c."

A *thing* is a trifle too inconſiderable to deſerve particular diſcrimination. STEEVENS.

Enter Haberdaſher[6].

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, ſir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worſhip did beſpeak.

Pet.

[6] *Enter Haberdaſher.*] Thus in the original play.

" *San.* Maſter, the haberdaſher has brought my miſtris home her cap here.

" *Feran.* Come hither, ſirha: what have you there?

" *Haber.* A velvet cap, ſir, and it pleaſe you.

" *Feran.* Who ſpoke for it? Didſt thou, *Kate?*

" *Kate.* What if I did? Come hither, ſirha, give me the cap;
" Ile ſee if it will fit me. [*She ſets it on her head.*

" *Feran.* O monſtrous! why it becomes thee not.
" Let me ſee it, *Kate:* here, ſirha, take it hence;
" This cap is out of faſhion quite.

" *Kate.* The faſhion is good inough: belike you mean to make a fool of me.

" *Feran.* Why true, he means to make a foole of thee,
To have thee put on ſuch a curtald cap:
" Sirha, begone with it.

" *Enter the Taylor, with a gowne.*

" *San.* Here is the Taylor too with my miſtris gowne.

" *Feran.* Let me ſee it, Taylor: What, with cuts and jags?
" Sounes, thou vilaine, thou haſt ſpoil'd the gowne.

" *Taylor.* Why, ſir, I made it as your man gave me direction;
" You may read the note here.

" *Feran.* Come hither, ſirha: Taylor, read the note.

" *Taylor.* Item, a faire round compaſs'd cape.

" *San.* I, that's true.

" *Taylor.* And a large truncke ſleeve.

" *San.* That's a lie maiſter; I ſaid two truncke ſleeves.

" *Feran* Well, ſir, go forward.

" *Taylor.* Item, a looſe-bodied gowne.

" *San.* Maiſter, if ever I ſaid looſe bodies gowne,
" Sew me in a ſeame, and beat me to death
" With a bottom of browne thred.

" *Taylor.* I made it as the note bade me.

" *San.* I ſay the note lies in his throate, and thou too, an thou ſayeſt it.

" *Taylor.* Nay, nay, ne'er be ſo hot, ſirha, for I feare you not.

" *San.* Doſt thou heare, Tailor? thou haſt braved many men:
" Brave not me. Th'aſt fac'd many men.

" *Taylor.* Wel, ſir.

" *San.* Face not me: I'le neither be fac'd, nor braved, at thy hands, I can tell thee.

" *Kate.*

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer[7];
A velvet diſh;—fye, fye! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-ſhell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
and gentlewomen wear ſuch caps as theſe.

Pet. When you are gentle, you ſhall have one too,
And not 'till then.

Hor. That will not be in haſte. [*Aſide.*

" *Kate.* Come, come, I like the faſhion of it wel inough;
" Heere's more adoe than needes; I'le have it, I;
" And if you doe not like it, hide your eies:
" I think I ſhall have nothing, by your will.
" *Feran.* Go, I ſay, and take it up for your maiſter's uſe.
" *San.* Souns villaine, not for thy life; touch it not:
" Souns, take up my miſtris gowne to his maiſter's uſe!
" *Feran.* Well, ſir, what's your conceit of it?
" *San.* I have a deeper conceit in it than you think for. Take up my miſtris gowne to his maiſter's uſe!
" *Feran.* Taylor, come hither; for this time make it:
" Hence againe, and Ile content thee for thy paines.
" *Taylor.* I thanke you, ſir. [*Exit Taylor.*
" *Feran.* Come, *Kate*, wee now will go ſee thy father's houſe,
" Even in theſe honeſt meane abiliments;
" Our purſes ſhall be rich, our garments plaine,
" To ſhrowd our bodies from the winter rage;
" And that's inough, what ſhould we care for more?
" Thy ſiſters, *Kate*, to-morrow muſt be wed,
" And I have promiſed them thou ſhould'ſt be there:
" The morning is well up; lets haſte away;
" It wil be nine a clocke ere we come there.
" *Kate.* Nine a clocke! why 'tis already paſt two in the afternoon, by al the clockes in towne.
" *Feran.* I ſay tis but nine a clocke in the morning.
" *Kate.* I ſay 'tis two a clocke in the afternoone.
" *Feran.* It ſhall be nine then ere you go to your fathers:
" Come backe againe; we will not goe to day:
" Nothing but croſſing me ſtill?
" Ile have you ſay as I doe, ere I goe. [*Exeunt omnes.*"

STEEVENS.

7 ——*on a* porringer;] The ſame thought occurs in *King Henry* VIII. " ——rail'd upon me till her pink'd *porringer* fell off her head." STEEVENS.

Kath. [8] Why, ſir, I truſt, I may have leave to ſpeak;
And ſpeak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endur'd me ſay my mind;
And, if you cannot, beſt you ſtop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or elſe my heart, concealing it, will break:
And, rather than it ſhall, I will be free
Even to the uttermoſt, as I pleaſe, in words.

Pet. Why, thou ſay'ſt true; it is a paltry cap,
A cuſtard-coffin [9], a bauble, a ſilken pye:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'ſt it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay:—Come, taylor, let us ſee't.
O mercy, God! what maſking ſtuff is here?
What's this? a ſleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's ſnip, and nip, and cut, and ſliſh, and ſlaſh,
Like to a [1] cenſer in a barber's ſhop:—

Why

[8] *Why ſir, I truſt, I may have leave to ſpeak*, &c.] Shakſpeare has here copied nature with great ſkill. Petruchio, by frightening, ſtarving, and overwatching his wife, had tamed her into gentleneſs and ſubmiſſion. And the audience expects to hear no more of the ſhrew: when on her being croſſed, in the article of faſhion and finery, the moſt inveterate folly of the ſex, ſhe flies out again, though for the laſt time, into all the intemperate rage of her nature. WARBURTON.

[9] *A cuſtard*-coffin,——] A *coffin* was the ancient culinary term for the raiſed cruſt of a pye or cuſtard. So, in Ben Jonſon's *Staple of News:*

" ——— if you ſpend
" The red-deer pies in your houſe, or ſell them forth, ſir,
" Caſt ſo, that I may have their *coffins* all
" Return'd, &c."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's Maſque of *Gypſies Metamorphoſed:*

" And *coffin'd in cruſt* 'till now ſhe was hoary." STEEVENS.

[1] *Cenſer*] *Cenſers* in barber's ſhops are now diſuſed, but they may eaſily

made up of various peices of various ſilks as a parcel of letters in confuſion are by printers called a pye

Why, what, o'devil's name, taylor, call'ſt thou this?

Hor. I ſee, ſhe's like to have neither cap nor gown.
[*Aſide.*

Tay. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the faſhion, and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remembred,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you ſhall hop without my cuſtom, ſir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your beſt of it.

Kath. I never ſaw a better-faſhion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleaſing, nor more commendable:
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tay. She ſays, your worſhip means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. Oh monſtrous arrogance!
Thou lyeſt, thou thread, thou thimble[2],
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou:—
Brav'd in mine own houſe with a ſkein of thread!
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I ſhall ſo be-mete thee[3] with thy yard,
As thou ſhalt think on prating whilſt thou liv'ſt!
I tell thee, I, that thou haſt marr'd her gown.

Tay. Your worſhip is deceiv'd; the gown is made
Juſt as my maſter had direction:
Grumio gave order how it ſhould be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the ſtuff.

Tay. But how did you deſire it ſhould be made?

eaſily be imagined to have been veſſels which, for the emiſſion of the ſmoke, were cut with great number and varieties of interſtices. JOHNSON.

[2] ——*thou thimble*,] The taylor's trade having an appearance of effeminacy, has always been, among the rugged Engliſh, liable to ſarcaſms and contempt. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*be*-mete] i. e. be-meaſure thee. STEEVENS.

Gru.

Gru. Marry, ſir, with needle and thread.

Tay. But did you not requeſt to have it cut?

Gru. Thou haſt fac'd many things[4].

Tay. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou haſt brav'd many men[5]; brave not me; I will neither be fac'd nor brav'd. I ſay unto thee,—I bid thy maſter cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo*, thou lieſt.

Tay. Why, here is the note of the faſhion to teſtify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in his throat, if he ſay I ſaid ſo.

Tay. *Imprimis, a looſe-bodied gown:*

Gru. Maſter, if ever I ſaid looſe-body'd gown[6], ſow me up in the ſkirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I ſaid, a gown,

Pet. Proceed.

Tay. *With a ſmall compaſs'd cape*[7];

Gru. I confeſs the cape,

[4] faced *many things.*] i. e. turned up many gowns, &c. with *facings*, &c. So, in *Hen.* IV:

"To *face* the garment of rebellion
"With ſome fine colour." STEEVENS.

[5] ——brav'd *many men*;] i. e. made many men *fine*. *Bravery* was the ancient term for elegance of dreſs. STEEVENS.

[6] —looſe-body'd *gown*,] I think the joke is impair'd, unleſs we read with the original play already quoted—a *looſe body's* gown. It appears, however, that *looſe-bodied* gowns were the dreſs of *harlots*. Thus, in the *Michaelmas Term* by Middleton, 1607: "Doſt dream of viginity now? remember a *looſe-bodied* gown, wench, and let it go." STEEVENS.

See *Dodſley's Old Plays*, vol. iii. p. 479. edit. 1780. EDITOR.

[7] —*a ſmall compaſs'd cape*;] Stubbs, in his *Anatomy of Abuſes*, 1565, gives a moſt elaborate deſcription of the gowns of women; and adds—"Some have *capes* reaching down to the midſt of their backs, faced with velvet, or elſe with ſome fine wrought taffata, at the leaſt, fringed about, very bravely." STEEVENS.

A *compaſs'd cape* is a round cape. To *compaſs* is *to come round*. JOHNSON.

Tay.

Tay. *With a trunk ſleeve;*——

Gru. I confeſs two ſleeves.

Tay. *The ſleeves curiouſly cut.*

Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.

Gru. Error i'the bill, ſir; error i'the bill. I commanded the ſleeves ſhould be cut out, and ſow'd up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tay. This is true, that I ſay; an I had thee in place where, thou ſhou'dſt know it.

Gru. I am for thee ſtraight: take thou the bill[8], give me thy [9]mete-yard, and ſpare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he ſhall have no odds.

Pet. Well, ſir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i'the right, ſir; 'tis for my miſtreſs.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy maſter's uſe.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: Take up my miſtreſs' gown for thy maſter's uſe!

Pet. Why, ſir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. Oh, ſir, the conceit is deeper than you think for:

Take up my miſtreſs's gown unto his maſter's uſe!
Oh, fye, fye, fye!

Pet. Hortenſio, ſay thou wilt ſee the taylor paid:—

[*Aſide.*

Go take it hence; be gone, and ſay no more.

Hor. Taylor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.

Take no unkindneſs of his haſty words:
Away, I ſay; commend me to thy maſter.

[*Exit Taylor.*

[8] *take thou the* bill.] The ſame quibble between the written *bill*, and *bill* the ancient weapon carried by foot-ſoldiers, is to be met with in *Timon*. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*thy mete-yard,*] i. e. thy meaſuring-yard. So, in the *Miſeries of Inforc'd Marriage*, 1607:

"Be not a bar between us, or my ſword
"Shall *mete* thy grave out." STEEVENS.

Pet.

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,
Even in theſe honeſt mean habiliments;
Our purſes ſhall be proud, our garments poor:
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the ſun breaks through the darkeſt clouds,
So honour peereth in the meaneſt habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Becauſe his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Becauſe his painted ſkin contents the eye?
Oh, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worſe
For this poor furniture, and mean array.
If thou account'ſt it ſhame, lay it on me:
And therefore, frolick; we will hence forthwith,
To feaſt and ſport us at thy father's houſe.—
Go, call my men, and let us ſtraight to him;
And bring our horſes unto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—
Let's ſee; I think, 'tis now ſome ſeven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner time.

Kath. I dare aſſure you, ſir, 'tis almoſt two;
And 'twill be ſupper time, ere you come there.

Pet. It ſhall be ſeven, ere I go to horſe:
Look, what I ſpeak, or do, or think to do,
You are ſtill croſſing it.—Sirs, let't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It ſhall be what o'clock I ſay it is.

Hor. Why, ſo! this gallant will command the ſun.

[*Exeunt Petruchio, Katharine, and Hortenſio*[1].

[1] After this exeunt, the characters before whom the play is ſuppoſed to be exhibited, have been hitherto introduced from the original ſo often mentioned in the former notes.

"Lord. *Who's within there?*

"Enter Servants.

"*Aſleep again! go take him eaſily up, and put him in his own apparel again. But ſee you wake him not in any caſe.*"

"Serv. *It ſhall be done, my lord; come help to bear him hence.*

[They bear off Sly."

STEEVENS.

SCENE

[2]SCENE IV.

Before Baptiſta's houſe.

Enter Tranio and the Pedant dreſſed like Vincentio.

Tra. Sir, this is the houſe; Pleaſe it you, that I call?

Ped. Ay, what elſe? and, but I be deceived,
Signior Baptiſta may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegaſus [3].

Tra. 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any caſe,
With ſuch auſterity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: But, ſir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good, he were ſchool'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello,

[2] I cannot but think that the direction about the Tinker, who is always introduced at the end of the acts, together with the change of the ſcene, and the proportion of each act to the reſt, make it probable that the fifth act begins here. JOHNSON.

[3] Tra. *Where we were lodgers at the Pegaſus.*] This line has in all the editions hitherto been given to Tranio. But Tranio could with no propriety ſpeak this, either in his aſſumed or real character. Lucentio was too young to know any thing of lodging with his father, twenty years before at Genoa: and Tranio muſt be as much too young, or very unfit to repreſent and perſonate Lucentio. I have ventured to place the line to the Pedant, to whom it muſt certainly belong, and is a ſequel of what he was before ſaying. THEOBALD.

Shakſpeare has taken a ſign out of *London*, and hung it up in *Padua:*

"Meet me an hour hence at the ſign of the *Pegaſus* in Cheapſide." *Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606:

Again, in the *Jealous Lovers* by Randolph, 1632:

"A pottle of elixir at the *Pegaſus*,
"Bravely carous'd, is more reſtorative." STEEVENS.

Now

Now do your duty thoroughly, I adviſe you;
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut! fear not me.

Tra. But haſt thou done thy errand to Baptiſta?

Bion. I told him that your father was in Venice;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptiſta:—ſet your countenance, ſir.

Enter Baptiſta, and Lucentio.

Signior Baptiſta, you are happily met:
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of;
I pray you, ſtand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca, for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, ſon!—
Sir, by your leave having come to Padua
To gather in ſome debts, my ſon Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cauſe
Of love between your daughter and himſelf:
And,—for the good report I hear of you;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And ſhe to him,—to ſtay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and if you pleaſe to like
No worſe than I, ſir,—upon ſome agreement,
Me ſhall you find ready and willing
With one conſent to have her ſo beſtow'd:
For curious I cannot be with you[5],
Signior Baptiſta, of whom I hear ſo well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to ſay;—
Your plainneſs, and your ſhortneſs, pleaſe me well.
Right true it is your ſon Lucentio here

[5] *For* curious *I cannot be with you,*] *Curious* is ſcrupulous. So, in Holinſhed, p. 888: "The emperor obeying more compaſſion than the reaſon of things, was not *curious* to condeſcend to performe ſo good an office, &c." Again, p. 890. "—and was not *curious* to call him to eat with him at his table." STEEVENS.

Doth

Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And therefore, if you say no more than this,—
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. [6] Where then do you know best,
We be affy'd; and such assurance ta'en,
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, old Gremio is heark'ning still;
And, happily, we might be interrupted [7].

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, sir:
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We'll pass the business privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your servant here,
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this,—that, at so slender warning,
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well:—Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight:
And, if you will, tell what hath happened;—

[6] —— *Where then do you know best,*
Be we affy'd; ———]
This seems to be wrong. We may read more commodiously:
—— *Where then* you do *know best*
Be we affied; ———
Or thus, which I think is right:
Where then do you trow *best,*
We be affied; ——— JOHNSON.

[7] And *happily* we might be interrupted.] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope reads:
And *haply then* we might be interrupted. STEEVENS.
Happily, in Shakspeare's time, signified *accidentally*, as well as *fortunately*. It is rather surprising, that an editor should be guilty of so gross a corruption of his author's language, for the sake of *modernizing his orthography*. TYRWHITT.

Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how ſhe's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods ſhe may, with all my heart!
[*Exit.*

Tra. Dally not with the gods but get thee gone.
Signior Baptiſta, ſhall I lead the way?
Welcome! one meſs is like to be your cheer:
Come, ſir; we will better it in Piſa.

Bap. I follow you. [*Exeunt.*

Bion. Cambio.— [*Lucentio returns.*

Luc. What ſay'ſt thou, Biondello?

Bion. You ſaw my maſter wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith nothing; But he has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his ſigns and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptiſta is ſafe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful ſon.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the ſupper.

Luc. And then?—

Bion. The old prieſt at ſaint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; except[9] they are buſied about a counterfeit aſſurance; take you aſſurance of her, [1] *cum privilegio ad imprimendum ſolum:* to the church [2];

[8] *Exit.*] It ſeems odd management to make Lucentio *go out* here for nothing that appears, but that he may *return* again five lines lower. It would be better, I think, to ſuppoſe that he lingers upon the ſtage, till the reſt are gone, in order to talk with Biondello in private. TYRWHITT.

[9] *I cannot tell; except,*] The firſt folio reads *expect.* MALONE.

[1] *to the church;*] i. e. go to the church, &c. TYRWHITT.

[2] *cum privilegio ad imprimendum ſolum:*] It is ſcarce neceſſary to obſerve that theſe are the words which commonly were put on books where an excluſive right had been granted for printing them. EDITOR.

take

take the prieſt, clerk, and ſome ſufficient honeſt witneſſes:
If this be not that you look for, I have no more to ſay,
But, bid Bianca farewel for ever and a day.

Luc. Hear'ſt thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as ſhe went to the garden for parſly to ſtuff a rabbit; and ſo may you, ſir; and ſo adieu ſir. My maſter hath appointed me to go to ſaint Luke's, to bid the prieſt be ready to come againſt you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if ſhe be ſo contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore ſhould I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her;
It ſhall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [*Exit*[1].

SCENE

[1] *Exit.*] Here, in the original play, the *Tinker* ſpeaks again, and the ſcene continues thus:

" *Slie.* Sim, muſt they be married now?
" *Lord.* I, my lord.
" *Enter* Ferando, *and* Kate, *and* Sander.
" *Slie.* Looke, *Sim*, the fool is come againe now.
" *Feran.* Sirha, go fetch our horſes forth, and bring them to the backe-gate preſently.
" *San.* I wil, ſir, I warrant you. [*Exit Sander.*
" *Feran.* Come, *Kate:* the moone ſhines cleere to-night, methinkes.
" *Kate.* The moone; why huſband you are deceiv'd; it is the ſun.
" *Feran.* Yet againe? come backe againe; it ſhal be the moone ere we come at your fathers.
" *Kate.* Why Ile ſay as you ſay; it is the moone.
" *Feran.* ——, ſave the glorious moone!
" *Kate.* ——, ſave the glorious moone!
" *Feran.* I am glad, *Kate*, your ſtomach is come downe;
" I know it well thou knowſt it is the ſun;
" But I did trie to ſee if thou wouldſt ſpeake,
" And croſſe me now as thou haſt done before:
" And truſt me, *Kate*, hadſt thou now not namde the moone,
" We had gone backe againe as ſure as death.
" But ſoft, who's this that's comming here?

SCENE V.

A green lane.

Enter Petruchio, Katharine, and Hortenſio.

Pet. Come on, o'God's name; once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly ſhines the moon!
Kath. The moon! the ſun; it is not moon-light now.
Pet. I ſay, it is the moon that ſhines ſo bright.
Kath. I know, it is the ſun that ſhines ſo bright.
Pet. Now, by my mother's ſon, and that's myſelf,
It ſhall be moon, or ſtar, or what I liſt,
Or ere I journey to your father's houſe:—
Go on, and fetch our horſes back again.—
Evermore croſt, and croſt; nothing but croſt!
Hor. Say as he ſays, or we ſhall never go.
Kath. Forward I pray, ſince we are come ſo far,
And be it moon, or ſun, or what you pleaſe:
And if you pleaſe to call it a ruſh candle,
Henceforth I vow it ſhall be ſo for me.
Pet. I ſay, it is the moon.
Kath. I know, it is the moon.
Pet. Nay, then you lye; it is the bleſſed ſun.
Kath. Then, God be bleſt, it is the bleſſed ſun:—
But ſun it is not, when you ſay it is not;
And the moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;

" *Enter the Duke of* Ceſtus *alone.*
" *Duke.* Thus al alone from Ceſtus am I come,
" And left my princely court, and noble traine,
" To come to *Athens*, and in this diſguiſe
" To ſee what courſe my ſon *Aurelius* takes.
" But ſtay; here's ſome it may be travels thither:
" Good ſir, can you direct me the way to *Athens?*
[*Ferando ſpeaks to the old man.*

His ſpeech is very partially and incorrectly quoted by Mr. Pope in the following page. STEEVENS.

[2] And ſo it ſhall be ſo, for Katharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward: thus the bowl ſhould run,
And not unluckily againſt the bias.—
But ſoft; company is coming here.

Enter Vincentio.

Good-morrow, gentle miſtreſs: Where away?—
[*To Vincentio.*

[3] Tell me, ſweet Kate, and tell me truly too,—
Haſt thou beheld a freſher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What ſtars do ſpangle heaven with ſuch beauty,

[2] *And ſo it ſhall be* ſo,] A modern editor very plauſibly reads—And ſo it ſhall be, *Sir*. MALONE.

[3] *Tell me, ſweet Kate,*] In the firſt ſketch of this play, printed in 1607, we find two ſpeeches in this place worth preſerving, and ſeeming to be of the hand of Shakſpeare, though the reſt of that play is far inferior:

" Fair lovely maiden, young and affable,
" More clear of hue, and far more beautiful
" Than precious ſardonyx, or purple rocks
" Of amethiſts, or gliſtering hyacinth———
" ———Sweet Catharine, this lovely woman———
" *Cath.* Fair lovely lady, bright and chryſtaline,
" Beauteous and ſtately as the eye-train'd bird;
" As glorious as the morning waſh'd with dew,
" Within whoſe eyes ſhe takes her dawning beams,
" And golden ſummer ſleeps upon thy cheeks.
" Wrap up thy radiations in ſome cloud,
" Leſt that thy beauty make this ſtately town
" Uninhabitable as the burning zone,
" With ſweet reflections of thy lovely face. POPE.

An attentive reader will perceive in this ſpeech ſeveral words which are employed in none of the legitimate plays of Shakſpeare. Such, I believe, are, *ſardonyx*, *hyacinth*, *eye-train'd radiations*, and eſpecially *uninhabitable*; our poet generally uſing *inhabitable* in its room, as in *Rich.* II:

" *Or any other ground* inhabitable."

Theſe inſtances may ſerve as ſome ſlight proofs, that the former piece was not the work of Shakſpeare: but I have ſince obſerved that Mr. Pope had changed *inhabitable* into *uninhabitable*.

STEEVENS.

As thoſe two eyes become that heavenly face?—
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:—
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's ſake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin fair, and freſh, and ſweet,
Whither away; or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of ſo fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable ſtars
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate, I hope, thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;
And not a maiden, as thou ſay'ſt he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my miſtaking eyes,
That have been ſo bedazz'ed with the ſun,
[4] That every thing I look on ſeemeth green:
Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee for my mad miſtaking.

Pet. Do, good old grand-ſire; and, withal, make known
Which way thou travelleſt: if along with us,
We ſhall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair ſir,—and you my merry miſtreſs,—
That with your ſtrange encounter much amaz'd me;
My name is call'd—Vincentio; my dwelling—Piſa;
And bound I am to Padua; there to viſit
A ſon of mine, which long I have not ſeen

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle ſir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy ſon.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,

[4] *That every thing I look on ſeemeth* green.] Shakſpeare's obſervations on the phænomena of nature are very accurate. When one has ſat long in the ſunſhine, the ſurrounding objects will often appear tinged with *green*. The reaſon is aſſigned by many of the writers on optics. BLACKSTONE.

I may

I may entitle thee—my loving father;
The ſiſter to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy ſon by this hath marry'd:—Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd; ſhe is of good eſteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beſide, ſo qualify'd as may beſeem
The ſpouſe of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio:
And wander we to ſee thy honeſt ſon,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true? or is it elſe your pleaſure,
Like pleaſant travellers, to break a jeſt
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do aſſure thee, father, ſo it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and ſee the truth hereof;
For our firſt merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt Petruchio, Katharine, and Vincentio.*

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if ſhe be froward,
Then haſt thou taught Hortenſio to be untoward.

[*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before Lucentio's Houſe.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio, and Bianca, Gremio walking on one ſide.

Bion. Softly and ſwiftly, ſir; for the prieſt is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll ſee the church o' your back; [3] and then come back to my maſter as ſoon as I can.

[*Exeunt.*

Gre.

[3] ——*and then come back to my* miſtreſs *as ſoon as I can.*] The editions all agree in this reading; but what miſtreſs was Biondello

Gre. I marvel, Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Katharine, Vincentio, and attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's houſe,
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither muſt I, and here I leave you, ſir.

Vin. You ſhall not chuſe but drink before you go;
I think, I ſhall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, ſome cheer is toward.
[*Knocks.*

Gre. They're buſy within, you were beſt knock louder. [*Pedant looks out of the window.*

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is ſignior Lucentio within, ſir?

Ped. He's within, ſir, but not to be ſpoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourſelf; he ſhall need none, ſo long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your ſon was belov'd in Padua.—Do you hear, ſir?—to leave frivolous circumſtances,—I pray you, tell ſignior Lucentio, that his father is come from Piſa, and is here at the door to ſpeak with him.

Ped. Thou lieſt; his father is come to Padua [4], and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

to come back to? he muſt certainly mean; "Nay, faith, ſir, I muſt ſee you in the church; and then for fear I ſhould be wanted, I'll run back to wait on Tranio, who at preſent perſonates you, and whom therefore I at preſent acknowledge for my *maſter*." THEOBALD.

[4] ——*to* Padua,] The reading of the old copies is *from Padua*, which is certainly wrong. The editors have made it *to Padua*, but it ſhould rather be *from Piſa*. Both parties agree that Lucentio's father is *come from Piſa*, as indeed they neceſſarily muſt; the point in diſpute is, whether he be *at the door*, or *looking out of the window*. TYRWHITT.

Ped.

Ped. Ay, ſir; ſo his mother ſays, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain; I believe 'a means to cozen ſomebody in this city under my countenance

Re-enter Biondello.

Bion. I have ſeen them in the church together; God ſend 'em good ſhipping!—But who is here? mine old maſter Vincentio? now we are undone and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp. [*Seeing Biondello.*

Bion. I hope, I may chuſe, ſir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue; What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, ſir: I could not forget you, for I never ſaw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didſt thou never ſee thy maſter's father Vincentio?

Bion. What, my worſhipful old maſter? yes, marry, ſir; ſee where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't ſo indeed? [*He beats Biondello.*

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

Ped. Help, ſon! help, ſignior Baptiſta!

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's ſtand aſide, and ſee the end of this controverſy. [*They retire.*

Re-enter below, the Pedant with ſervants, Baptiſta, and Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my ſervant?

Vin. What am I, ſir? nay, what are you, ſir?—Oh, immortal gods! Oh, fine villain! a ſilken doublet! a velvet hoſe! a ſcarlet cloak! and a [5] copatain hat!

[5] —*a copatain-hat,*] is, I believe, a hat with a conical crown, ſuch as was anciently worn by well-dreſſed men. JOHNSON.

This

hat!—Oh, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatick?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words shew you a mad-man: Why, sir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father?—Oh villain!—he is a sail-maker in Bergamo [6].

Bap. You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir: Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is—Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio!—Oh, he hath murdered his master!—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name:—Oh, my son, my son!—tell me thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

This kind of hat is twice mentioned by Gascoigne. See *Hearbes*, p. 154:

"*A* coptankt *hat made on a Flemish block.*"

And again, in his *Epilogue*, p. 216:

"*With high* copt *hats, and feathers flaunt a flaunt.*"

In Stubbs's *Anatomie of Abuses*, printed 1595, there is an entire chapter "on the hattes of England," beginning thus:

"*Sometimes they use them sharpe on the crowne, pearking up like the speare or shaft of a steeple, standing a quarter of a yard above the crowne of their heads, &c.* STEEVENS.

[6] ——*a sail-maker in Bergamo.*] Chapman has a parallel passage in his *Widow's Tears*, a comedy, 1612:

"——he draws the thread of his descent from Leda's distaff, "when 'tis well known his grandsire cried coney-skins in Sparta." STEEVENS.

Tra.

Tra. Call forth an officer[7]: carry this mad knave to the jail:—father Baptiſta, I charge you, ſee, that he be forth-coming.

Vin. Carry me to the jail!

Gre. Stay, officer; he ſhall not go to priſon.

Bap. Talk not, ſignior Gremio; I ſay, he ſhall go to priſon.

Gre. Take heed, ſignior Baptiſta, leſt you be coney-catch'd[8] in this buſineſs; I dare ſwear, this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'ſt.

Gre. Nay, I dare not ſwear it.

Tra. Then thou wert beſt ſay, that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be ſignior Lucentio?

Bap. Away with the dotard; to the jail with him.

Vin. Thus ſtrangers may be hal'd and abus'd:—Oh monſtrous villain!

Re-enter Biondello, with Lucentio, and Bianca.

Bion. Oh, we are ſpoiled, and—Yonder he is; deny him, forſwear him, or elſe we are all undone.

[*Exeunt Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant.*

Luc. Pardon, ſweet father. [*Kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my ſweet ſon?

Bian. Pardon, dear father.

7 *Call forth an officer*, &c.] Here, in the original play, the *Tinker* ſpeaks again:

" *Slie.* I ſay weele have no ſending to priſon.

" *Lord.* My lord, this is but the play; they're but in jeſt.

" *Slie.* I tell thee, *Sim*, weele have no ſending

" To priſon, that's flat: why *Sim*, am not I don *Chriſto Vari?*

" Therefore I ſay they ſhall not goe to priſon.

" *Lord.* No more they ſhall not, my lord:

" They be runne away.

" *Slie.* Are they run away, *Sim?* that's well:

" Then gis ſome more drinke, and let them play againe.

" *Lord.* Here, my lord." STEEVENS.

8 ——*coney-catch'd*] i. e. deceived, cheated. STEEVENS.

Bap.

Bap. How haſt thou offended?---
Where is Lucentio?
Luc. Here's Lucentio,
Right ſon unto the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit ſuppoſes blear'd thine eyne[9].
Gre. Here's packing, with a witneſs, to deceive us all!
Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter ſo?
Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?
Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.
Luc. Love wrought theſe miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my ſtate with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arriv'd at laſt
Unto the wiſhed haven of my bliſs:—
What Tranio did, myſelf enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, ſweet father, for my ſake.

9 *While counterfeit* ſuppoſes *blear'd thine eyne.*] The modern editors read *ſuppoſers*, but wrongly. This is a plain alluſion to Gaſcoigne's comedy entitled *Suppoſes*, from which ſeveral of the incidents in this play are borrowed. TYRWHITT.

This is highly probable; but yet *ſuppoſes* is a word often uſed in its common ſenſe, which, on the preſent occaſion is ſufficiently commodious. So, in Greene's *Farewell to Folly*, 1617: "—with Plato to build a commonwealth on *ſuppoſes*." Shakſpeare uſes the word in *Troilus and Creſſida:* "That we come ſhort of our *ſuppoſe* ſo far, &c." It appears likewiſe from the Preface to Greene's *Metamorphoſis*, that *ſuppoſes* was a game of ſome kind. "After *ſuppoſes*, and ſuch ordinary ſports, were paſt, they fell to prattle, &c." Again, in Drayton's epiſtle from *K. John* to *Matilda:*

"And tells me thoſe are ſhadows and *ſuppoſes*."

To blear the eye, was an ancient phraſe ſignifying *to deceive*. So, in Chaucer's *Manciple's Tale:* v. 17202, late edit.

"For all thy waiting, *blered is thin eye*."

Again, in the 16th pageant of the *Coventry Plays*, in the *Britiſh Muſeum*, MS. Cott. Veſp. D. VIII:

"Shuld I now in age begynne to dote,
"If I her chyde, ſhe wolde clowte my cote,
"*Blere mine ey* and pyke out a mote." STEEVENS.

Vin.

Vin. I'll ſlit the villain's noſe, that would have ſent me to the jail.

Bap. But do you hear, ſir? Have you married my daughter without aſking my good-will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptiſta; we will content you, go to:
But I will in, to be reveng'd for this villainy. [*Exit.*

Bap. And I, to ſound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt.*

Gre. My cake is dough[1]: But I'll in among the reſt;
Out of hope of all,—but my ſhare of the feaſt. [*Exit.*

[*Petruchio and Katharine advancing.*

Kath. Huſband, let's follow, to ſee the end of this ado.

Pet. Firſt kiſs me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midſt of the ſtreet?

Pet. What, art thou aſham'd of me?

Kath. No, ſir; God forbid: but aſham'd to kiſs.

Pet. Why, then let's home again:—Come, ſirrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiſs: now pray thee, love, ſtay.

Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my ſweet Kate;
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Lucentio's apartments.

Enter Baptiſta, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Tranio, Biondello, Petruchio, Katharine, Grumio, Hortenſio, and Widow. The ſerving-men with Tranio bringing in a banquet.

Luc. At laſt, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And

[1] *My cake is dough:*] This is a proverbial expreſſion which I meet with in the old interlude of *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1661:
"Alas poor Tom, *his cake is dough!*"

Again,

And time it is, when raging war is done[2],
To ſmile at 'ſcapes and perils over-blown.—
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with-ſelf-ſame kindneſs welcome thine:—
Brother Petruchio,—ſiſter Katharina,—
And thou, Hortenſio, with thy loving widow,—
Feaſt with the beſt, and welcome to my houſe;
My banquet is to cloſe our ſtomachs up,
After our great good cheer: Pray you, ſit down;
For now we ſit and chat, as well as eat.

Pet. Nothing but ſit and ſit, and eat and eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindneſs, ſon Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our ſakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortenſio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never truſt me, if I be afeard.

Pet. You are very ſenſible, and yet you miſs my ſenſe;
I mean, Hortenſio is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly reply'd,

Kath. Miſtreſs, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceive by me!—How likes Hortenſio that?

Hor. My widow ſays, thus ſhe conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended: Kiſs him for that, good widow.

Kath. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round:——
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your huſband, being troubled with a ſhrew,
Meaſure's my huſband's ſorrow by his woe:

Again, in *The Caſe is Alter'd*, 1609:

"Steward, *your cake is dough* as well as mine." STEEVENS.

[2] ——*raging war is done.*] The old copy has *come*. Mr. Rowe made the correction. MALONE.

And

And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, reſpecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer:—Ha' to thee, lad.

[*Drinks to Hortenſio.*

Bap. How likes Gremio theſe quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, ſir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head and butt? an haſty-witted body
Would ſay, your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, miſtreſs bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll ſleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you ſhall not; ſince you have begun,
[3] Have at you for a better jeſt or two.

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to ſhift my buſh,
And then purſue me as you draw your bow:—
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt Bianca, Katharine, and Widow.*

Pet. She hath prevented me.--Here, ſignior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore, a health to all that ſhot and miſs'd.

Tra. Oh, ſir, Lucentio ſlip'd me like his grey hound,
Which runs himſelf, and catches for his maſter.

[3] *Have at you for a* better *jeſt or two.*] Inſtead of *better*, one of the modern editors reads *bitter*; I think rightly.

So, in the play before us:

"Hiding his *bitter jeſts* in blunt behaviour."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*

"Too *bitter* is thy *jeſt.*"

Again, in Baſtard's *Epigrams*, 1598:

"When he was removed, and quite diſpoſſeſt,
"He ſhut up the matter with this *bitter jeſt.*" MALONE.

Pet.

Pet. A good ſwift ſimile [4], but ſomething curriſh.

Tra. 'Tis well, ſir, that you hunted for yourſelf;
'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. Oh, oh, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird [5], good Tranio.

Hor. Confeſs, confeſs; hath he not hit you there?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confeſs;
And, as the jeſt did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good ſadneſs, ſon Petruchio,
I think thou haſt the verieſt ſhrew of all.

Pet. Well, I ſay—no: and therefore, for aſſurance,
Let's each one ſend unto his wife [6];

And

4 ——*ſwift*] beſides the original ſenſe of *ſpeedy in motion*, ſignified *witty, quick-witted*. So, in *As You Like It*, the Duke ſays of the Clown, "*He is very* ſwift *and ſententious*" *Quick* is now uſed in almoſt the ſame ſenſe as *nimble* was in the age after that of our author. Heylin ſays of Hales, that *he had known Laud for a* nimble *diſputant*. JOHNSON.

5 —*that* gird, *good Tranio.*] A *gird* is a *ſarcaſm*, a *gibe*. So, in Stephen Goſſon's *School of Abuſe*, 1579: "Curculio may chatte til his heart ake, ere any be offended with his *gyrdes*." STEEVENS.

6 *Let's each one ſend unto his wife*;] Thus in the original play.

"*Feran.* Come, gentlemen; nowe that ſupper's done,
"How ſhall we ſpend the time til we go bed?
"*Aurel.* Faith, if you wil, in trial of our wives,
"Who wil come ſooneſt at their huſbands cal.
"*Pol.* Nay, then *Ferando*, he muſt needes ſit out;
"For he may cal, I thinke, til he be weary,
"Before his wife wil come before ſhe liſt.
"*Feran.* Tis wel for you that have ſuch gentle wives:
"Yet in this trial wil I not ſit out;
"It may be *Kate* will come as ſoone as I do ſend.
"*Aurel.* My wife comes ſooneſt, for a hundred pound.
"*Pol.* I take it. He lay as much to yours,
"That my wife comes as ſoone as I do ſend.
"*Aurel.* How now, *Ferando!* you dare not lay belike.
"*Feran.* Why true, I dare not lay indeed:
"But how? So little money on ſo ſure a thing.
"A hundred pound!—Why I have laid as much
"Upon my dog in running at a deere.
"She ſhall not come ſo far for ſuch a trifle:
"But wil you lay five hundred markes with me?

"And

Pet. Twenty crowns!
I'll venture ſo much on my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times ſo much upon my wife.

Luc.

" *Enter* Kate *thruſting* Phylema *and* Emilia *before her, and makes them come unto their huſbands cal.*
" *Kate.* See, huſband, I have brought them both.
" *Feran.* 'Tis wel done, *Kate.*
" *Emel.* I ſure; and like a loving peece, you're worthy
" To have great praiſe for this attempt.
" *Phyle.* I, for making a foole of herſelf and us.
" *Aurel.* Beſhrew thee, *Phylema*, thou haſt
" Loſt me a hundred pound to night;
" For I did lay that thou wouldſt firſt have come.
" *Pol.* But, thou, *Emelia*, haſt loſt me a great deal more.
" *Emel.* You might have kept it better then:
" Who bade you lay?
" *Feran.* Now, lovely *Kate*, before their huſbands here,
" I prethee tel unto theſe head-ſtrong women
" What dewty wives do owe unto their huſbands.
" *Kate.* Then, you that live thus by your pamper'd wils,
" Now liſt to me, and marke what I ſhall ſay.—
" Th' eternal power, that with his only breath,
" Shall cauſe this end, and this beginning frame,
" Not in time, nor before time, but with time confus'd,
" For al the courſe of yeares, of ages, months,
" Of ſeaſons temperate, of dayes and houres,
" Are tun'd and ſtopt by meaſure of his hands—
" The firſt world was a forme without a forme,
" A heape confus'd, a mixture al deform'd,
" A gulfe of gulfes, a body bodileſſe,
" Where al the elements were orderleſſe,
" Before the great commander of the world,
" The king of kings, the glorious God of heaven,
" Who in ſix daies did frame his heavenly worke,
" And made al things to ſtand in perfect courſe—
" Then to his image he did make a man,
" Olde *Adam*, and from his ſide aſleepe,
" A rib was taken; of which the Lord did make
" The woe of man, ſo term'd by *Adam* then,
" Woman, for that by her came ſinne to us,
" And for her ſinne was *Adam* doom'd to die.
" As *Sara* to her huſband, ſo ſhould we
" Obey them, love them, keepe and nouriſh them,
" If they by any meanes do want our helpes:
" Laying our hands under their feet to tread,

Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Pet. A match; 'tis done.
Hor. Who ſhall begin?
Luc. That will I.
Go, Biondello, bid your miſtreſs come to me.
Bion. I go. [*Exit.*
Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.
Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myſelf.

" If that by that we might procure their eaſe;
" And, for a preſident, Ile firſt begin,
" And lay my hand under my huſband's feet.
" [*She laies her hand under her huſband's feet.*
" *Feran.* Inough ſweet; the wager thou haſt won;
" And they, I am ſure, cannot deny the ſame.
" *Alfon.* I, *Ferando*, the wager thou haſt won;
" And for to ſhew thee how I am pleas'd in this,
" A hundred pounds I freely give thee more,
" Another dowry for another daughter,
" For ſhe is not the ſame ſhe was before.
" *Feran.* Thanks, ſweet father; gentlemen, good night;
" For *Kate* and I will leave you for to-night:
" Tis *Kate* and I am wed, and you are ſped:
" And ſo farewell, for we will to our beds.
" *Exeunt* Ferando, Kate, *and* Sander.
" *Alfon.* Now *Aurelius*, what ſay you to this?
" *Aurel.* Beleeve me, father I rejoice to ſee
" *Ferando* and his wife ſo lovingly agree.
" *Exeunt* Aurelius *and* Phylema, *and* Alfonſo *and* Valeria.
" *Emel.* How now, *Polidor?* in a dumpe? What ſaiſt thou man?
" *Pol.* I ſay, thou art a ſhrew.
" *Emel.* That's better than a ſheepe.
" *Pol.* Well, ſince tis done, come, let's goe.
" *Exeunt* Polidor *and* Emilia.
" *Then enter two bearing of* Slie *in his own apparell againe, and leaves him where they found him, and then goes out: then enters the* Tapſter.
" *Tapſter.* Now that the darkſome night is overpaſt,
" And dawning day appears in chriſtall ſkie,
" Now muſt I haſt abroad: but ſoft! who's this?
" What *Slie?* o wondrous! hath he laine heere all night?
" Ile wake him; I thinke hee's ſtarv'd by this,
" But that his belly was ſo ſtuff'd with ale:
" What now *Slie!* awake for ſhame,—&c." STEEVENS.

Re-

Re-enter Biondello.

How now! what news?
Bion. Sir, my miſtreſs ſends you word
That ſhe is buſy, and ſhe cannot come.
Pet. How! ſhe is buſy, and ſhe cannot come!
Is that an anſwer?
Gre. Ay and a kind one too:
Pray God, ſir, your wife ſend you not a worſe.
Pet. I hope, better.
Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go, and intreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit Biondello.*
Pet. Oh, ho! entreat her!
Nay, then ſhe needs muſt come.
Hor. I am afraid, ſir.
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter Biondello.

Now, where's my wife?
Bion. She ſays, you have ſome goodly jeſt in hand;
She will not come; ſhe bids you come to her.
Pet. Worſe and worſe; ſhe will not come!
Oh vile, intolerable, not to be endur'd!
Sirrah, Grumio, go to your miſtreſs;
Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit Grumio.*
Hor. I know her anſwer.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not.
Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Katharine.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!
Kath. What is your will, ſir, that you ſend for me?
Pet. Where is your ſiſter, and Hortenſio's wife?
Kath. They ſit conferring by the parlour fire.
Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,

Swinge me them ſoundly forth unto their huſbands;
Away, I ſay, and bring them hither ſtraight.
[*Exit Katharine.*

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
Hor. And ſo it is; I wonder what it bodes.
Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
And awful rule, and right ſupremacy;
And to be ſhort, what not, that's ſweet and happy.
Bap. Now fair befal thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou haſt won; and I will add
Unto their loſſes twenty thouſand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For ſhe is chang'd, as ſhe had never been.
Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;
And ſhow more ſign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.—

Re-enter Katharine, with Bianca, and Widow.

See, where ſhe comes; and brings your froward wives
As priſoners to her womanly perſuaſion.—
Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.
[*She pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cauſe to ſigh,
'Till I be brought to ſuch a ſilly paſs!
Bian. Fye! what a fooliſh duty call you this?
Luc. I would, your duty were as fooliſh too:
The wiſdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath coſt me an hundred crowns ſince ſupper-time.
Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.
Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell theſe headſtrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and huſbands.
Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.
Pet. Come on, I ſay; and firſt begin with her.
Wid. She ſhall not.

Pet. I ſay, ſhe ſhall ;—and firſt begin with her.
Kath. Fye! fye! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow ;
And dart not ſcornful glances from thoſe eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor :
It blots thy beauty, as froſts bite the meads ;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds ſhake fair buds ;
And in no ſenſe is meet, or amiable.
A woman mov'd, is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-ſeeming, thick, bereft of beauty ;
And, while it is ſo, none ſo dry or thirſty
Will deign to ſip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy huſband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy ſovereign ; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance : commits his body
To painful labour, both by ſea and land ;
To watch the night in ſtorms, the day in cold,
While thou ly'ſt warm at home, ſecure and ſafe ;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks and true obedience ;—
Too little payment for ſo great a debt.
Such duty as the ſubject owes the prince,
Even ſuch, a woman oweth to her huſband :
And, when ſhe's froward, peeviſh, ſullen, ſour,
And, not obedient to his honeſt will,
What is ſhe but a foul contending rebel,
And graceleſs traitor to her loving lord ?—
I am aſham'd, that women are ſo ſimple
To offer war where they ſhould kneel for peace ;
Or ſeek for rule, ſupremacy, or ſway,
When they are bound to ſerve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies ſoft, and weak, and ſmooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world ;
But that our ſoft condition, and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts ?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms !
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great ; my reaſon, haply, more

To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;
But now, I ſee our lances, are but ſtraws;
Our ſtrength as weak, our weakneſs paſt compare,—
That ſeeming to be moſt, which we indeed leaſt are.
[4] Then vail your ſtomachs, for it is no boot;
And place your hands below your huſband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he pleaſe,
My hand is ready, may it do him eaſe.

Pet. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiſs me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou ſhalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harſh hearing when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to-bed:——
We three are married, but you two are ſped.
'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the [6] white;
And, being a winner, God give you good night!

[*Exeunt Petruchio, and Katharine.*

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou haſt tam'd a curſt ſhrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, ſhe will be tam'd ſo.

[*Exeunt omnes*[7].

5 *Then vail your ſtomachs,*——] i. e. abate your pride, your ſpirit. STEEVENS.

6 *Though you hit the white;*] To hit the *white* is a phraſe borrowed from archery: the mark was commonly white. Here it alludes to the name *Bianca*, or *white*. JOHNSON.

So, in Feltham's *Anſwer* to Ben Jonſon's ode at the end of his *New Inn:*

"As oft you've wanted brains
"And art to ſtrike the *white*,
"As you have levell'd right."

Again, in Sir Aſton Cokayn's *Poems*, 1658:

"And as an expert archer *hits the white*." MALONE.

7 At the concluſion of this piece, Mr. Pope continued his inſertions from the old play, as follows:

Enter two ſervants, bearing Sly in his own apparel, and leaving him on the ſtage. Then enter a Tapſter.

"Sly. [awaking.] *Sim, give's ſome more wine.*—*What, all the players gone?*—*Am I not a lord?*

"Tap.

" Tap. *A lord, with a murrain?—Come, art thou drunk ſtill?*

" Sly. *Who's this? Tapſter!—Oh, I have had the braveſt dream that ever thou heard'ſt in all thy life.*

" Tap. *Yea, marry, but thou hadſt beſt get thee home, for your wife will curſe you for dreaming here all night.*

" Sly. *Will ſhe? I know how to* tame a ſhrew. *I dreamt upon it all this night, and thou haſt wak'd me out of the beſt dream that ever I had. But I'll to my wife, and tame her too, if ſhe anger me.*"

Theſe paſſages, which have been hitherto printed as part of the work of Shakſpeare, I have ſunk into the notes, that they may be preſerved, as they ſeem to be neceſſary to the integrity of the piece, though they really compoſe no part of it, being neither publiſhed in the folio or quarto edition. Mr. Pope, however, has quoted them with a degree of inaccuracy which would have deſerved cenſure, had they been of greater conſequence than they are. The players delivered down this comedy, among the reſt, as one of Shakſpeare's own; and its intrinſic merit bears ſufficient evidence to the propriety of their deciſion.

May I add a few reaſons why I neither believe the former comedy of the Taming the Shrew, 1607, nor the old play of King John in two parts, to have been the work of Shakſpeare? He generally followed every novel or hiſtory from whence he took his plots, as cloſely as he could; and is ſo often indebted to theſe originals for his very thoughts and expreſſions, that we may fairly pronounce him not to have been above borrowing, to ſpare himſelf the labour of invention. It is therefore probable, that both theſe plays, (like that of *Hen.* V. in which Oldcaſtle is introduced) were the unſucceſsful performances of contemporary players. Shakſpeare ſaw they were meanly written, and yet that their plans were ſuch as would furniſh incidents for a better dramatiſt. He therefore might lazily adopt the order of their ſcenes, ſtill writing the dialogue anew, and inſerting little more from either piece, than a few lines which he might think worth preſerving, or was too much in haſte to alter. It is no uncommon thing in the literary world, to ſee the track of others followed by thoſe who would never have given themſelves the trouble to mark out one of their own.

The following are the obſervations of Dr. Hurd on the Induction to this comedy. They are taken from his *Notes on the Epiſtle to Auguſtus.* " The Induction, as Shakſpeare calls it, to *The Taming of the Shrew*, deſerves, for the excellence of its moral deſign and beauty of execution, throughout, to be ſet in a juſt light.

" This *Prologue* ſets before us the picture of a *poor drunken beggar*, advanced, for a ſhort ſeaſon, into the proud rank of *nobility*. And the humour of the ſcene is taken to conſiſt in the ſurprize and aukward deportment of *Sly*, in this his ſtrange and unwonted ſituation. But the poet had a further deſign, and more worthy

worthy his genius, than this farcical pleaſantry. He would expoſe, under cover of this mimic fiction, the truly ridiculous figure of men of rank and quality, when they employ their great advantages of *place and fortune*, to no better purpoſes, than the ſoft and ſelfiſh gratification of their own intemperate paſſions: Of *thoſe*, who take the mighty privilege of *deſcent* and *wealth* to lie in the freer indulgence of thoſe pleaſures, which the beggar as fully enjoys, and with infinitely more propriety and conſiſtency of character, than their *lordſhips*.

"To give a poignancy to his ſatire, the poet makes a *man of quality* himſelf, juſt returned from the chace, with all his mind intent upon his pleaſures, contrive this metamorphoſis of the beggar, in the way of ſport and deriſion only; not conſidering, how ſeverely the jeſt was going to turn upon himſelf. His firſt reflections, on ſeeing this brutal drunkard, are excellent:

"*O! monſtrous beaſt! how like a ſwine he lies!*
"*Grim death! how foul and loathſome is thy image!*

"The *offence* is taken at *human nature*, degraded into *beſtiality*; and at a ſtate of ſtupid *inſenſibility*, *the image of death*. Nothing can be juſter, than this repreſentation. For theſe lordly ſenſualiſts have a very nice and faſtidious abhorrence of ſuch ignoble brutality. And what alarms their fears with the proſpect of death, cannot chuſe but preſent *a foul and loathſome image*. It is, alſo, ſaid in perfect conſiſtency with the true Epicurean character, as given by theſe, who underſtood it beſt, and which is, here, ſuſtained by this noble diſciple. For, though theſe great maſters of wiſdom made *pleaſure* the *ſupreme good*, yet, they were among the firſt, as we are told, to cry out againſt the *Aſotos*; meaning ſuch groſs ſenſualiſts, "qui in menſam vomunt & "qui de conviviis auferuntur, crudique poſtridie ſe rurſus ingur-"gitant." But as for the "mundos, elegantes, optumis *cocis*, "*piſtoribus*, *piſcatu*, *aucupio*, *venatione*, his omnibus exquiſitis, "vitantes cruditatem," theſe they complimented with the name of *beatos* and *ſapientes*. [Cic. *de Fin.* lib. ii. 8.]

"And then, though their philoſophy promiſed an exemption from the terrors of death, yet the boaſted exemption conſiſted only in a trick of keeping it out of the memory by continual diſſipation; ſo that when accident forced it upon them, they could not help on all occaſions, expreſſing the moſt dreadful apprehenſions of it.

"However, this tranſient gloom is ſoon ſucceeded by gayer proſpects. My *lord* bethinks himſelf to raiſe a little diverſion out of this adventure:

"*Sirs, I will practiſe on this drunken man:*

And, ſo, propoſes to have him *conveyed to bed*, and bleſſed with all thoſe regalements of coſtly luxury, in which a ſelfiſh opulence is wont to find its ſupreme happineſs.

"The

" The project is carried into execution. And now the jeſt begins. *Sly*, awakening from his drunken nap, calls out as uſual for a *cup of ale*. On which the *lord*, very characteriſtically, and (taking the poets deſign *, as here explained) with infinite ſatyr, replies:

" *O! that a mighty man of ſuch deſcent,*
" *Of ſuch poſſeſſions, and ſo high eſteem,*
" *Should be infuſed with ſo foul a ſpirit!*

" And again, afterwards:

" *Oh! noble Lord, bethink thee of thy birth,*
" *Call home thy ancient thoughts from baniſhment;*
" *And baniſh hence theſe lowly abject themes.*"

For, what is the recollection of this *high deſcent* and large *poſſeſſions* to do for him? And, for the introduction of what better thoughts and nobler purpoſes, are theſe *lowly abject themes* to be diſcarded? Why the whole inventory of Patrician pleaſures is called over; and he hath his choice of whichſoever of them ſuits beſt with his lordſhip's improved palate. A long train of *ſervants ready at his beck*: muſic, ſuch as *twenty caged nightingales do ſing*: couches, *ſofter and ſweeter than the luſtful bed of Semiramis*: *burning odours, and diſtilled waters*: *floors beſtrewed with carpets*: the diverſions of *hawks, hounds, and horſes*: in ſhort, all the objects of exquiſite indulgence are preſented to him.

" But among theſe, one ſpecies of refined enjoyment, which requires a taſte, above the coarſe breeding of abject commonalty, is chiefly inſiſted on. We had a hint, of what we were to expect, before:

" *Carry him gently to my faireſt chamber,*
" *And hang it round with all my* wanton pictures. ſc. ii.

And what lord, in the luxury, of his wiſhes, could feign to himſelf a more delicious collection, than is here delineated?

" 2 Man. *Doſt thou love* pictures? *We will fetch thee ſtraight*
" Adonis *painted by a running brook*;
" *And* Citherea *all in ſedges hid*;
" *Which ſeem to move and wanton with her breath,*
" *Ev'n as the waving ſedges play with wind.*
" Lord. *We will ſhew thee* Io, *as ſhe was a maid,*
" *And how ſhe was beguiled and ſurprized,*
" *As lively painted, as the deed is done.*
" 3 Man. *Or* Daphne, *roaming through a thorny wood,*
" *Scratching her legs, that one ſhall ſwear, ſhe bleeds,*
" *So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.*"

* To apprehend it thoroughly, it may not be amiſs to recollect what the ſenſible Bruyere obſerves on a like occaſion. " Un *Grand* " aime le *Champagne*, abhorre la *Brie*; il s'enyvre de meilleure vin, " que l'homme de peuple: *ſeule difference*, que la crapule laiſſe entre " les conditions les plus diſproportionees, entre le *Seigneur*, & " *l'Eſtaffier*." [Tom. ii. p. 12.]

Theſ

Theſe pictures, it will be owned, are, all of them, well choſen *. But the ſervants were not ſo deep in the ſecret, as their maſter. They dwell entirely on circumſtantials. While his lordſhip, who had, probably, been trained in the *chaſt* ſchool of Titian, is for coming to the point more directly. There is a fine ridicule implied in this.

" After theſe incentives of *picture*, the charms of *beauty itſelf* are preſented, as the crowning privilege of his high ſtation :

" *Thou haſt a lady far more beautiful*
" *Than any woman in this waining age.*

Here indeed the poet plainly forgets himſelf. The *ſtate*, if not the *enjoyment*, of nobility, ſurely demanded a *miſtreſs*, inſtead of a *wife*. All that can be ſaid in excuſe of this indecorum, is, that he perhaps conceived, a ſimple beggar, all unuſed to the refinements of high life, would be too much ſhocked, at ſetting out, with a propoſal, ſo remote from all his former practices. Be it, as it will, *beauty* even in a *wife*, had ſuch an effect on this *mock Lord*, that, quite melted and overcome by it, he yields himſelf at laſt to the inchanting deception.

" *I ſee, I hear, I ſpeak,*
" *I ſmell ſweet ſavours, and I feel ſoft things*;
" Upon my life I am a Lord indeed.

The ſatyr is ſo ſtrongly marked in this laſt line, that one can no longer doubt of the writer's intention. If any *ſhould*, let me further remind him that the poet, in this fiction, but makes his Lord play the ſame game, *in jeſt*, as the Sicilian tyrant acted, long ago very *ſeriouſly*. The two caſes are ſo ſimilar, that ſome readers may, perhaps, ſuſpect the poet of having taken the whole conceit from Tully. His deſcription of this inſtructive ſcenery is given in the following words :

" Viſne (inquit Dionyſius) ô Damocle, quoniam te haec vita
" delectat, ipſe eandem deguſtare & fortunam experiri meam?
" Cum ſe ille cupere dixiſſet, conlocari juſſit hominem in *aureo lecto*,
" *ſtrato pulcherrimo, textili ſtragulo magnificis operibus picto* : aba-
" eoſque complures ornavit *argento auroque caelato* : hinc ad men-
" ſam *eximia forma pueros* delectos juſſit conſiſtere, eoſque *nutum*

* Sir Epicure Mammon, indeed, would have thought this an inſipid collection ; for he would have *his rooms*.

" Fill'd with ſuch pictures, as Tiberius took
" From Elephantis, and dull Aretine
" But coldly imitated." *Alchemiſt*, Act ii. ſc. 2.

But then Sir Epicure was one of the *Aſoti*, before mentioned. In general, the ſatiric intention of the poet in this collection of the pictures may be further gathered from a ſimilar ſtroke in Randolph's *Muſe's Looking-Glaſs*, where to characterize the *voluptuous*, he makes him ſay

" ——I would delight my ſight
" With pictures of Diana and her nymphs
" *Naked and bathing.*"

" *illius*

" *illius* intuentes diligenter miniſtrare: aderant *unguenta, coronae:*
" *incendebantur odores: menſae conquiſitiſſimis epulis extruebantur.*"
[Tuſc. Diſp. lib. v. 21.]

It follows, that *Damocles* fell into the ſweet deluſion of *Chriſtopher Sly*.

" *Fortunatus ſibi Damocles videbatur.*"

" The event in theſe two dramas, was, indeed, different. For the philoſopher took care to make the *flatterer* ſenſible of his miſtake; while the poet did not think fit to diſabuſe the *beggar*. But this was according to the deſign of each. For, the *former* would ſhew the *miſery* of *regal luxury*; the *latter* its *vanity*. The *tyrant*, therefore, is painted *wretched*. And his *Lordſhip* only a *beggar in diſguiſe*.

" To conclude with our poet. The ſtrong ridicule and decorum of this *Induction* make it appear, how impoſſible it was for Shakſpeare, in his idleſt hours, perhaps, when he was only reviſing the traſh of others, not to leave ſome ſtrokes of the *maſter* behind him. But the morality of its purpoſe ſhould chiefly recommend it to us. For the whole was written with the beſt deſign of expoſing that monſtrous Epicurean poſition, *that the true enjoyment of life conſiſts in a delirium of ſenſual pleaſure*. And this, in a way the moſt likely to work upon the *great*, by ſhewing their pride, that it was fit only to conſtitute the *ſummum bonum* of one

" *No better than a poor and loathſome beggar.*" Sc. iii.

" Nor let the poet be thought to have dealt too freely with his *betters*, in giving this repreſentation of *nobility*. He had the higheſt authority for what he did. For the great *maſter of life* himſelf gave no other of *Divinity*.

" *Ipſe pater veri Doctus Epicurus in arte*
" *Juſſit* & hanc vitam dixit habere Deos."
Petron. c. 132. STEEVENS.

The earlieſt Engliſh original in proſe of the ſtory on which the *Induction* to this play is founded, (that I have met with), is in Goulart's ADMIRABLE AND MEMORABLE HISTORIES, tranſlated by E. Grimſtone, quarto, 1607; but this tale probably had appeared before in ſome other ſhape, *the* old *Taming of the Shrew* having been exhibited before 1594:

" PHILIP called the good Duke of *Bourgundy*, in the memory of our anceſtors, being at Bruxelles with his Court, and walking one night after ſupper through the ſtreets, accompanied with ſome of his favorits, he found lying upon the ſtones a certaine artiſan that was very dronke, and that ſlept ſoundly. It pleaſed the prince in this artiſan to make trial of the vanity of our life, whereof he had before diſcourſed with his familiar friends. He therefore cauſed this ſleeper to be taken up, and carried into his palace: he commands him to be layed in one of the richeſt beds; a riche night-cap to be given him; his foule ſhirt to be taken off, and to have another put on him of fine Holland. When as this dronkard

dronkard had diſgeſted his wine, and began to awake, behold there comes about his bed Pages and Groomes of the Dukes chamber, who drawe the curteines, make many courteſies, and, being bare-headed, aſke him if it pleaſe him to riſe, and what apparell it would pleaſe him to put on that day.———They bring him rich apparell. This new *Monſieur* amazed at ſuch courteſie, and doubting whether he dreampt or waked, ſuffered himſelfe to be dreſt, and led out of the chamber. There came noblemen which ſaluted him with all honour, and conduct him to the Maſſe, where with great ceremonie they give him the booke of the Goſpell, and the Pixe to kiſſe, as they did uſually to the Duke. From the Maſſe they bring him backe unto the pallace; he waſhes his hands, and ſittes downe at the table well furniſhed. After dinner, the great Chamberlaine commandes cardes to be brought, with a greate ſumme of money. This Duke in imagination playes with the chiefe of the court. Then they carry him to walke in the gardein, and to hunt the hare, and to hawke. They bring him back unto the pallace, where he ſups in ſtate. Candles being light, the muſitions begin to play; and, the tables taken away, the gentlemen and gentlewomen fell to dancing. *Then they played a pleaſant Comedie*, after which followed a Banket, whereat they had preſently ſtore of Ipocras and pretious wine, with all ſorts of confitures, to this prince of the new impreſſion; ſo as he was dronke, and fell ſoundlie aſleepe. Hereupon the Duke commanded that he ſhould be diſrobed of all his riche attire. He was put into his olde ragges, and carried into the ſame place where he had beene found the night before; where he ſpent that night. Being awake in the morning, he beganne to remember what had happened before;—he knewe not whether it were true in deede, or a dreame that had troubled his braine. But in the end, after many diſcourſes, he concludes that all was but a dreame that had happened unto him; and ſo entertained his wife, his children, and his neighbours, without any other apprehenſion." MALONE.

From this play the Tatler formed a ſtory, vol. iv. No. 231.

" THERE are very many ill habits that might with much eaſe have been prevented, which, after we have indulged ourſelves in them, become incorrigible. We have a ſort of proverbial expreſſion, of *taking a woman down in her wedding ſhoes*, if you would bring her to reaſon. An early behaviour of this ſort. had a very remarkable good effect in a family wherein I was ſeveral years an intimate acquaintance.

" A gentleman in Lincolnſhire had four daughters, three of which were early married very happily; but the fourth, though no way inferior to any of her ſiſters, either in perſon or accompliſhments, had from her infancy diſcovered ſo imperious a temper, (uſually called a high ſpirit) that it continually made great uneaſineſs in the family, became her known character in the neighbourhood,

And he, whoſe wife is moſt obedient
To come at firſt when he doth ſend for her,
Shall

" And whoſe wife ſooneſt comes, when he doth cal,
" And ſhewes herſelfe moſt loving unto him,
" Let him enjoy the wager I have laid:
" Now what ſay you? Dare you adventure thus?
" *Pol.* I, were it a thouſand pounds, I durſt preſume
" On my wife's love: and I will lay with thee.
Enter Alfonſo.
" *Alfon.* How now ſons! What in conference ſo hard?
" May I, without offence, know what about?
" *Aurel.* Faith, father, a waighty cauſe, about our wives:
" Five hundred markes already we have laid;
" And he whoſe wife doth ſhew moſt love to him,
" He muſt injoy the wager to himſelfe.
" *Alfon.* Why then *Ferando*, he is ſure to loſe it:
" I promiſe thee ſon, thy wife wil hardly come;
" And therefore I would not wiſh thee lay ſo much.
" *Feran.* Tuſh, father; were it ten times more,
" I durſt adventure on my lovely *Kate*:—
" But if I loſe, Ile pay, and ſo ſhal you.
" *Aurel.* Upon mine honor, if I loſe, Ile pay.
" *Pol.* And ſo wil I upon my faith, I vow.
" *Feran.* Then ſit we downe, and let us ſend for them.
" *Alfon.* I promiſe thee *Ferando*, I am afraid thou wilt loſe.
" *Aurel.* Ile ſend for my wife firſt: *Valeria*,
" Go bid your miſtris come to me.
" *Val.* I wil, my lord. [*Exit Valeria.*
" *Aurel.* Now for my hundred pound:—
" Would any lay ten hundred more with me,
" I know I ſhould obtaine it by her love.
" *Feran.* I pray—you have not laid too much already.
" *Aurel.* Truſt me, *Ferando*, I am ſure you have;
" For you, I dare preſume, have loſt it al.
" *Enter* Valeria *againe.*
" Now, ſirha, what ſaies your miſtris.
" *Val.* She is ſomething buſie, but ſheele come anone.
" *Feran.* Why ſo? did I not tel you this before?
" She was buſie, and cannot come.
" *Aurel.* I pray—your wife ſend you ſo good an anſwere:—
" She may be buſie, yet ſhe ſaies ſhele come.
" *Feran.* Wel, wel: *Polidor*, ſend you for your wife.
" *Pol.* Agreed. Boy, deſire your miſtris to come hither.
" *Boy.* I will, ſir. [*Exit.*
" *Feran.* I, ſo, ſo; he deſires her to come.

Shall win the wager which we will propoſe.
Hor. Content;——What's the wager?
Luc. Twenty crowns!

Ped.

" *Alfon. Polydor*, I dare preſume for thee,
" I thinke thy wife wil not denie to come;
" And I do marvel much, *Aurelius*,
" That your wife came not when you ſent for her.
" *Enter the Boy againe.*
" *Pol.* Now, wher's your miſtris?
" *Boy.* She bade me tell you that ſhee will not come:
" And you have buſineſſe, you muſt come to her.
" *Feran.* O monſtrous intollerable preſumption,
" Worſe than a blaſing ſtar, or ſnow at midſummer,
" Earthquakes, or any thing unſeaſonable!
" She will not come; but he muſt come to her.
" *Pol.* Wel, ſir, I pray you, let's hear what
" Anſwere your wife will make.
" *Feran.* Sirha, command your miſtris to come
To me preſently. [*Exit Sander.*
" *Aurel.* I thinke, my wife, for all ſhe did not come,
" Wil prove moſt kind; for now I have no feare,
" For I am ſure *Ferando's* wife, ſhe will not come.
" *Feran.* The more's the pitty; then I muſt loſe.
" *Enter* Kate *and* Sander.
" But I have won, for ſee where *Kate* doth come.
" *Kate.* Sweete huſband did you ſend for me?
" *Feran.* I did, my love, I ſent for thee to come:
" Come hither, *Kate*: What's that upon thy head?
" *Kate.* Nothing, huſband, but my cap, I thinke.
" *Feran.* Pul it off and tread it under thy feet;
" 'Tis fooliſh; I will not have thee weare it.
[" *She takes off her cap and treads on it.*
" *Pol.* O wonderful metamorphoſis!
" *Aurel.* This is a wonder, almoſt paſt beleefe.
" *Feran.* This is a token of her true love to me;
" And yet Ile try her further you ſhall ſee.
" Come hither, *Kate*: Where are thy ſiſters?
" *Kate.* They be ſitting in the bridal chamber.
" *Feran.* Fetch them hither; and if they will not come,
" Bring them perforce, and make them come with thee.
" *Kate.* I will.
" *Alfon.* I promiſe thee, *Ferando*, I would have ſworne
" Thy wife would ne'er have done ſo much for thee.
" *Feran.* But you ſhal ſee ſhe wil do more than this;
" For ſee where ſhe brings her ſiſters forth by force.

" *Enter*

hood, and deterred all her lovers from declaring themſelves. However, in proceſs of time, a gentleman of a plentiful fortune and long acquaintance, having obſerved that quickneſs of ſpirit to be her only fault, made his addreſſes, and obtained her conſent in due form. The lawyers finiſhed the writings, (in which, by the way, there was no pin-money) and they were married. After a decent time ſpent in the father's houſe, the bridegroom went to prepare his ſeat for her reception. During the whole courſe of his courtſhip, though a man of the moſt equal temper, he had artificially lamented to her, that he was the moſt paſſionate creature breathing. By this one intimation, he at once made her underſtand warmth of temper to be what he ought to pardon in her, as well as that he alarmed her againſt that conſtitution in himſelf. She at the ſame time thought herſelf highly obliged by the compoſed behaviour which he maintained in her preſence. Thus far he with great ſucceſs ſoothed her from being guilty of violences, and ſtill reſolved to give her ſuch a terrible apprehenſion of his fiery ſpirit, that ſhe ſhould never dream of giving way to her own. He returned on the day appointed for carrying her home; but inſtead of a coach and ſix horſes, together with the gay equipage ſuitable to the occaſion, he appeared without a ſervant, mounted on a ſkeleton of a horſe, which his huntſman had the day before brought in to feaſt his dogs on the arrival of his new miſtreſs, with a pillion fixed behind, and a caſe of piſtols before him, attended only by a favourite hound. Thus equipped, he in a very obliging (but ſomewhat poſitive manner), deſired his lady to ſeat herſelf on the cuſhion; which done, away they crawled. The road being obſtructed by a gate, the dog was commanded to open it: the poor cur looked up and wagged his tail; but the maſter, to ſhew the impatience of his temper, drew a piſtol and ſhot him dead. He had no ſooner done it, but he fell into a thouſand apologies for his unhappy raſhneſs, and begged as many pardons for his exceſſes before one for whom he had ſo profound a reſpect. Soon after their ſteed ſtumbled, but with ſome difficulty recovered; however the bridegroom took occaſion to ſwear, if he frightened his wife ſo again, he would run him through! And alas! the poor animal being now almoſt tired, made a ſecond trip; immediately on which the careful huſband alights, and with great ceremony, firſt takes off his lady, then the accoutrements, draws his ſword, and ſaves the huntſman the trouble of killing him: then ſays to his wife, Child, pr'ythee take up the ſaddle; which ſhe readily did, and tugged it home, where they found all things in the greateſt order, ſuitable to their fortune and the preſent occaſion. Some time after, the father of the lady gave an entertainment to all his daughters and their huſbands, where when the wives were retired, and the gentlemen paſſing a toaſt about, our laſt married man took occaſion to obſerve to the reſt of his brethren, how much, to his great ſatisfaction, he found the world miſtaken as to the temper of his lady, for that ſhe was the moſt meek and humble woman breathing.

The

The applauſe was received with a loud laugh; but as a trial which of them would appear the moſt maſter at home, he propoſed they ſhould all by turns ſend for their wives down to them. A ſervant was diſpatched, and anſwer was made by one, Tell him I will come by and by; and another, That ſhe would come when the cards were out of her hand; and ſo on. But no ſooner was her huſband's deſire whiſpered in the ear of our laſt married lady, but the cards were clapped on the table, and down ſhe comes with, My dear, would you ſpeak with me? He received her in his arms, and, after repeated careſſes, tells her the experiment, confeſſes his good-nature, and aſſures her, that ſince ſhe could now command her temper, he would no longer diſguiſe his own."

It cannot but ſeem ſtrange that Shakſpeare ſhould be ſo little known to the author of the Tatler, that he ſhould ſuffer this ſtory to be obtruded upon him; or ſo little known to the publick, that he could hope to make it paſs upon his readers as a real narrative of a tranſaction in Lincolnſhire; yet it is apparent, that he was deceived, or intended to deceive, that he knew not himſelf whence the ſtory was taken, or hoped that he might rob ſo obſcure a writer without detection.

Of this play the two plots are ſo well united, that they can hardly be called two without injury to the art with which they are interwoven. The attention is entertained with all the variety of a double plot, yet is not diſtracted by unconnected incidents.

The part between Katharine and Petruchio is eminently ſprightly and diverting. At the marriage of Bianca the arrival of the real father, perhaps, produces more perplexity than pleaſure. The whole play is very popular and diverting. JOHNSON.

END OF VOLUME THE THIRD.

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